

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

SCOUT
HILL

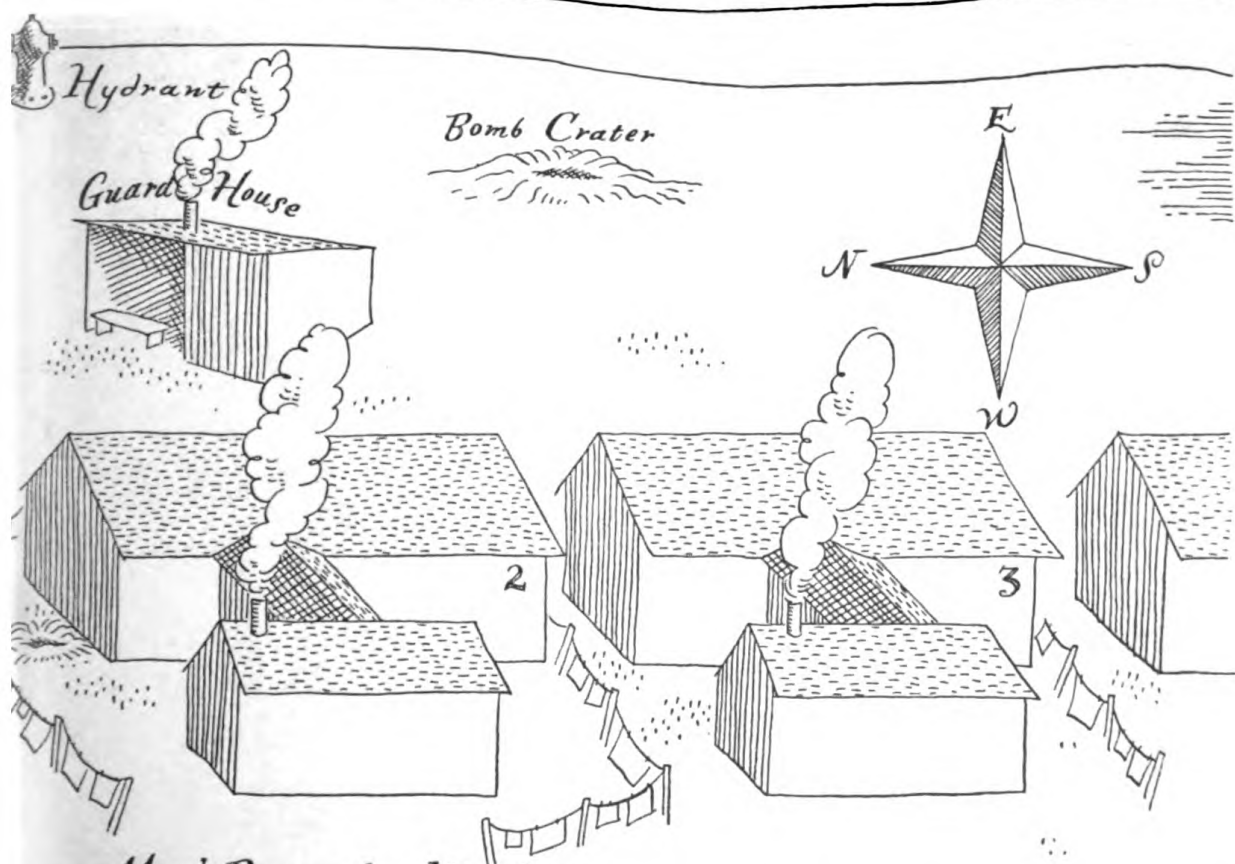
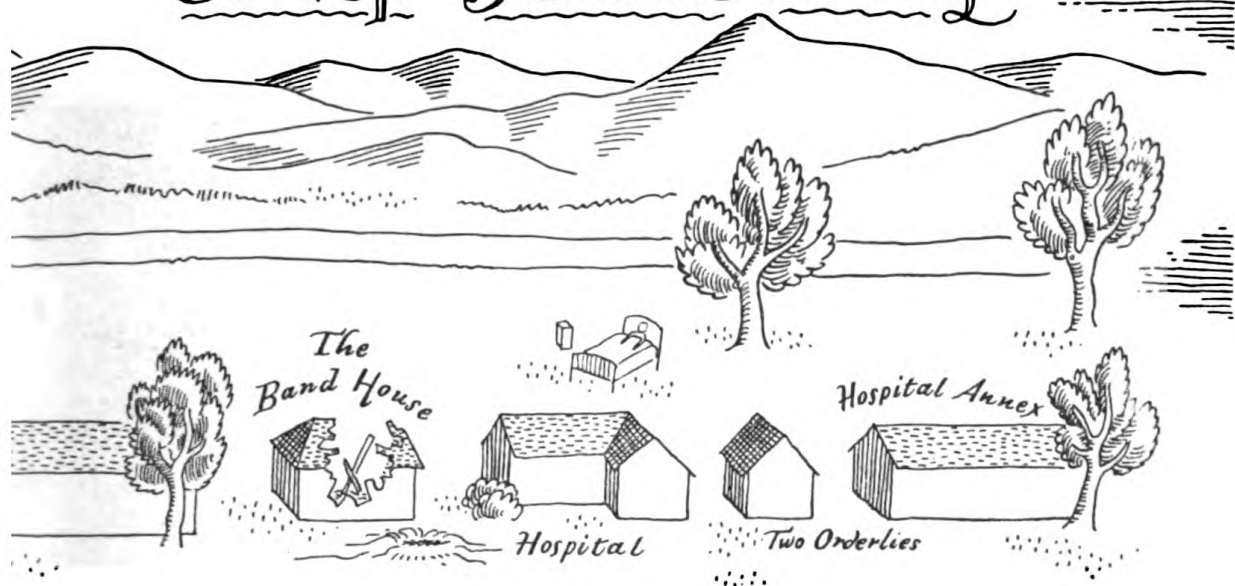
to Baguio

The Tennis Courts

To Vegetable Gardens

Women & Children's Barracks
Diet Kitchen, Mess Hall
Sewing Machine

Camp John Hay

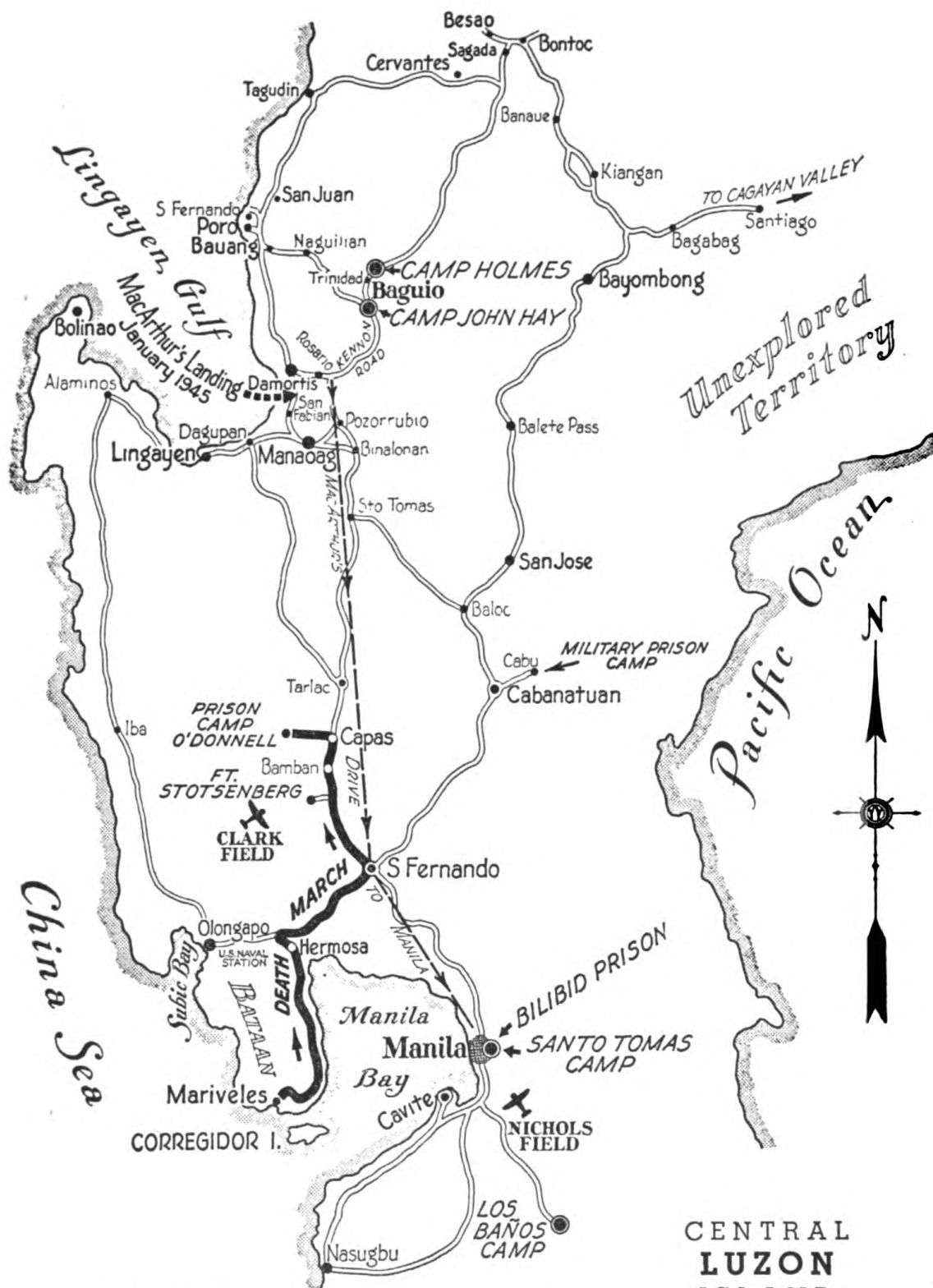


Men's Barracks, Kitchen
 Dispensary, Laboratory
 Dentist, Barber, Cobbler

Chinese Barracks

Spirits Unbroken

”



DISTANCES
 MANILA-BAGUIO 170 MI.
 MANILA-LOS BAÑOS... 40 "
 MANAOAG-BAGUIO. .. 40 "



Spirits Unbroken

*The story of three years in a Civilian Internment Camp,
under the Japanese, at Baguio and at old Bilibid
Prison in the Philippines from December,
1941, to February, 1945.*

by

ROBERT
R. Renton Hind

JOHN HOWELL, *Publisher* : San Francisco : 1946

Copyright 1946, by John Howell

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Grateful acknowledgment is made to
MRS. DAPHNE BIRD
for the sketches of Camp John Hay and Camp Holmes

THE HOWELL-NORTH PRESS
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

To Mother—Mrs. Alice Renton Hind of Honolulu—who kept a light burning in the window throughout the dark years of our internment and in whose great heart the faith of our ultimate rescue and release was unfailing, this volume is affectionately dedicated.

FOREWORD

The lives of 500 American men, women, and children interned at Baguio in the Philippines for more than three years were of little consequence to the Japanese in their excursion to the south for the glory of their Empire. Yet, each day of that time had to be lived by the small community of internees—with little news of the progress of the war, with food supplies decreasing from day to day, with births and deaths, and weddings, too. That Renton Hind was able to chronicle the day-to-day life of an American community behind barbed wire in the Philippines is no small achievement in the light of his story, but bigger than this is the story itself.

One who has been a prisoner in time of war can appreciate the Baguio community's triumph in preserving "*spirits unbroken*" during three years of captivity, knowing the readiness with which molehills become mountains in the mind, the courage necessary to live each day in the face of a prison term bordering on the infinite, the drab monotony of endless association with the same personalities and ideas, and the fear that the bounds of "International Law" will be contracted a point further by a desperate enemy fighting a losing total war.

Monotony and fear were overcome by the Camp Holmes community through determined refusal to recognize life there as anything but normal. On Christmas there were presents for the children made of scraps found in the camp. "Hamlet" was produced even if long underwear must be worn for breeches, and when the time came for a wedding the happy couple were attired in the best that inflated pesos could buy, and they honeymooned in the camp woodshed.

Amusing? Not really, but encouraging. Stripped of the trappings of "dignity" these American men and women proved the essential dignity of the human spirit. This book is a document in support of that dignity, and the fact that almost all of the men, women, and children who battled the Camp Holmes environment for three miserable years have returned to the Orient or plan to return, is evidence of a real victory.

ROBERT R. BRUNN
Captain, USAAF.

*San Francisco,
March, 1946*

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Captain Brunn was held a prisoner of war in Germany from December 20, 1942 to April 29, 1945.)

PREFACE

This is not a gory chronicle such as might be expected in an account of life in a prisoner-of-war camp. It is a factual story of daily living in a Philippine civilian internment camp under the Japanese where American and British men, women and children were in their protective custody.

It was written, month by month, from late 1941 down thru the three long years of confinement, under the suspicious eyes of the Japs, was smuggled from Baguio to Bilibid prison in Manila during the last days of 1944, when we were transferred to that city, and was brought to the United States when the writer was repatriated in March, 1945.

There can be no doubt, after reading the stories of returning prisoners-of-war that men of the services suffered more indignities and physical abuse than did interned civilians, for to the Japanese no crime is more reprehensible than that of bearing arms against their august Emperor. However, we civilians were constantly kept in a state of mental torment and never knew what the morrow would bring. Always we were underfed—a situation which grew progressively worse as sources of food supplies became fewer. Many of us were stricken with disease and some died because of lowered bodily resistance attributable to malnutrition. We all lost weight. The writer's experience is typical for he lost seventy-seven pounds during internment and, in common with most of his comrades-in-misery, was a gaunt and feeble specimen when release finally came.

All quotations appearing herein are, unless otherwise specified, taken from the "Manila Tribune" a pre-war Manila daily paper which was published during the war years by Japanese propagandists.

My thanks are due to fellow-internees Roy M. Hix, John Smeddle and my son John for their assistance in the transfer of the manuscript from Baguio to Manila and to Philip Whitmarsh for drawing to my attention many camp incidents which might otherwise have escaped notice. To Ernst and Jean Kopke are due my especial gratitude for helpful suggestions.

R. R. H.

*San Francisco,
January, 1946.*

INTRODUCTION

December 8th to 27th, 1941

War comes to the Philippines—Filipino farmers become demoralized—Communication with Manila ends—Col. W. E. Brougher visited—Rumours—Capt. Wade Cothran—Brougher fears the future—We flee to Baguio—Panic siezes the populace—City officials take to the hills—Our last free Christmas—We go to the Country Club—We spend our last night as free-men.

"THIS MEANS WAR"—that was my reaction to the news of the bombing of Pearl Harbor, on December 7th, 1941, as it came to me over the radio, at home at Manaoag, Pangasinan Province, from London at four o'clock on the morning of the eighth, Philippine time. For weeks we Americans in the Orient had been worried over the prospect of war between Japan and the United States for we were living within the shadow of the Japanese Empire. To us in the Philippines war meant ruin for it was a foregone conclusion that Hirohito's legions would lose no time in attempting to occupy our beautiful islands. The unexpected had happened—a surprise attack while negotiations were under way in Washington between Ambassador Kichisaburo Nomura and Envoy Saburo Kurusu and Secretary Hull. While we were convinced that nothing would come of the talks because of the divergence of views there was always hope that some agreement might be reached. It is inconceivable that the two envoys did not know of Japan's plans, for not long after Kurusu started on his flight to Washington via Manila the plane carriers sailed from Japan (November 27th) on their mission of death and destruction to Hawaii's great naval base. Local Japanese must also have known of the plan of attack, for when a Japanese carpenter named Tanaka left one of the mines in the Baguio district for Japan a month before and his tool box subsequently (sometime in Decem-

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

ber) was torn from its fastening to the wall of a shop, this notation was discovered in chalk on the back of the cabinet: "The Japanese will invade the Philippines on Dec. 8th."

The news had an immediate effect on our Filipino cane planters and employees. The milling of cane and production of sugar became secondary to conjecture as to the future. After breakfast we left for Baguio—the Philippine summer capital and center of the Philippine gold mining industry forty miles away—to discuss sugar shipments with our agent. On the way up Kennon Road (the eastern entrance) we learned, over the auto radio, of the bombing of Camp John Hay at Baguio and later in the day of the attack on Clark Field in Pampanga Province and Nichols Field near Manila.

Upon our return we found everybody in a state of panic. There had seemed to be no disposition to place much dependence upon the oft-repeated opinion that the Islands could be defended if attacked—and now the attack had come certainly to be followed by invasion. The army, represented in our section by the 17th Military District under Col. W. E. Brougher, commandeered our trucks for temporary use in the movement of troops and materials, requisitioned our picks and shovels and finally hauled off 4000 empty sugar sacks for use as sandbags. It is doubtful if the sacks were ever used for events moved too swiftly.

The local post office was taken over by our army on the 9th for military use and telegraph and mail services ceased. Mail did get through on the 13th and that marked the end of communication with Manila. Heavy fighting was reported on the 10th at Aparri on the north coast of Luzon and on the west coast in the Ilocos Provinces and the bombing of the Cavite navy yard without serious opposition from our own air force, shocked and surprised us, although we continued to have hope in the fiction that Luzon, if not the entire Philippines, could be defended.

To halt or impede the southward drive of the enemy, bridges were blown up north of Bauang, a coastal town west of Baguio

INTRODUCTION

on the Lingayen Gulf. I called on Col. Brougher on the 11th to get first hand information of the situation and thereafter made daily visits until our evacuation became necessary. He was confident that the Japs could be stopped but he based his calculations on the ability of the inadequately-trained Filipino soldier to stand up under fire. On the several trips to Baguio in an effort to get in touch with Manila by mail, telephone or by telegraph (Baguio contacts Manila by radio while on the lowlands communication is by telegraph only) we noted thousands of Filipinos fleeing Baguio on the Kennon Road—the main outlet—as the mines shut down, and an almost equal number going to the mountains with a pitifully small supply of food. Poor people—they expected the trouble to end soon and hoped to make an early return to their homes. As for ourselves, on the assurances of Brougher that the situation was well in hand, we laid in an adequate food supply and felt sure that we could be independent of the outside for a long period. The natives who remained at home, fearing bombings, spent the nights under trees, in the cane fields and in the nearby foothills.

December marks the end of the rainy season in Luzon and the winds from the northeast assure the west coast of smooth seas and air conditions ideal for airplanes. Wise Japs, those! But December is a relatively cool month, the "polar front" of the meteorologist being evident in the Philippines, and the natives suffered greatly from exposure. The nights were marked by total blackouts and we were constantly harangued over the radio by the Bureau of Information of the Insular Government to stand firm, have faith in our army, go about our business as usual and, above all, admonished to keep calm. Everybody was doing it, the announcers said.

The natives were becoming increasingly nervous and almost hysterical. They did not know what to do; whether to stay at home or go into hiding in the nearby mountains and were it not for the cool-headedness of the officials of our little town and the activities

of Mayor Ignacio Galaban, one of our cane planters, many of them might have marched off to join our forces in battling the Japs in a futile attempt to stem their advance. One morning a group of Filipinos were sharpening their *bolos* in our shops (large, heavy knives resembling the Cuban *machete*) and upon being asked why this was being done one of the number said "We are making them sharp, sir, so we can kill the damn Japs."

The army commandeered all liquid fuel and it became necessary for us to obtain a permit from Col. Brougner to acquire 500 gallons of gasoline most of which fell into the hands of the Japs, later. Sales of sugar in Baguio increased in volume as soon as hostilities were declared, the Chinese merchants stocking up against future needs. As gasoline became scarce and the price rose to 50 cents a gallon and could only be obtained under permits from the military authorities, all sorts of hand-drawn conveyances, including wheel barrows, appeared at the door of our depot for sugar and trucks were loaded to twice normal capacity so great was the demand. On the 22nd the last load of sugar was dispatched to Baguio over the Naguilian Road which connects this mountain city with the Gulf on the west.

On the lowlands the roads were guarded by sentries at the approaches to every town and village. It became necessary to obtain travel passes from the 17th District headquarters. This only served to aggravate the gravity of the situation which, coupled with an absence of telegraph and rail communication with Manila and, of course, the non-existence of mail service tended to create panic and uncertainty.

Then came rumours. The Japs had landed. They hadn't. Our troops were doing well. They were not—and so on. The most ridiculous story was that Chinese troops had arrived in Manila and were on their way north to defeat the Japanese! We were able to get our first authentic news of the military situation when Capt. Wade Cothran, a veteran of World War I who had been in business in Manila and who had joined MacArthur's staff only a few

INTRODUCTION

days before, called upon us on the 19th. He did not paint an altogether gloomy picture of the general state of affairs but he was not too enthusiastic about prospects. He had with him some Japanese-made Philippine currency (Tokyo pesos) printed on cheap paper and bearing no serial numbers, which, as he put it, had been "landed by the bale at Vigan." He thought that we were wise to remain at Manaoag and not evacuate to Manila which, of course, was agreeable to us. Cothran left early on the morning of Saturday, the 20th, to visit the war front 40 or 50 miles to the north along the coastal road, and in parting hoped to see us again soon, though he planned to return to Manila that afternoon. Much to our surprise he came to the house late that evening to spend the night and to get some food, for he had had none all day. He had an exciting tale to tell. Japanese bombers had forced his car off the road several times and he had been obliged to seek refuge in the bush. One or two planes had machine-gunned the road only a few yards ahead of him, and it was a miracle that he escaped unscathed.

We were losing ground in Northern Luzon, he said, and a landing in force in Lingayen Gulf was only a matter of time, no longer than the time required for a juncture to be effected between the Japanese, moving south, and the hordes of soldiers ready to disembark at the lower end of the Gulf. Now it was realized that a grim situation might face us within a very few days. (Capt. Cothran was later captured at the fall of Bataan, participated in the infamous "Death March" to the O'Donnell prison camp and lost his life in late 1944 when the ship, on which he and hundreds of other war prisoners were being transported to Japan, was bombed off the coast of Luzon.)

On the morning of the 21st we made another trip to Baguio for current food supplies. They could be obtained by means of permits issued by city officials, although this applied only to non-perishable foods. Perishables could be bought at will in the public market. Many prominent citizens had already left town, proceed-

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

ing over the North Road further into the mountains. No supplies of any kind were coming in from Manila, gasoline stocks were getting low, some of the mines were operating on half time because thousands of laborers had already left for their lowland homes, and a general feeling of uncertainty and abandon had seized the populace. That the Japs were coming sooner or later seemed to be a foregone conclusion. On the way up we saw billows of black smoke, miles high and fully a mile wide, to the west, apparently on the coast. We surmised, quite correctly it transpired, what it was. Our troops had fired the oil tanks at Poro belonging to the several oil companies operating in the Islands. This put an end to diesel fuel supplies for the Baguio mines and hastened the day of their ultimate closure.

Between the 11th and the 22nd I continued my daily calls upon Col. Brougher. I found him to be an earnest and painstaking officer, who constantly kept in touch with the area under his charge and whose chief concern was the welfare of his native troops. Headquarters were on rising ground to the west of Manaoag. The buildings of the post were of thatched bamboo with matched lumber floors; comfortable and cool. At the Colonel's quarters a sentry paced back and forth. On one of my visits I noted the guard on duty to be an employee who had been drafted into the service. Instead of challenging me, as is customary, this soldier dropped his gun to the ground, took off his hat and said, "Hello, Mr. Hind." I wondered, then, if perhaps too much dependence was being placed upon the untrained lads who made up the Philippine Army, boys whose hearts were loyal but whose heads and hands could not efficiently serve in time of crisis.

On Monday morning, the 22nd, two weeks after the Pearl Harbor attack, I made my usual call on the Colonel. He was away from the post and I learned that he had been promoted to Brigadier-General that very day. Having left word that I had called, I had no sooner returned home before the General's aide arrived to say that Brougher was at the post and awaited me. I

INTRODUCTION

returned at once. What I saw and heard were so unexpected that I could scarcely believe my eyes and ears. The General was spattered with mud from head to foot, and after greeting me he seated himself on a stool on the little porch of his quarters with a look of dejection on his face that is haunting to this day. He had just come from the Gulf where several times he had been obliged to take refuge in roadside culverts to avoid the effects of bombing by Japanese planes. He said that he had seen much disaffection among our native troops—men who, because of the lack of training could not stand up to enemy fire. "How can I fight," said he, or words to that effect, "If I have men under me who have had but three or four days' training?" It was plain that something was stirred deep down in this soldier's heart.

Properly trained the Filipino is a good soldier and when led by American officers, whom they trust, there is no better in the Orient. Unlike the Japanese he is no fanatic but when fighting for his country, with his back to the wall as he was at Bataan, "fighting all day and falling back at night only to fight again on the morrow he is a tough soldier"—to quote General Brougher in the writer's talk with him upon the General's return from a Manchurian prison camp in San Francisco at war's end.

We next discussed my plans. While Brougher felt that we would be safe at Manaoag for a while longer, he feared that we might be caught by cross-fire, as he put it, when the Japanese passed through this section of the country. That they would do so was a remote possibility, for the town is not on the direct road between Lingayen and Manila, the ultimate objective of the enemy sweeping to the south across the central Luzon plain. The events of the next few days proved that the supposition was correct for Manaoag soon was occupied by the Japs, in common with all the towns in the archipelago. The General felt that it would be wise to go to Manila or to Baguio. He would not make a choice for us nor would he order us to leave. I could see, however, that he felt much relieved when I told him that we would proceed to Baguio.

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

There are scenes that all of us can recall out of our past that can never be forgotten. The parting from General Brougher was one. We both knew the thoughts of the other. How happy we would have been did we know that the immediate future held hopes of success to this gallant soldier. We had to content ourselves with hollow pleasantries. It was a sober situation that I faced as I turned my car homewards. There was to be no war—yet war had come; no invasion was expected—yet here it was; the Philippines could be defended—but could they? Nearly twenty-five years' service in sugar in the Philippines was represented in my holdings at Manaoag—what were they worth and what would they be worth a month or a year from today?

Brougher fought to the end of the campaign finally surrendering at Bataan, was with the Death March, was later transferred to Formosa, then to Manchukuo and was released from prison in August, 1945.

Bags were hastily packed at home and many articles, technical books and such things, including General Brougher's trunks, Oriental rugs, etc., which he had sent to us some days before for safekeeping, that would be necessary for a long stay in Baguio were set aside to follow by the sugar truck on its next trip to the mountain city. It was my intention to return on Wednesday (24th). As we were about to leave, the truck arrived. I sent for the chauffeur to instruct him to make ready for an immediate return to Baguio. He was so frightened by what he had seen that day that I told him he could defer his departure until the next morning. He said that when he passed his home, which was on the main road, his family had fled, he knew not where, that Camp Three bridge on the Kennon Road was to be blown up that afternoon, that the Japs would soon be in Manaoag, etc. The truck did not make the special trip. Demoralization, always contagious under circumstances such as these, completely gripped everyone including the truck driver.

INTRODUCTION

To the accompaniment of heavy gunfire and bomb explosions at San Fabian (where, incidentally, General MacArthur was to land more than three years later) we left at about 2:00 P. M. in an automobile loaded to the gunwales with bags, bedding, food, odds and ends, including a radio, and four passengers—Mrs. Hind, my son John and his wife. As we came to the toll bridge just out of town the gatekeeper asked, "Are you going on a vacation?" It was just the sort of question a long-time resident of the Philippines might expect from an inquisitive but ingenuous native. What a "vacation" it proved to be! Four years would elapse before we could be home again, for my scheduled return on the Wednesday never was made. General Brougher and his men evacuated the town the next day.

As we passed along the Bued river canyon Filipinos were seen drilling holes in the banks at the cuts for future dynamiting to destruction and there were thirty or forty boxes of dynamite at Camp Three bridge supposedly for the blowing up of the structure as the truck chauffeur had reported. Dozens of truckloads of refugees were met, several buses loaded with Filipino volunteers in nondescript uniforms, all armed, going we knew not where and many truckloads of dynamite which had been shipped out of the Baguio mining district.

The day before Christmas was one of excitement, rumour and prognostication. A few stores in Baguio were open. All plate-glass windows had been boarded up or were being protected against bomb concussion. All sales of goods were for cash, and the one drug store open for business was swamped with customers. The gold mines were destroying stored explosives and liquid fuel supplies, for the Japs were in control of the lowland approaches to Baguio. It was reported that 100 transports were in the Gulf and another 40 were off the East Luzon coast south of Manila. Yet there was no word of the enemy approaching Baguio.

"Where are the Japs now? Are they on the Kennon or the Naguilian Road? Is Manila being attacked?" There was no com-

munication with Manila except by radio, but that the "situation was well in hand" was the essence of all the broadcasts. However, a note of skepticism could be detected—doubt as to whether the Islands could be defended, not perhaps in so many words but by inference. MacArthur's daily communiques left much to be desired, for they were not convincing. Hundreds of civilians had been given guns and ammunition, for what purpose it was not divulged, and the nights in our section of the residential area were made unpleasant by the Filipino guards firing their guns at imaginary targets! "Target practice, sir," was the only answer one could get from them when queried as to the whys and wherefores of this miniature warfare but no information was volunteered as to what the targets were.

In view of the circumstances, the most important being the absence of police protection, for policemen and city officials had fled to the hills, we considered spending our nights at the Baguio Country Club. This was a refuge for many club members and guests and supplemented the haven offered by the facilities at the Brent School (a boarding school which, at the time, was idle because of the Christmas vacation) to many townspeople who decided that group assembly was necessary for prompt and concerted action and for the execution of the will of the expected Japanese as to the disposition of non-belligerent whites. There was no doubt, now, that the enemy would soon be in the city.

Christmas Eve was a memorable one. It was the last spent under the family roof. Usually a cheerful and gay evening given to thoughts of good will, a Christmas tree, the exchange of gifts, complete freedom from worldly cares and dedicated to the thoughts of loved ones overseas, this initial celebration of the holiday season is pleasurably anticipated by all in the Philippines who hail from abroad. After a simple dinner, held early because of the blackout, which was in effect from Pearl Harbor day, we gathered around the radio to hear a Yuletide program. For obvious reasons there was none being broadcast in the Philippines. Terror and

INTRODUCTION

tragedy had struck our peaceful country. A station in Australia was dialed and from it we heard the familiar music and carols and the sentiments of Christmas. Yet Australia had been two years in the war! However, that country had not then been attacked by the enemy.

On Christmas Day we decided, in view of the uncertain local situation, to spend our nights at the club but to continue to have our meals at home. Accordingly, we moved over that afternoon. We slept, in common with 30 or 40 others, on mattresses placed on the floor of the newly completed sports pavilion. We had the most necessary clothes with us but little else. There were several air raid alarms while we were there and at each we would hurry to the shelter that had been constructed under the floor of the sports building, immediately above which sandbags had been placed. It was amusing to have to rush to the semi-cavelike shelter and be uncomfortably crowded, like a lot of frightened sheep, until the "All clear" was sounded. At night a guard was formed of club employees to patrol the grounds under the watchful eyes of the male guests, who took turns at supervising the detail.

Our last meal at the club was dinner on Saturday, the 27th. Saturday night dinners followed by dances have always been a feature of the club's activities. Of course, on this evening there was no festivity of this kind, not only because we were in no mood for it but the orchestra had fled, and club employees had been assigned to guard duty. We retired at about 10:00 o'clock. Everyone was nervous. Word had been received that the Japanese were on their way up the Naguilian Road although there were no details as to the number of soldiers in the party, nor was there any intimation of what would become of us. Of course, there were rumours afloat that inasmuch as no resistance had been offered we would be unmolested, that business would go on as usual. We knew that the mines could not operate, because of the lack of oil and explosives, but "business as usual" allayed some apprehension. There was also talk of keeping us within certain residential zones.

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

All this proved to be idle gossip, for events in the early morning hours proved that Mr. Jap had very definite and preconceived plans for our disposition.

The First Year

CHAPTER I

December 28th, 1941 to January 31, 1942—1st to 35th Day

Dr. Mukaibo greets us—Internment begins at Brent School—Complete disorganization—We walk to Camp John Hay—The food and water shortage—Camp committee appointed—Dysentery makes its appearance—We supply our own food—Japs begin looting in Baguio—Daily rollcalls—Commingling of sexes prohibited—Nagatomi steals our cash—Gray succumbs to "water cure"—Chinese internees arrive—Food packages—Missionaries released and promptly reinterned—We hear of conditions on the outside.

AT 2:00 A.M. (Dec. 28th) Mrs. Warren Garwick, who was acting Manager of the club in the absence of her husband on shore duty with the Navy at Manila, awoke me with, "Mr. Hind, Hayakawa wants the keys to your automobile." He was a civilian Japanese resident of Baguio, a department store owner, and considered by many to be in the espionage service. He cooperated fully with the invaders from the moment of their arrival at the mountain city, but was not the Jap of the same name who for months was in charge of our internment camp. From that moment of waking, the lives of all of us were to be regimented for three years, we were to be cut off from all business and social connections with the outside world, we would hear no more American radio programs, see no more newspapers or periodicals, be reduced to the eating of two very limited meals daily, would be guarded by soldiers with guns and bayonets—in short, we might as well have been locked up in jail insofar as personal liberties were concerned.

At about 2:30 we were told to dress quickly and gather on the front porch of the club. This we did, and here we met Major Muso Mukaibo of the Japanese Intelligence Corps who asked us to give details of our citizenship and then informed us that we

would be taken to Brent School at once for internment. Dr. Mukaibo, a graduate of Harvard University and a Doctor of Divinity—a protege of the Methodist Episcopal Church—looked anything but a churchman. He was tall for a Japanese, wore the familiar thick-lensed glasses, a small Hitlerish mustache, was clothed in an ill-fitting uniform of sorts with a pair of leggings to set off the ensemble, and carried a vicious looking sword, patterned after those of the Samurai of legend and picture. As he stood there in the dim porch light, backed by soldiers with guns and bayonets, he looked in none too pleasant a mood. Evidently tired from his long trek up the hills from the lowlands and anxious to get done with the business in hand, he was impatience personified. Did we have any guns on our persons or concealed about the premises? "Ifu you have and do notta giva them up immediatery or ifu do notta obey the orders of Japanese Miritary you wirra (will) be kirrud (killed)!" were his final words. Certainly this was anything but a display of the Christian spirit which he was assumed to have acquired after eight years of study in the United States. No, we had no guns and we understood his warning. The Japs were surprised to find Baguio unarmed. They refused to believe that we had no guns hidden away, and it required some time for them to come to the conclusion that we had none but peaceful intentions and were willing to submit to internment without opposition. In the meantime my automobile had disappeared. It had the dubious honor to be assigned to Dr. Mukaibo and continued in his service and those of his successors for three years. All private cars and trucks and buses of transportation companies belonging to enemy civilians were likewise commandeered by the Japanese. For months the streets of Baguio were lined with broken-down vehicles, and any convenient open space became the depository of looted and wrecked cars.

Dreaded internment had come! With an allowance of one small bag each and without any bedding or other conveniences we were hustled into waiting trucks driven by Japanese civilians and

THE FIRST YEAR

taken to Brent School. Upon arrival our meagre luggage was inspected for guns, kodaks, flashlights and such things as knives, scissors and razors. Many were relieved of their safety razors and spare blades! This done, we were led through the school office, along a hallway and up some stairs to rooms already partly filled with internees who had arrived earlier. On the way we saw, through an open door, a half dozen Jap soldiers stretched out on the floor, fast asleep, and near them little mounds of rice—the soldiers' rations. The place was guarded by civilians drawn from Baguio's Japanese population, and all inspections were made by them. The office was littered with a host of seized articles, and most of us saw for the first time one Nakamura, a civilian, who, with Mukaibo, was to regulate our daily lives for several months. It was galling enough to be ordered about by Japanese soldiers but to be told what to do by Japanese civilians with whom we had been dealing as artisans or shop keepers was extremely humiliating.

Entering the room assigned to the men, we found twenty fellow-internees, sitting on boxes, lying on the floor or on tables. The room measured about sixteen by twenty feet and was formerly occupied by one of the schoolmasters. It was a cold morning and several were trying to sleep with the scant and inadequate covering of curtains torn from the windows. Others came in after we had found a place to sit and we all awaited the coming of daylight. We discovered that nothing had been provided for our breakfast, but, through the efforts of Alex Kaluzhny of the Pines Hotel, and Paul Trimble of a local coldstores establishment, we were each served a slice of bread, some spiced ham and a small cup of coffee prepared on an electric hot plate belonging to the school. The Japs did not provide meals for several days!

That first Sunday long will be remembered. There seemed to be no plans made other than to intern us. Our looking guards surrounded the building, which was crowded with refugees, some of whom had come in the previous afternoon. There was no organization but plenty of volunteers were available who set about

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

to get the school kitchen to function, drawing upon school supplies and those donated by brothers-in-misery who had been able to bring food with them. We could look down upon a small open yard in which dozens of automobiles were parked and where new arrivals had their baggage examined. Some of the women and children were walking in the limited space marked off by the patrolling guards, but no sooner did the men slip out to join their families than all hands were ordered to quarters. This was the first intimation we had that "commingling" of the sexes was against the Japanese code, as it applied to internees.

Some tried to sleep that first day, others took their turns at the wash basins on the upper floor, and still others tried their hand at shaving. With all the confusion, uncertainty and conjecture, a buoyant spirit prevailed. The whole affair was pretty much of a lark, for after a week or so we would all be allowed to go home, we thought, and although there could be no golf today, surely the devotees of the sport could have a game over at the club that day week. But we were again becoming hungry—many of us couldn't recall when the demand for food had been so keen and a second meal much like that at breakfast was served in the afternoon. Bewildered and unhappy children off their food and rest schedules, made their wants known by having a good cry, adding to the bedlam, and through it all the guards paraded the grounds and civilian Japanese, ex-carpenters from the mines, storekeepers and others, gave orders, with not a little show of pleasure. Had they themselves not been interned for seventeen days until released by their invading nationals? Baguio Japanese were interned at Camp John Hay on December 10th and were released by their troops in the evening of the 27th.

From all accounts the native troops who had their internment in hand had not treated them too well. Here was the opportunity for retaliation and they took full advantage of it. With the thought that perhaps the morrow would bring better things we retired that Sunday night on tables, floors and benches, cold,

THE FIRST YEAR

hungry and tired but full of hope and good cheer—the heritage of the white man who, in time of stress and discomfort accepts such a situation with the best of grace.

At noon on Monday we were given orders to congregate in the tennis courts of the school for an announcement, and were ordered to "be quick about it." No time was lost and we were soon gathered about Mukaibo who had the habit of appearing from apparently nowhere. We were to move from the school to another place. He did not say where. Trucks would carry our heavy baggage, the aged and the infirm. The rest of us would walk. Be ready in fifteen minutes. That was all—no explanations, no details; nothing. Just get ready to walk. He again cautioned us to obey orders closing his remarks with—"You Americans are a merciful people; we Japanese have no mercy." It seems that it had been announced in Baguio that this march was to take place and it was expected that many curious Filipinos would line the route and witness the workings of the New Order as they applied to interned Americans. Be it said to the everlasting credit of the Filipino that he did not accept the invitation to participate in this Roman holiday. None lined the roads, and the two or three who crossed our path went quietly about their business.

We were organized into groups and, carrying as much baggage as we could, finally started on a journey which was the conjecture of many to end at the Pines Hotel, the Country Club or Camp John Hay. As we left the school grounds and passed the residence of a wealthy Spaniard we noted the servants at the entrance crying unashamedly over the sight of us representatives of the United States being guarded and driven like cattle along those very streets that we had built.

When Japanese nationals were interned by us, they were taken to Camp John Hay in trucks. Why were not we Americans given reciprocal treatment? Certainly being herded like cattle was an undignified spectacle, yet our spirits were high. "We'd be damned if we'd show the white feather." The women and children

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

we, of course, felt sorry for. It was warm at this hour, all of us were weak from hunger, those bags were heavy, the blankets and other bedding were bulky and difficult to keep under control, yet these three hundred men, women and children trudged along uncomplainingly, stopped for breathing spells at the top of each rise in the road to allow the laggards to catch up with the main groups and to shift bundles to easier carrying positions. The children thought it was a lark, but many of the women were near collapse at the end of the two-mile trek. We were taken past the scene of the Japanese bombings of the laborers' quarters near the Baguio power house a few days before and into the grounds of Camp John Hay, through groves of pine trees, past the Administration buildings and in the direction of the newly erected residence of the U. S. High Commissioner.

It is said that if one puts one foot ahead of the other one will ultimately arrive at one's destination. Most of us did just that under the guidance of armed Jap guards. We finally stopped at the barracks—four buildings, all practically alike—facing a parade ground on the opposite side of which was a group of officers' residences. One corner of the second building was badly smashed by the bombing of the morning of the 8th and one of the residences across the way was completely gutted. There were several small bomb craters on the parade ground. The trucks with those passengers who could not make the trip afoot followed us and after they had been unloaded of passengers and baggage we were assembled in No. 1 Barracks where Mukaibo gave us another talk, the last that we were to have the dubious pleasure of hearing. He told us that the women and children would occupy the north half of the building and the men the south, that there must be no commingling, etc.

In the meantime, Jap civilian carpenters were erecting a wooden railing dividing the quarters in two. There was a feeble trickle of water in the taps, which was mighty welcome after the hike from Brent School. However, no provision had been made

THE FIRST YEAR

to feed us and a supper of sorts,—crackers, canned meat and coffee—was provided by volunteers. All hands "turned to" to get ready for the night. Some lucky ones had brought mattresses with them but the majority of us slept on the bare floor. There were no lights, for not until the next day was the electric current switched on.

We were occupying the same building in which the Japanese were interned, and it was plain that we were not to be any better treated than they had been. For three days, it is said, they were practically without food or water, due to the carelessness or indifference of the native constabulary who had the internment job in hand, much to the irritation of the Japs who lost no time in impressing upon us that sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Tuesday and Wednesday were awful days. Our water supply gave out completely. The water system was interconnected with that of the High Commissioner's home, where the Japanese commandant for the Baguio area had taken residence, and not only were there innumerable valves to be manipulated but certain reservoirs had to be filled before others could receive water, and we were tied in with the second lot of cisterns. The commandant demanded that his residence be supplied with water before we were served. Also, the pumping plant would not function. We leave to the imagination of the reader how nearly four hundred souls fared without an adequate water supply. Drinking water was brought in from elsewhere on the reservation by our own men, and each person was allowed a cupful twice daily. New internees were arriving hourly, adding to the discomfort and confusion. On one point we had no complaint—the camp kitchen was adequately supplied with utensils, good stoves, an abundance of crockery and silverware, left behind when the garrison of Philippine Scouts took to the mountains before the Japs arrived. Some of us had brought in small quantities of food supplies which were pooled and stored in a community storeroom. The meals on these days were little better than makeshifts and certainly wholly inade-

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

quate for the maintenance of health or strength. The nights were made hideous by the foot-dragging of Jap soldiers tramping through the barracks. Anyone who has been in Japan remembers the dragging, clop-clop of wooden shoes or "geta" on the sidewalks. Shoe these people in leather boots and leggings and the habits of a thousand generations manifest themselves. The Jap soldier is the world's best foot-dragger—there can be no better!

On the last day of the month—and of an eventful year—the water shortage continued but a semblance of order was slowly manifesting itself. A committee was appointed, chiefly from those men who had displayed public spirit and a willingness to serve. Elmer Herold was appointed liaison officer to cooperate with the Japanese authorities. Mrs. Herold and a group of aides took the women's problems in hand, a dispensary was set up at the south end of the barracks and a cook's crew was organized with Messrs. Kaluzhny and Trimble in command. Rice was supplied by the Japanese but we had to furnish the rest of our food. It was during the first trying week that much weight was lost by nearly everyone. There was plenty of canned milk for the children, and from the first day the little tots were well provided for.

No one saw the Old Year out. We were too tired, too hungry and too dispirited. Such things "couldn't happen to us" but they had. We had ceased to be individuals in the broader sense—we were a lot of helpless sheep snatched from our individual way of life, thrown together, friend and stranger alike, into a pool of inaction and frustration and undergoing a process of regimentation under the Japs who were now our enemies. We knew now, what it was to be interned, and with heavy hearts we passed from the old year into the new.

— *January, 1942* —

There were no egg-nogs nor mint juleps served on New Year's Day, and none of the usual happy gatherings and "open houses"

THE FIRST YEAR

so familiar to residents in the Orient. Instead, we had water and plenty of it for this precious fluid was back in the pipes, thanks to the efforts of one of our number who undertook to repair the pumps, and shower baths, the washing of clothes and copious drinking of water were the order of the day. It was on this day that three cases of dysentery appeared. This disease was a scourge throughout our internment, although injections against dysentery, typhoid and cholera were given to practically everybody at regular intervals.

During the first week food was very scarce, its daily caloric value being about 600 per capita although in the Baguio climate at this season of the year about 2500 calories are required to maintain one's health and strength. Vegetables made their appearance on the 3rd, and thence forward we were able to allay hunger at least once daily, at the second and final meal of the day in the late afternoon. The Japs furnished rice and sugar but we were obliged to purchase with our own funds, all other food—meat, vegetables, fruit, etc., augmented by the stocks on hand of coffee, fats, condiments, tea, milk and a limited quantity of canned goods. To this end the adults were called upon to subscribe a fixed amount weekly. During the first *three* weeks a total of 3.50 pesos¹ was collected per capita which was increased to 1.50 pesos a week thereafter. A light station wagon had been supplied us (looted from one of the mines, of course) and with two or three cooks aboard it made daily trips to market for meat and vegetables.

Reports of looting by the Japs, and in some cases by the natives, began to be heard as the final groups of internees arrived. Homes were stripped of their contents. Stamp collections, rare books and other property, personally prized and irreplaceable, were carried off. What was of no value to the looter was destroyed. Such tragedies, however, were not without their humourous side. The home of a prominent Manilan was to be put through the

¹At normal exchange 1 Philippine peso (100 centavos) is worth 50 cents, U. S. currency.

paces of organized looting and one of our number was sent for to open the residence and unlock cupboards, trunks, etc., for which he held the keys. The Japs discovered some pianola records. "Aha, here *was* something. What are these round holes and slots in these rolls of paper? A private code?" When assured they were of no value to the Intelligence branch of the army the looters took great delight in unrolling the reels across the spacious drawing room floor.

On the 3rd all safety deposit box keys were called for by the authorities. The only boxes in Baguio were in the Peoples Bank branch, and W. M. Moore, the manager, and a fellow-internee, was ordered to go to the offices and facilitate the looting. It is difficult to estimate the value of the plunder garnered in this operation but it must have run into hundreds of thousands of pesos, to say nothing of the loss of stock certificates, insurance policies, wills and the dozen and one papers that have no worth to a looter but are only replaceable, if at all, with great difficulty.

After a week in the barracks along with the women and children, and suffering all manner of inconveniences in common with them, we men were ordered to move next door to Barracks No. 2. This relieved the congestion and ended the embarrassment of having to dress, undress and perform one's toilette more or less under the feet of the opposite sex. It was at this time that we had our first line-up on the tennis courts for identification and classification, and the morning roll-call before breakfast was a regular chore for several months.

For some unaccountable reason, the Japanese, from the first day of our internment, forbade commingling of the sexes even during daylight hours. That we should be separated at night is understandable but why wives and husbands might not sit down for a chat in public has always been an unanswered question. There were two tennis courts on the grounds a few yards from the east end of Barracks No. 1. One of these was assigned to the women, the other to the men. Parallel lines were painted on the

THE FIRST YEAR

floor of the courts about eight feet apart between which traffic was taboo. It was amusing to watch couples trying to converse about family affairs across this neutral zone. On Sunday evenings, from six to seven o'clock we could join our families and parade around both courts—Herold's whistle indicating the beginning and the end of the "commingling period." If there was any serious infraction of rules during the week, this Sunday privilege was often denied us. All this was not in the nature of a hardship, but it was one of those things that made internment all the more difficult to undergo. It had nothing but a nuisance value and restrictions on smoking, which were later imposed upon us, only served to embitter us. We were not military prisoners, we were civilians and ought to have come under a somewhat different category in the matter of treatment.

The 10th of January will not soon be forgotten. Late in the morning it was announced that all our money would be taken from us by the Japanese. We resignedly assumed that it would be done by the army. Much to our surprise H. A. Nagatomi, a Jap contractor of many years' residence in Baguio, and a Rotarian, arrived with some fellow civilians to do systematic looting of our purses. The barracks was bisected by a passage, about fifteen feet wide, which led from the front steps and porch to an enclosed verandah in the rear which, in turn, connected with the mess hall and kitchen in another building. Without much ado it was decided to take the money from the men in the north half, first, and all occupants of the south half of the building were ordered to the tennis courts to await their turn. We, the first victims, were told to stand by our allotted sleeping space. A table and a couple of chairs were placed in the passageway. Nagatomi and a clerk seated themselves at the table and it was announced that we would each be allowed to retain 100 pesos but that all sums above this amount were to be turned in, for which a receipt would be issued and at a later date the money would be returned. It never was.

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

One by one we were questioned, and our baggage thoroughly gone over. In many cases the mattresses were given a thumping, in the hope that hidden funds might be located. Stock certificates, life insurance papers, cheques, etc., were taken up and each of us was obliged to go to the table when cash was counted. All but a hundred pesos was placed in an envelope upon which the victim was told to write his name.

The examination completed, we were herded onto the tennis courts and the "south-siders" were called in. Many who had gone through inspection were able to take purses and valuable papers from those who were on their way to the fleecing. When the men had been attended to, the women's quarters were visited by the Nipponese bandits. Wives, with husbands in camp, were obliged to give up all their money. Unattached ladies were allowed to retain 100 pesos. There have been many estimates of the total amount of which we were robbed, a conservative guess being 5200 pesos. There is no doubt that Japanese civilians held us up but it is inconceivable that the military did not have full knowledge of the robbing, else why were armed guards posted within the building?

It was reported that missionaries were not interned at Santo Tomas in Manila—the largest camp in the Islands where nearly 4000 people were under "protective custody." The greatest number in our camp at any time was about 500. This led us to believe that the first to be released would be members of the cloth. During the third week of the month, five missionaries were taken each morning to Intelligence headquarters for questioning upon the return of the station wagon with food from the market. One day three of the five men failed to return in the afternoon—R. F. Gray (26), R. C. Flory (29), and H. G. Loddigs (25). Flory and Loddigs were kept in jail for several days and later returned. Gray died on March 15th, we learned several months later, from the effects of the "water cure"—a means of forcing the truth out of a person practiced for hundreds of years upon prisoners by con-

THE FIRST YEAR

quering armies and brought to the attention of the present age during the Spanish-American war. Until we were advised of Gray's death the Japs told us that, though imprisoned, he was being considerably treated. In administering the water cure the victim is seated in an ordinary chair, his lower limbs are strapped to the chair-legs and his body and arms pinioned to the chair-back. The chair is then tipped back to rest on the floor just as an overturned chair usually lies, the trunk and lower limbs of the poor man being now parallel with, and his thighs at right angles to, the floor. The principal in this setting is then given water to drink—more water and then more water. Nausea ensues. Then the nerves causing stomach convulsions become deadened and a distention of the abdomen results, bringing with it untold agony, aggravated by having an inquisitor jump on his belly. It is then that the victim "talks"—whether he tells the truth is of little consequence so long as he gives information to his questioners. It was rupture of the intestines that caused Gray's death at the Notre Dame Hospital, where he was taken, unconscious and dying. There have been many conjectures as to why Gray was subjected to such cruel treatment; none, in our opinion, meriting the water cure. Perhaps he was indiscreet; perhaps he was a pacifist; perhaps he had been too friendly with the Chinese (he was connected with a Chinese language school in Baguio)—certainly he was not a spy in the accepted sense. He had been interned and was entitled to the protection of the Japanese.

On the afternoon of the 8th the first contingent of 462 Chinese internees arrived and were assigned to Barracks No. 3. As Baguio's pre-war Chinese population was well over 2000, it is assumed that many took to the hills or rushed to Manila before the Japs took control. Upon arrival, all bundles and other baggage were examined on the parade ground for contraband, during which a shower of rain fell, dampening everything and resulting in an unpleasant night for all hands but this did not concern the Japs. A few days after they were interned, prominent members of the

little community were taken in groups of two or three to Intelligence headquarters, along with the daily contingent of missionaries, and grilled on several subjects, chief among which was the location of hidden or buried treasure, for it was known that prior to occupation by the Japs the Chinese took all possible safeguards to protect their personal property.

Leung Nang, Baguio's most prominent Chinaman (a fellow Rotarian of Nagatomi's), was among the first to undergo questioning. I saw him leave camp one morning. He looked very miserable and apprehensive, and when he returned it was plain that he had been through hell. His face was swollen and he walked like a man who had been under the lash and seriously hurt. It was not until early March that he told us about the treatment he had undergone. He had been given the "water cure," had had 15,700 pesos taken from him and his grocery store was robbed of all stocks and fixtures. Leung is a mild-mannered fellow, well educated in the use of English, and the head of a large family, to which he was singularly devoted. After his terrible experience, I saw him many times in the barracks across the way from us and he always greeted me with a nod and a smile. One would never have known that all he possessed had been taken from him nor that he had been terribly manhandled.

No subject was of greater interest during this and subsequent months than was that of incoming "packages." It meant food for those of us lucky enough to have thoughtful friends on the outside who, for one reason or another, had not been interned and for those who had native families, for unless the Filipino wives of those in camp expressed a desire to join their husbands they were permitted to remain at home. In the beginning, messengers brought the food packages in. Later, they were not allowed to deliver them but were ordered by the guards to return home. It was pathetic to see a native arrive with a hamper only to be told that not only could he not talk to his master but he must take the food back with him. Such an order on the part of the Japs is under-

THE FIRST YEAR

standable. Information as to the progress of the war must be withheld from us at all costs. Later, packages came in by the food truck—but when notes were found secreted in the packages, the order of "No More Packages" followed. This would stand for a few days and the regulations would then be relaxed only to be enforced again when another violation occurred.

There was great excitement in camp on the 30th. It was announced that all missionaries and their families would be released. There was a hum of preparation and packing in both men's and women's barracks, farewells were said and at five in the afternoon the happy group, 160 strong, was piled into waiting trucks along with bags, mattresses, blankets and odds and ends of every sort. Their being released raised the hopes of the rest of us that soon we too would be turned loose, and with cries of "We'll see you soon," we turned to the chore of arranging our sleeping spaces, for such an exodus of people, more than a third of our number, eased the congestion appreciably. Much to our surprise 157 of the missionaries returned the next afternoon. A sad and chastened lot they were; they no longer bore the happy faces with which they had said farewells not twenty-four hours before. Then came the unpleasant job of bringing in the baggage, rearranging bed space and going through all the motions that would have been necessary had an equal number of new internees arrived. They were famished, for many of them had had no food since leaving. They had been trundled off to one of the local hotels and one by one told to go to their homes, apartments or wherever they had their abode. Then it was decided by some one in authority that only those would be released who had bona fide residence and duties in Baguio. Most of the missionaries were refugees from China and had no mission work in Baguio although many of them were connected with the Chinese Language School operated by several denominations, jointly, for the teaching of that language. The existence of this school was anathema to the Japanese and many connected with it were subjected to severe questioning and indigni-

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

ties. This was the last mass evacuation, albeit a false one. Thereafter releases were seldom made, and then only a few at a time. Intelligence headquarters became better organized and much red tape had to be gone through before protective freedom became a reality for the fortunate ones.

During this month much was done to ameliorate an unhappy existence. The men played bridge, poker and cribbage, a camp newspaper was started, tennis and volley ball games got under way and organized games for the children became a part of their daily life. Singapore and Bataan had not fallen and they were not expected to fall. Our release was only a matter of days or weeks. We never dreamed that it would be years before freedom would come.

It was impossible, we thought, for the Philippines to be completely occupied by the enemy. We heard all manner of stories of relief and reinforcements being on the way, units of our fleet were in Philippine waters, troops had landed here, there and elsewhere, and from day to day we were told by the supposedly informed among us that "things were going well," the guerrillas were within a few miles of Baguio, etc. In January we expected to win the local war because we were foolish enough to believe that only time enough to move ships across the Pacific was needed to stop the Japanese advance, and when fewer and fewer automobiles were seen on John Hay roads, and Japanese planes no longer flew overhead, we took the first fact to be an indication of a shortage of gasoline, and the second evidence of fighting plane reinforcements from the States. We lived in the clouds during this month of internment.

The first disturbing report of conditions in the lowlands was brought by Helge Janson, Acting Swedish Consul, who came to camp to take Mrs. Janson and their two children to Manila, for, under diplomatic immunity, Consuls' families may not be interned. This was on the 11th. It required nine hours to make the trip which is normally negotiated in four. He was under guard and

THE FIRST YEAR

was no doubt instructed not to talk but what little he did say was dampening to our spirits. The Luzon plain, he reported, was desolate and the roads lined with dead soldiers and animals. Further, matters were not going too well with us. This was the first intimation that we had that the Japs were gaining the upper hand, and it began to dawn upon us that our release was a matter not of days nor of weeks but probably of many months.

CHAPTER II

February, 1942—36th to 63rd Day

New camp committee elected—Nakamura takes charge—We report our cash holdings to the Japs—Rice becomes our main diet—Singapore falls—Japs raise their flag over Camp—Camp schools open but soon close.

WHILE assembled at Brent School, a general committee was named to represent the groups there which, during the first month at Camp John Hay, did yeoman service in organizing camp life. A special election was held this month for the naming of a new committee and with more or less regularity during the entire period of our internment elections were held and changes made in committee personnel. Direct contact of individuals with the Japanese was not permitted. This was a function of the committee chairman or of the committee itself but their path was not rosy as will be seen later in this chronicle.

Many rulings of the committee were made under pressure of Nakamura, our first civilian Japanese Camp Commandant, who, through the period of his captaincy, made life as unpleasant for us as possible. This Jap was a carpenter and from all reports a good one, but he had worked so long under American miners that when the opportunity came to assume authority over them and other enemy nationals he did so with a will to the accompaniment of much foul language. By this he expected to overcome his inferiority complex, for, after all, he was nothing more than a Japanese peasant. It was he who was opposed to the commingling of the sexes, the holding of religious services, entertainment in any form, smoking, except under rigid rules, and who seemed never to realize that we were civilian and not military prisoners. Not only was smoking limited to defined areas but ashes and burnt matches must not be dropped willy-nilly. Instead, every smoker was obliged to carry an empty can to serve as an ash receptacle.

THE FIRST YEAR

The committee was asked on the 4th to report the amount of money held by us and this was recorded to the collective total of 5500 pesos (\$2750) which was turned over to the joint custody of the committee and Nakamura. A looted safe was repaired and the money deposited therein. Each morning, before the food truck left for market, the daily allowance was meted out to our buyer—Nakamura, himself. We thus continued to buy our own food with our own money through the agency of a Jap, yet we were supposed to be interned at the expense of the enemy.

On the 4th several of us bottonholed the chef and suggested that in addition to a breakfast of boiled rice that cereal be served at the late afternoon meal for no starches were being supplied, such as bread or white potatoes. He agreed to give it a trial, which proved so popular that a "side dish of rice" appeared on the daily menu thenceforth. Little did we realize that before the end of our internment we would be eating almost nothing but rice!

We had expected the occupation of Manila in early January, because it had been declared an open city and therefore without defenses, and when the Japs disregarded the declaration and bombed the city we were resigned to its ultimate fate as our forces prepared to take a stand on the Bataan peninsula and the fortified island of Corregidor. We were unprepared, however, to read hurriedly scrawled signs attached to nearby trees at both barracks on the morning of the 16th announcing the fall of Singapore at 7:50 P. M. on the 15th. We had heard adverse news before, and good news, too, but that Singapore could be taken was undreamed of. This news shocked us fully as much as did the pre-internment news of the sinking of the "Repulse" and the "Prince of Wales" off the Malay Peninsula by Japanese planes.

Our release was further in the future than ever, and from this momentous date one noted a changed attitude in camp. We could get no details of the Malay Peninsula debacle, and the anxiety as to what had actually happened was apparent in the drop in our morale. At about this time, too, we had many visitors; naval

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

officers in natty white drill uniforms, Japanese civilians from Manila and the Baguio Japanese School children turned out en masse one day to see the white man behind bars. Their little faces showed no emotion as they were led the length of the barracks fence and told to take a good look at us. What a humiliating experience that was!

On the day of the Singapore announcement a flagpole was erected on the parade ground. Our men chopped the tree and trimmed the branches and our fellow prisoners—the Chinese—dug the posthole for it and set the pole in place. There was much rejoicing among the guards when their flag (we jestingly called it the "Fried Egg") was hoisted; two days later there was a parade in Baguio in honor of the victory. Then came reports that MacArthur had appealed for help at Bataan and had announced that without relief he could hold out but little longer. However, rumours of our imminent release persisted; 60,000 troops had landed at Subic Bay, on the west coast of Luzon, and north of Manila it was said, and between the 18th and 22nd of the month we would be free. Yes, the 22nd would be Washington's Birthday—an auspicious date, wasn't it? But it was just another idle dream.

A school to permit Brent pupils to continue their studies was organized and had had a few sessions when friend Nakamura became suspicious—of what, no one knew—and all the textbooks were hustled off to Intelligence for examination. They never were returned. A request to conduct the school was denied, and in March it was decreed that there must be no study of "Bible history, geography or American history as it applies to democratic government." Months later, at Camp Holmes, the Japanese permitted a grade and high school to function.

The Manila Chapter of the American Red Cross sent a messenger to camp with four thousand pesos for the purchase of food-stuffs and drugs a supply of which was available in Baguio. The Japanese refused to allow us to accept the money on the grounds

THE FIRST YEAR

that they were quite able to attend to our wants, yet at the time, we were feeding ourselves by assessments among the internees, were almost out of money and were buying drugs on our own account for use at our hospital. We had been interned more than a year before the Japs had a change of heart and accepted remittances, through the Swiss consulate, from the International Red Cross Society headquarters at Geneva which funds originated in the United States. It was not because the money came from an enemy country that the Japs refused it but because to do so would be a reflection upon their ability to care for us. Refusing assistance at a time when we were not receiving necessary food and medicines from our "protective custodians" was inconsistent and a reflection upon the mental processes and inhumanity of the Japanese.

CHAPTER III

March, 1942—64th to 94th Day

We get a noon-day snack—We run out of "chow" money—Mrs. Delahuntz suffers serious injury—We fill out forms—The women take up the chores of laundering and baby tending—Cobblers and barbers establish themselves.

THE STOREROOM which was, at one time, filled with food, looted from Camp John Hay stores and brought in by the internees, was nearly empty. There were many items not in sufficient quantity for use in the preparation of a meal for all internees and these were reserved for convalescents, children or—to the disgust of many—for the private use of the kitchen staff. The time lapse between breakfast and the afternoon meals was so great that a noonday snack was served, which, however, had little or no food value, the effort of standing in line to get it consuming more energy than could be obtained from the handout. These snacks varied. One day it would be a banana, on another a spoonful of rhubarb sauce; again we might be handed a piece of white radish, raw, or a "cincomas," a vegetable akin to the turnip, also uncooked. However, there were so many protests over the inadequacy of this ration that at the end of the month soup and cornbread or biscuits were served in the mess hall, and the forming of a queue to get the tidbit was dispensed with.

The 426 Chinese in camp who for two months fed themselves, as we were obliged to do, ran short of money on the 9th and the Japanese took over their feeding. On the 14th, we, too, were out of funds. We had estimated that this contingency would arrive in mid-March, however, thus proving that food costs and available private funds had been correctly gauged. We were allowed 150 pesos daily but this was less than *we* had spent and after a

THE FIRST YEAR

week at this limit it was increased to 180 pesos, or about 30 centavos per capita. Mass feeding is, of course, recognized as the cheapest manner in which to dispense food but one can gauge the paucity of supply by the realization that our breakfast cost 5 cents (U. S.) per head and our dinner less than 10 cents, while the noon snack cost practically nothing.

That "accidents will happen," applied to us in camp to an almost equal degree as when we were on the outside. Someone suffered a cut finger or hand nearly every day. There were a few bad falls and even sprains and joint dislocations. The meat-cutting detail probably used more bandages and adhesive plaster than any other group, and some cuts became infected, particularly those caused by bone splinters in the meats. The tragic case of Mrs. F. E. Delahunty of Sacramento, California, topped the list of accidents. Falling and breaking a leg on the 5th, she was rushed to Notre Dame where the bones were set. The attending physician requested that she be allowed to remain there a few days in order that X-ray photographs could be taken but the Japanese refused and she was transferred to our little camp hospital. A week later it was found that things were not going too well and on the 13th, it having been ascertained that the break had become gangrenous, an immediate amputation above the knee was decided upon. This was done at the Notre Dame Hospital, where she was permitted to remain until she was out of danger, under the care of the hospital staff. Her attending camp physician was not allowed to see her, and as late as the 20th, when he managed to get to the hospital in our truck, he was denied admission. The little lady finally recovered, to the delight of her many friends, for she was brave and cheerful throughout the trying ordeal, but had the Japs cooperated Mrs. Delahunty would not have lost the leg.

We had our usual crop of rumours during March. The most fantastic was that Russia had declared war on Japan. We continued to hear that our "boys" were on the north road on the way to rescue us, it being stated that they were 15 miles outside of

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

Baguio, and would arrive at 10:30 A. M. on a certain morning. That Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Commonwealth, had been killed was reported on the 21st. This was believed because placards appeared in Baguio announcing that General MacArthur had killed him!

At the request of the Japs we were obliged to register vital personal information for the benefit of Intelligence. Not only did we fill out forms detailing date and place of birth but we had to outline the extent of our education, record the dependents upon us, nearest of kin, and to state our professions. We never heard of the subject again. Throughout internment we were called upon to supply information from time to time about ourselves and to answer questions asked many times previously, but all to no purpose.

People who live in the Orient must forego many luxuries available to those who reside in the States. We miss the fresh fruits and vegetables that are so common at home, our meats lack flavor, and the variety of foods available to us is meagre. We have no stage entertainments; radio programs are not available to us, except the locally broadcast affairs which leave much to be desired. Foreign short-wave reception is temperamental and is at its best at midnight. We do have many comforts in our homes, however; refrigerators, air-conditioning is available to those who can afford the luxury, the telephone bell is quite familiar, we have servants—cooks, houseboys, chauffeurs and, above all, we have a species of drudge known in the Philippines as the "lavendera"—in short, the good, old-fashioned washerwoman who washes and irons to perfection. A complete change of clothes daily is routine because of the heat and this includes, among the menfolk, a white cotton suit for woollens cannot be worn. A shower-bath, and there may be more than one a day, calls for a fresh bath towel, which, after use, is generally kicked into the corner along with discarded clothes. The houseboy cleans up after one and the lavendera, as a result, knows no wash day. Every morning is wash day and every

THE FIRST YEAR

afternoon is devoted to ironing. The houseboy makes the beds, he airs the blankets and mattresses, he shines the shoes, he sweeps the floors and polishes them besides, he waits on table and responds to the call of "Boy!" when an errand is to be run, or more frequently, when one's thirst needs immediate attention. The children are cared for by an "amah," generally a native Filipina but often a Chinese woman.

Suddenly we were without these aids to the pursuit of our daily existence. There were no servants in camp and everything had to be done by us individually or collectively. We undertook the functions of the cook, houseboy and lavendera, and mothers were no longer able to lie abed mornings for they soon discovered that their little tots were early risers, had to be washed and dressed and then needed watching during their waking hours. Cooking, chopping and carting of firewood, garbage disposal, policing of yards and premises and general cleaning of barracks were done by "details" assigned to work by our governing committee. Men who had never known a washtub turned to laundry work, and the cleaning of shoes and other tasks of a personal nature could no longer be left to the boy-of-all-work. During good weather the clothes lines were weighted down with washing, not, however, done to the lavendera's standard but passably clean. When the rains came, it was a problem to dry clothes, but it was all in the day's work. Ironing was not done save in rare instances where one had access to an iron and had the will to do an unnecessary chore. Clothes were worn as dried. After all, there were no standards to meet. It was merely a case of keeping reasonably clean.

Many of us were very short of clothes, for when we were brought in we were given very little time in which to pack. There were some who arrived in camp with nothing but the clothes on their backs. Airing of bed linen, blankets and mattresses was done section by section in the barracks, the complete round being made each week. Shoes began to give out, and a cobbler's shop was installed. Leather for soling was scarce, and fire hose and even

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

auto tires were cut up and used for the purpose. A barber crew was organized to do hair cutting and after a little practice did a very creditable job of lock-shearing. One could not enjoy the doubtful luxury of a barber's shave—the amateur tonsorial artists dared not run the risk of damaging our faces. Individual shaving was seldom indulged in every day, but was undertaken every other day or twice a week. In some cases it was abandoned altogether, and some fearsome beards blossomed out, flourished for a month or two and finally disappeared, except in three or four instances where a hairy face was more attractive than a shaven one.

CHAPTER IV

April, 1942—95th to 124th Day

*Shortage of salt—Bataan falls—Easter celebrated—More Chinese arrive—
The tobacco crisis—We are transferred to Camp Holmes—Getting settled.*

THE WARM days and cool nights at Baguio's mile-high elevation brought colds and bronchial troubles to many, which, in some cases, developed into pneumonia although, happily, there were no deaths from this disease. All of us continued to lose weight but some reached the point where the food intake was sufficient to check weight declines. We suffered temporary shortages of one thing or another—salt being one commodity that was absent from the tables for a few meals, coffee was beginning to show signs of running out and when laundry soap became scarce one of the internees made some with lye and rendered lard but it was soon discovered that the latter was more valuable to the cook's department than as a soap ingredient and the camp soap factory closed down.

Great was our disappointment when it was definitely learned that Russia was not at war with Japan. The defense of Bataan was reported to be going splendidly, however; our troops were being landed on the island of Cebu and statements such as "The news is good," coming in notes concealed in food packages, bolstered our morale. Then, just as our hopes had once before been dashed by the fall of Singapore, we awoke on the morning of the 10th to find this notice tacked up in front of our barracks where all could see:

Bataan Fell!
finally with
Unconditional Surrender
April 9—7 P.M.
Now let us realize
"The Orient for the Orientals"

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

Our men had held out for four months under terrible conditions. Ill-equipped and untrained men, without outside help, had fallen back from Lingayen Gulf, across the plains of Luzon to the southernmost tip of the Bataan Peninsula. They had suffered sorely, malaria had gotten in its deadly work, food and ammunition had given out and General Jonathan Wainwright was finally forced to capitulate because it was impossible to fight on. All these circumstances were extenuating and unavoidable but one bare fact predominated—the Philippines could not be defended. The problem now was how to win the Islands back—and when. The Japs may not be invincible but they had shown extraordinary fortitude and disregard of life. The Philippines were theirs in the meantime. Singapore's loss had been a blow but that was British territory, and now Uncle Sam had tasted defeat. We did not learn until later that the brave stand at Bataan had made Australia's capture by the Japs impossible, but the immediate effect of this calamitous news was to bring our spirits to the lowest ebb. It was not easy to face our Jap captors with the props knocked from under us, but in time our spirits revived and the sting of defeat grew less as reassuring news—this time authentic—that the ultimate aims of the war that had been imposed on us by a treacherous enemy would be attained in spite of anything that might transpire. This was a war of material and air power. Well, we were second to none in industry, and the airplane was our child.

Our Easter season was a memorable one. On Good Friday we were served a hot cross bun of sorts, which did not measure up to the article served in our homes under happier circumstances because of the use of flour substitutes and the absence of some necessary ingredients, but it was a brave attempt to meet the demands of tradition. Easter Sunday was ushered in by an early morning service on the tennis courts. Climatically, Easter in the Philippines is usually a grand day. It comes in the dry season and at a time of cloudless skies. This Easter was no exception, and the altitude of Baguio gave the air a crispness that is always associated

THE FIRST YEAR

with spring at home. We may have been under the control of Jap guards whose flag flew atop a pole only a few yards away but our spirits were good and our thoughts were turned to our homeland and those members of our families who, fortunately, were not with us. There were many women refugees present from Hongkong and Shanghai who had heard nothing from their husbands since the war began, and there were many American women whose husbands were engaged in the defense of Bataan. What a brave lot they were!

On the 11th the Chinese whose homes were in Manila but who happened to be in Baguio when the internment dragnet swept them into concentration camp, were released. No Chinese was interned at the Capital City except a few who served as hostages. Eight new Chinese internees were brought in, however, as the others were released. These, with four others, had been in hiding in the mountains near Baguio when found by a Japanese patrol. Upon offering resistance to capture, two were killed and a third wounded in the foot. The command of the patrol ordered this unfortunate shot. One soldier refused to do it but a willing hand was soon found to dispatch the Chinese. It was "too much trouble" to bring a wounded man to headquarters in Baguio! A fourth Chinaman hid in the rafters of the shack they were occupying, but as the house was afterwards burned by the Japs the fate of the poor fellow is not known.

The pinch of high commodity prices began to be felt during the month. A popular brand of American pipe tobacco which in normal times sold for a peso (50 cents, U. S.) a pound was selling for 8.00 pesos. American cigarettes were 2.00 pesos a package. Even native cigarettes were four times normal prices; evaporated milk formerly at 18 centavos per can, rose to 65 and 70 centavos; flour sold for 9.50 pesos the sack (\$19.00, U. S. per barrel); and locally produced sugar rose to three times normal prices. It was later explained that surplus sugar stocks were converted to alcohol motor fuel for Japanese military use, hence the

price rise. Pipe smokers, unable or unwilling to pay market prices for imported tobaccos, tried their hand at curing their own by buying leaf tobacco for 65 centavos a "hand" of 100 leaves and experimenting with every conceivable method of curing and preparation for the pipe bowl. All experimenters washed the leaves, for, unwashed, the nicotine content was too high, but how long to wash it and whether or not to add anything to the wash water were disputed points. Some recommended sugar, others maintained that salt water was preferable. When the leaves were dried and the stems removed, for the latter are as bitter as gall when burned in a pipe, they were cut into the familiar form known to all smokers. Here the experimenting continued. Licorice essence was added or sugar syrup, in the absence of molasses, and then the final product was set aside to "age."

While at four o'clock dinner on the 20th there was great excitement when it was announced that we were to be moved to Camp Holmes, Trinidad Valley, on the 23rd. Trinidad was the vegetable center of Baguio, being farmed mainly by Japanese. In this valley was located the Trinidad Farm School where 650 Filipino students were given an academic and agricultural training under American supervision. Less than a mile away was Camp Holmes, headquarters of the local detachment of the Philippine Constabulary or Insular Police and used as a training center for the Philippine army.

The next morning a crew of fifty of our men, including fifteen Chinese who were to prepare quarters for their own nationals, were transported by truck to Holmes armed with all manner of tools, including the complete equipment associated with a modern janitor service. Included were some of the kitchen crew who were to enquire into the needs of this important department and to lay the groundwork for our reception and feeding when the general exodus from Camp John Hay took place.

After a six o'clock breakfast on the morning of the 23rd, married men were permitted to go to the women's barracks to

THE FIRST YEAR

assist in the final packing. What a mad-house it was! Hammering of nails, moving baggage out of the building, howling children or children so excited over the prospect of moving that they were entirely unmanagable, and unattached women yelling for someone to come to their aid in rolling up mattresses and blankets or in closing bags which were packed to the bursting point. Everyone was in a holiday mood and the transfer took place under circumstances reminding one of an excursion. For better or for worse, it was a break in routine and we were off to the other side of the mountain "to see what we could see." Some of us, the writer among them, had not been outside the fenced enclosure since coming to Camp Hay. Our movements had been limited to a 250-foot concrete walk in front of the two barracks and the area of one of the two tennis courts.

There were three barracks at Camp Holmes, all facing west. The North building, an old one-story affair built in 1927, was assigned to the men. The center and south buildings were new, having been erected shortly before the war. These were two-storied buildings, equipped with self-contained kitchens and mess-halls. The middle building was assigned to the women and its duplicate to the Chinese. A spacious parade ground lay in front of the buildings, at the opposite end of which were the work-shop and the guardhouse. To the left and south was a series of hills less than a thousand feet high heavily wooded with pine trees—the common trees in Baguio. At the right of the compound the land gave way sharply to a level piece of ground on which were tennis courts and two officers' residences, the larger becoming our hospital and the other a nursery for camp-born children. Round and about stretched attractive roadways with rock gardens and flower beds and vine bedecked trellises to add to the beauty of the spot.

The view to the northwest was down the San Juan valley to the sea where is located the town of San Juan in La Union Province. (It was here that the Japanese gave first evidence of

their murderous cruelty as they marched south, Manila-wards, along the coast from Vigan for the entire populace, except those who escaped, was killed—in many cases women and children being bayonnetted.) On clear days the China Sea was visible. Then to the northeast lay some of the most beautiful scenery in the Baguio area—tier on tier of mountains rising into the Mountain Province country where General Tomoyuki Yamashita was finally cornered three years later. At one's feet were small cultivated areas with the farmers' huts nearby and in the middle distance terraced rice fields. We were quick to agree that our new location was preferable to the old. We had ten times the area to wander around in, we had a superb view and we had better living accommodations.

After a late supper of stew and boiled rice we were off to bed. The Japs insisted that lights remain switched on all night but this did not affect our ability to drop off to sound sleep at once for our stamina was not what it used to be. After a breakfast at eleven the next morning, the task of getting settled was undertaken. This required a couple of days hard work, saws and hammers being busy with shelving and other conveniences. Everybody wanted his job done first and barracks floors were strewn with everything from handbags to umbrellas and bawling children were under foot. We had been at Camp John Hay 116 days. How long would we be at Holmes?

CHAPTER V

May, 1942—125th to 155th Day

Tainted beef lays many low—Jap cavalry provides entertainment—Harrison ignores Nakamura's order to retrieve an escaped Chinese—All Chinese released—Corregidor surrenders—"Commingling fence" erected—Church services permitted—Men move into vacated Chinese quarters—News from the outside found in food packages—Rigid package inspection follows.

THERE being no means to refrigerate meats, tainted beef and pork were served at times resulting in sporadic cases of ptomaine poisoning. Without warning, over seventy men and women were stricken on the night of the first and before the scourge subsided a hundred and thirty were affected. Our mess-hall, for several meals, had the appearance of the dining saloon of an ocean liner the first morning at sea or during heavy weather for there were many empty benches. This brought matters to a head and the cook's crew, now famous for its stubbornness and unwillingness to take suggestions, capitulated to medical opinion and agreed to cook the incoming meat as soon as it was received. The food truck arrived at noon and the meats could be ready for the afternoon meal at 4:30.

Mukaibo paid us a visit during the first week of the month and blithely informed some of the internees who talked with him that Japan was prepared to fight for a hundred years. On a later visit, a few months later, he reduced the limit of Japan's belligerency to 50 years and was heard to have made estimates below the half-century mark, but his pronouncement had its effect upon some of us, particularly the women, who were now sure that release would never come.

We were much amused at dusk on the 2nd when a "troop" of Jap cavalry entered camp to spend the night. The Japanese

are poor horsemen—a drunken sailor is a jockey alongside of a Nipponese “vaquero.” This display of horse flesh and soldiery consisted of five mounted horses, nine pack animals, three rear guards on foot and a barefoot Filipino boy to guide them over the mountain trails—fourteen horses, seventeen men and a lad. In the compound were three thatched shacks used for storing firewood. The leaves of the nipa palm found only in lowland marshes near the sea, for it thrives best in tidal waters, formed the roofs and sidings of these shacks. The poor animals being tethered near them made short work of some of the thatching by appropriating it for their evening meal. The next morning, after a wondrous display of horsemanship, the troop left us on a secret mission. As the horses were former polo ponies, one can imagine what would happen if they were frightened by a guerrilla shot while negotiating a narrow trail on the face of some mountain cliff or precipice, or what they would do if the cavalrymen fired their rifles while mounted.

Leung Soon, a Chinese internee who had shown signs of dementia, furnished excitement in early May by escaping during the night. Leung Nang, head of the Chinese group, was called upon to search for the fellow, and Lowell Harrison was sent the following note by Nakamura:

Harrison, O. D.
Your *first* duty as
Officer of the Day is to
bring in that Chinese
Nakamura

This was the first intimation we had that we were responsible for the Chinamen. Our officers-of-the-day were merely the committeemen assigned in rotation to take care of the little problems or matters of camp management that arose from day to day. We had no more to do with the keeping of the Chinese within bounds nor were we any more responsible for their conduct than if they had been miles away, yet Nakamura expected one of us “to find

THE FIRST YEAR

that Chinaman." Of course, no one turned a hand in the matter—it was none of our business. Leung was found wandering in a daze through Trinidad Valley on the road to Baguio. When questioned, he said that he had escaped because instructed to do so by "an American." He was brought to the guardhouse, trussed to a tree, beaten, had water thrown on him and was otherwise maltreated. All this was entirely unnecessary, for the poor fellow was not responsible for his actions; the mere fact that he headed for town upon leaving camp should have been proof enough of that. After two days at the guardhouse, he was returned to camp and was released, in the custody of some friends, along with the rest of the Chinese between the 12th and 15th.

Many Chinese escaped to Manila in the feverish days prior to the coming of the Japanese and while the roads were still in the hands of our troops; others sought refuge outside Baguio, while about 1300 of them were swallowed up in the mountains and in Igorrote villages. For months the Japs had been searching for them and on the 8th Nang was ordered to go out, with some Japanese soldiers, apprehend them and bring them to camp. If successful, he was promised release for all his countrymen. He was able to contact about 250 old and infirm men, and women and children. These were herded down the mountain trails to the North Road where trucks met them and brought them in. The rest of the Chinese had escaped still further into the hills, preferring to cast their lot with the guerrillas. The refugees looked fairly fit on arrival. There was no sign of illness among them although they showed the strain of anxious days and nights when Jap patrols might have dropped in on them at any moment, with results that can well be imagined. Their clothing, however, was in bad condition.

Release of the Chinese began on the 12th, continued for three days and by the middle of May they were only a memory. They were not allowed to reopen their stores and shops in Baguio, and until they became adjusted they were fed one meal a day by the

Japanese authorities. Many took up laundering and turned their hand to anything that offered, for the Chinese are a resourceful people.

The surrender of Corregidor on the 7th ended the Philippine campaign so far as the conquest of the Islands was concerned. It was not unexpected. For five long months the men on the "Rock," as the little island at the entrance to Manila Bay is known to servicemen, had stood out against a modern hell from the skies and from mortars hurriedly mounted on the Bataan Peninsula out of range of Corregidor's guns. Once again it had been demonstrated that the fortress is assailable from the air. We had long expected the collapse of the defending forces and felt sure that when the history of the campaign against the guardian of Manila Bay was written it would measure up to any heroic epic in American military history. Manila was now accessible by water and trade with Japan could be reopened until such time as the United States would be in a position to assert itself. The news of the Coral Sea naval engagement thrilled us to a man. However, the local Intelligence office issued a two-page manifesto to the effect that Japan had won the sea battle, but as details came in we realized that the denial of our victory was just another bit of propaganda. It was assumed that we might be regaled with substantiating evidence of Japanese claims but none was forthcoming.

There was a road in front of all three barracks. Across this road, and parallel with it, a hog-wire fence had been constructed separating the parade ground from the buildings. In commingling hours the men could communicate with the women only across this fence. A newly-arrived sergeant of the guard decided that there should be a "dead space" between the men and women, and in front of the old building a double fence was constructed hemming in a "no man's (or woman's)" land five feet wide. It was a most ridiculous provision against commingling and served its purpose for only a few days. Soon both fences were used to hang out the women's washing, to air blankets and mattresses. A second

THE FIRST YEAR

fence was constructed between Barracks 1 and 2, also, to prevent commingling, but before long it, too, was trampled down and ultimately went the way of all unnecessary barriers.

This incident brings to mind the difference between the Oriental and the Occidental way of thought. In the Occident should a fence be required to keep men and women apart, it would be—after consideration pro and con—erected, and when its need no longer existed it would be removed. The Oriental looks at such a matter differently. A fence is needed. It is erected. There the matter ends. One may circumvent its object and disregard the reason for its erection. No matter. Trample the fence down if necessary. A fence was needed. It was erected. The god of Face-saving had been appeased.

At first we were not permitted to congregate for church services. This seemed strange because nearly half the internees were missionaries by profession and Mukaibo, himself, was a Methodist. During the long months at John Hay Sunday gatherings were taboo. The Seventh Day Adventists would gather around the bunk of one of their number at sundown on Friday for a reading of the Scriptures and an impromptu discussion of theology. On Sunday morning an orthodox Protestant group would follow suit. At neither gathering would anyone dare to suggest the singing of a hymn. On May 24th—two weeks after the release of the Chinese—two Catholic priests were allowed to say mass in the vacated barracks. At eleven the Protestants had services. Every Sunday thereafter, services of both denominations were held and musical numbers appeared on the program. Later the preaching of sermons was allowed. Why this change of policy after five months?

On the 29th the men moved to Barracks No. 3, previously occupied by the Chinese. The vacated quarters, Barracks No. 1 and the mess-hall in the rear, were turned over to women without children. As the dining hall in Barracks 3 was not used, it was occupied like the second story, for sleeping quarters. Living con-

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

ditions were much improved by this move and we now had room enough for comparative comfort. Everyone was provided with an iron bedstead, or, with a companion, assigned to a "double decker" and for the first time since becoming guests of the Nipponese we were off the floor. The beds were hard—there were no springs save that offered by bamboo slats—but concrete floors are cold, and it was a pleasant and novel experience to sit on one's bed to don or shed one's clothes and not have to indulge in Pullman berth contortions. Of sheets there were none and there continued to be none during internment although a few internees brought some into camp. An owner of a pillow-case was the envy of his fellows.

So many notes to internees from friends on the outside were coming in in food packages that a rigid inspection system was instituted by the guards. Discovery of these notes resulted in the confiscation of the offending bag, and several suffered this penalty. Everything was done to keep news from us. In spite of these control measures, however, news did get in. Much of it was sheer nonsense but no major news story ever escaped us for long. Notes were usually undetected, however, when they came in roast beef sandwiches, inserted in loaves of bread, hidden away in a hand of bananas or placed under the screwcap of a jar of strawberry jam!

CHAPTER VI

June, 1942—156th to 185th Day

Anglican missionaries arrive from Sagada—Food preparation and cooking—Hayakawa takes over from Nakamura—Committeemen enjoy farewell party to Nakamura—The garbage crew brings in supplies.

THAT our release would not be soon was made evident to us by a series of events during this month. The Japanese sent in thousands of cuttings of sweet potato plants ("camote"), a number of little pigs were established in a piggery behind the shops, and 32 missionaries arrived for internment from Bontoc, a hundred miles from Baguio on the North Road.

At Sagada, in the Mountain Province, was located an old-established mission and vocational school belonging to the Anglican Church. A number of church workers lived there as well as at nearby Besao and at Bontoc, capital of the Province. We knew of these people and considered them extremely fortunate in being free and undisturbed. On the 15th Nakamura left for Bontoc for the purpose of bringing these missionaries into camp. Throughout the mountains are located many Roman Catholic missions but these are peopled by Europeans chiefly Belgians and Dutch, none of whom were ever interned. What happened to the Anglican mission group can now be told chronologically. Early in December sections of the Baguio-Bontoc Road were destroyed by our forces and the highway closed to traffic until May 27th. During this period the missions were undisturbed. They carried on their work, were permitted to receive foreign broadcasts over the radio and internment in Baguio was a remote possibility.

It was reported at the Sagada Mission that the Japs had arrived at Cervantes, near Sagada, on February first and at Bontoc on the second. On the morning of the 11th a truck and car bearing 39

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

soldiers and 2 officers arrived at Besao where Father V. H. Gowen was located. Accompanied by Miss N. McKim, a Japanese linguist by virtue of long residence in Japan, to serve as interpreter Gowen went to the office of the local municipality. Here they were harangued for an hour by the Japanese captain in charge of the group on the iniquities of the Americans. Meanwhile the soldiers scattered to do some looting. Two of them entered the Gowen house, Mrs. Gowen being present, and marched off with her wrist-watch, jewelry, scissors, flashlights and canned goods. No property was damaged. Mrs. Gowen was in the kitchen having just completed the baking of a rhubarb pie. One of the guards plunged his hand into it but was not altogether pleased with its temperature nor its taste after sampling a handful of it. The other guard searching for something to drink discovered a likely looking bottle on the kitchen shelf and helped himself. It was vinegar!

On February 12th the Japs left Bontoc and did not return until early in May. On the 15th of that month they came to Sagada to advise the authorities that school and religious activities might be continued. Nothing was said about internment. Just as Baguio had its infamous Nagatomi, Bontoc and environs had its Dike (pronounced de-kay), who, however, was a different sort of fellow. He was a Christian Japanese, a resident of the Philippines for 25 or 30 years, was married to a native woman, and was a communicant of the Anglican church. He was opposed to internment of missionaries on the grounds that religious and educational work might well be continued while military activities were under way. Rival non-Christian Japanese finally got the ear of the military authorities, convincing them that Dike's ideas were wrong, for on May 21 a messenger arrived at Sagada with a note from Father Nobes, at Bontoc, advising all at the mission to be at the town before 5:00 P. M. on the 25th—otherwise, he, Nobes, would be shot! The Sagada people at once began preparations to comply with the request. The Besao contingent left for Sagada

THE FIRST YEAR

on the 23rd and on the 24th, aided by two hundred volunteer "cargadores" (bearers) carrying baggage, bedding and food, the group started out on the twelve-mile walk to Bontoc where they arrived at 3:00 P. M. Here they were interned until June 16th. Nakamura, upon his arrival at Bontoc, was highly incensed when told that stories were in circulation about the deplorable conditions at Camp Holmes where, it was reported, there had been several deaths from beriberi (a disease caused by the prolonged eating of polished rice) and malaria. Even a high-handed jailer can be jealous of the charges under his care. Leaving Bontoc at 9:00 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, the party arrived at Holmes in the early evening. They traveled in open trucks, without protection of any sort from sun, weather or dust, and although tired and famished and the children in the party much the worse for wear, they were a cheerful lot and displayed agreeable surprise over conditions in camp.

On the food side of the house—after all, the most important in a concentration camp—the menus were prepared the day before by the head cooks, with the collaboration of Doctor Cunningham (later Doctor Welles), the dietician, typewritten and posted each evening. The next morning vegetables were delivered to the vegetable room and the women vegetable workers (there was a complete detail of women workers for every job in their barracks, too) began to prepare them, even before breakfast rice for the next day was cleaned. Breakfast fires were started at 2:00 A. M.; the lunch snack was ready by noon; and by four o'clock the evening meal had been prepared. Part of the kitchen staff devoted its entire time to the preparation of special diets for children, convalescents, the aged and for those whose health demanded specially prepared foods. At one time nearly a third of the camp roster were "specials."

The commanding general for the Northern Luzon district came for an inspection on the 1st. He sent notice that no one must look down upon him from a height, and complying with this require-

ment we were mustered on the road in front of the barracks when the general's automobile hove in sight. By lining us up, it was certain that no one could be on the second story to get a view of his august presence. As had happened so many times before, the general got no further than the guardhouse and had but a long range view of us.

Hayakawa arrived during the middle of the month to familiarize himself with Nakamura's duties which he assumed on the 30th. That night a farewell party was given the retiring commandant at the guardhouse, which was attended by some of the committee, and that a good time was had was evidenced by the noise and hilarity audible in the barracks across the parade ground. At one stage of the proceedings the receiver of the telephone to Baguio was removed from its hook and all present sang "Auld Lang Syne" in Japanese—or what probably sounded like Japanese—to whoever might have been listening at Baguio headquarters. Our community did not approve of this social affair, feeling that if it did anything it would lessen the respect that the Japs had for us. When one appreciates the little indignities which we had to undergo at the hands of the Japs, not to mention the major humiliations that we underwent when some guards awoke with a bad liver, social contact with the guards was not wise. But sometimes the lure of the flowing bowl is irresistible—enemy or no enemy.

Every morning at eight the garbage crew loaded the garbage cans on to a four-wheeled man-operated wagon and (accompanied by an armed guard) pulled or pushed it to a dump a mile or so up the road. On the return trip the cart was permitted to stop at little Filipino-operated stores or "sari-sari" shops, and the crew would load up with supplies for their fellows in camp. This supplemental food was a boon to those who had the wherewithal with which to acquire it. However, we were never sure that the cart would bring in these extras. A certain guard might forbid stoppage at any shop. Another might permit the purchase of, say, bananas only; headquarters might forbid all purchases for a week because a note or

THE FIRST YEAR

two had been found in food packages. Suspense and uncertainty seemed to be proper atmosphere for us to live in and there seemed to be devilish delight taken to subject us to petty annoyances. We truly lived from day to day never knowing what the morrow would bring.

Indicative of declining food supplies as internment progressed is the fact that in opulent times eight or ten cans of garbage were disposed of daily while during the last year it was unusual for as many as four cans to grace the morning's wagonload. There was nothing edible to throw away—human scavengers had seen to that—and the scraping of plates in the mess hall became a lost art as we grew hungrier. The Japs obliged us to eat such things as spring-onion tops which dwindled in volume to almost nothing when boiled or fried.

CHAPTER VII

July, 1942—186th to 216th Day

The rainy season makes its debut—Goats arrive to supply milk—Sorrell escapes—Great to-do among the Japs—Camp dentist loses his paraphernalia at his Baguio office.

JULY marks the beginning of the rainy season in the Philippines. One does not look forward to its coming with pleasure. It means rain, as only it can rain during a typhoon season, wind, dull days, dampness and comparative cold. In short, it is a depressing time of year, with only a few bright periods to relieve the monotony. This applies, of course, to those pursuing normal occupations or living normal lives but in an internment camp the ills of a rainy season are magnified. Ablebodied men in their prime lay on their bunks and twiddled their thumbs wondering what was happening to their jobs on the outside or what the Japs were doing to their businesses. There was nothing to read except a few books in the little camp library; there was no recreation worthy of the name, and there were always the same faces to look at and how tired of them we had become!—there was never any change. Winds blew from all points of the compass, rains were plentiful and activities, in consequence, much curtailed. No sports could be indulged in; only very necessary work was done and many days were spent indoors. Drinking parties were common in the men's barracks and these opportunities to break the monotony of camp life did much to keep the menfolk in passable humour. The women, not being able to take their hair down and relax, furnished a highlight or two in "fish-wife" arguments with one another and in one instance a husband administering a thrashing to his wife furnished a topic of conversation for several days.

THE FIRST YEAR

Such bread as came into camp sold for sixty and seventy centavos a loaf a fourth the size of the American standard. It was a fifty-fifty combination of wheat and rice flour and was about as light as a bride's first attempt at biscuit making. Cans of cocoa were found to be adulterated with rice flour. One can imagine how presentable a cup of cocoa can be under these circumstances, particularly when made with water instead of milk. In order to provide fresh milk for the infants in the nursery, should canned milk become unavailable, some goats were brought in. Their yield, however, was pitifully small, ten goats barely furnishing enough milk for the babies. They were not of any particular breed but belonged to the nanny class of cartoon and song and associated with garbage dumps and tin cans, although our herd showed preference for banana skins. Three goatherds were provided from among our number and the animals furnished so much interest to the children that our staid committee, which passed judgment on anything and found no problem too baffling for solution, was constrained to resolve that the goats should not have visitors—neither minors nor grownups—"because it made them nervous and affected lacteal secretions!"—to quote its own words.

The incident of the month was the first escape of one of our number. It was on the 17th, a dull rainy day and the regular ante-breakfast rollcall had been dispensed with. Immediately after breakfast, however, we were assembled in barracks and a check-off was made under the eye of the sergeant of the guard. It was announced that N. J. Sorrell was missing from camp and evidently had been for a good twelve hours. The inclement weather—alternate rains and fog—had proven ideal for one intending to absent himself without leave. Sorrell, a Georgian, was an ex-service man who chafed under the restraints enforced upon us by internment and had often voiced the opinion that escaping from camp presented no serious problem. As a matter of fact there would have been many breaks for freedom had not the presence of women and children in camp and the probable effect of reprisal measures

upon them deterred the more daring among us from making sallies over the fence. Ordinarily smooth-shaven he had grown a luxuriant beard—and certainly would have been unrecognizable to his associates on the outside. No one saw him leave and he was missed only when his nearby bunkies noted his unoccupied bed on arising in the morning. Sorrell's escape set the camp agog and the thought that some punitive action would be taken against all of us was uppermost in our minds. Nothing, however, was done in reprisal, in spite of the fact that the matter was referred to friend Mukaibo of the local Intelligence office and by him to the supreme command in Manila. One escape in nearly seven months among a group of hundreds of restive internees loosely guarded by a mere handful of men and hemmed in by an inadequate fence of chicken-wire, which did not completely encircle the camp grounds, probably satisfied the authorities that to let well enough alone might, after all, be the best policy. Sorrell was not immediately apprehended although rewards were offered for his capture.

After the checkup, five men were detailed to search the grounds for the culprit but the bird, of course, had flown. An officer arrived from Baguio to investigate and put the men bunking near Sorrell through the paces but nothing came of it except that it was decided to increase the number of our guards from five to ten. Regular soldiers were removed from guard duty during the month and military police, a civilian organization, took over sentry duty. Whenever such changes were made—from military to civilian guards or vice versa—we were always subjected to strict disciplining for a few days or until the newcomers realized that we were not, after all, an incorrigible lot of white people. Then would come a relaxation of restrictions and an allowance of freedom of action which would, invariably, be taken as a signal for liberty and license by some misguided internee who would provoke some incident leading to a strict application of rules once again. Throughout our internment we underwent these alternating waves of enforcement and relaxation of rules and regulations.

THE FIRST YEAR

One must appreciate the fact that every American and other Allied nationals forfeited all property rights when the Japanese took over the Philippines. One had no personal property save that which he brought to internment camp with him. Whatever remained behind at home, office or factory was no longer his. He was deprived of his furniture, pictures, clothes, his books, his stamp collection—everything! Had his house burned with a total loss of contents he could have not suffered more, except that in normal times he could have had relief through fire insurance. War risk insurance was not procurable, however, during the last few months before the war. A Baguio dentist with a well equipped office, learned, shortly after his internment, that a Japanese had taken over his office and was practicing his profession with appropriated tools. The Jap had been a pre-war resident of Baguio for some time, probably awaiting that fateful December Eighth. Our dentist friend, however, when taken to his office to hand over the keys to his "successor," was given his framed diploma by that worthy but that was all he was allowed to retrieve. The Japs were not at all apologetic—they merely moved in, took the office over and opened it for business. Our friend was pushed off the end of the bench and room was made for someone else. It was just that simple! Americans had no rights.

CHAPTER VIII

August, 1942—217th to 247th Day

We run short of sugar—Non-profit community store established—Mukaibo refuses us shoe leather and predicts long war—Tokyo news broadcasts—Some samples of Jap propaganda.

WHY A uniform policy was not adopted for the operation of all internment camps was beyond our comprehension. It seemed that each military district was a law unto itself and the commanding officer did as he pleased. However, in our case Mukaibo's will was final, but why he, a convert to Christianity and its principles, was so unbending in his attitude is difficult to understand. We realized that the guerrillas and remnants of our forces in the mountain areas were active and that Baguio, in consequence, was nominally in the war zone but we had nothing whatever to do with them, much as the Japs believed otherwise.

We now experienced another period without salt or sugar. This would appear to be worse than it actually was, however, for many of us had private supplies of sugar and a few had salt stored away for bunkside consumption of raw tomatoes or other delicacies that the market or friends provided so that by sharing these commodities the difficulty was minimized. It gave us an insight of what might happen should supplies from the lowlands be cut off from Baguio. Our sugar allowance was 700 pounds every fortnight for 400 people, or about two ounces, each, daily. This represents an annual per capita consumption of less than 45 pounds against a normal 105 pounds for the United States.

For some time two or three individuals had been bringing in food supplies for sale to the rest of us but prices charged were high, for the goods passed through several hands between Baguio and the ultimate consumer. A 25 per cent sales tax was imposed

THE FIRST YEAR

upon all food sales in Baguio by the Jap authorities. Matters reached a climax when only a well-lined pocket book could deal at these private stores and the committee decided to establish a non-profit community store at which staple articles would be sold. This plan met with the approval of the Japs who had long suspected a three-way connivance between the garbage wagon crew, the storekeepers along the road near us and the guerrillas.

Privately operated stores in camp were then forbidden as were dealings with roadside shops. The benefit to our community was apparent at once. Sugar dropped 50 per cent in price, vegetable lard an equal amount, rice flour sold for nearly half former prices and fresh fruits were to be had at reasonable costs. It was estimated that during the last two months of private store operation 5000 pesos (\$2500) was spent by our camp. Under the community sales plan this amount of money might easily be spread over a three-months period. It was a constant wonder to everyone where the money came from. We were supposed to be without funds in January and again in March, yet we were spending at the rate of 30,000 pesos (\$15,000) a year! The fact of the matter was that we never gave up or declared all the money in our possession.

Mukaibo honored us with two visits during August. On the first visit he distributed candy to the children, having this thoughtful act recorded for posterity and the Tokyo press by Hayakawa and his camera. Such a picture would have considerable value in Japan. We adults were completely ignored. Shoes had become a problem to all of us for the rainy season, which was now drawing to a close, had played havoc with footwear and resoling could no longer be done because the supply of sole leather was exhausted. Mukaibo was asked, on his second visit, if some leather might be procured for us. He replied that we had better go barefooted like the Igorrotes! As to prospects for the release of internees over 60 years of age, as in Manila, he said that they must be over 70 years old and infirm, in addition. On the subject of repatriation of

internees to the United States, he remarked that all American ships had been sunk and Jap vessels were occupied in handling supplies for the Co-Prosperity Sphere. Finally, in answer to the direct question as to how much longer we would be interned we were told that it would be several years because Japan would next conquer Africa and then North and South America!

From the beginning of our internment we were permitted to listen to radio broadcasts from Tokyo. These were bombastic in the extreme during those early days of the war when the Jap military machine swept everything before it. How well do we remember the warning served to Australia and New Zealand that if these two countries did not join the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, immediately, they would be occupied by the Japanese. However, as the tide of war turned against Nippon these broadcasts became less caustic and finally we were forbidden to listen to them and to assure themselves that some sympathetic Jap at the guard-house, where the radio was located, would not give us war information, the receiving set was emasculated of its short wave apparatus. Thereafter we could only listen to rebroadcasts from a Jap-controlled Manila station.

These Tokyo broadcasts were nothing more than propaganda and, being our only source of direct news, had the expected effect on the morale of the camp. Not until rumour or information from the outside by note, based on broadcasts from San Francisco, gave us an inkling of what were the facts, did we return to our normal way of thinking. It was a study in psychology to watch the groups of four or five listeners coming down the road each evening from the guardhouse. If they hung their heads and walked as though sorely troubled, one could assume that Tokyo had scored a propagandic victory. If, on the other hand, there was joking among the groups and if their steps were jaunty, it was a safe gamble that Tokyo had not scored, that news of the Orient scene was scant, and we could assume that all was not well with the New Order.

THE FIRST YEAR

In May, 1943, it was decreed that the death penalty would be meted out to anyone found in possession of a short wave radio. This cut us off from news from outside sources. However, a radio was smuggled into camp during the Camp Hay days (when some of the work crews had access to the nearby cottages of army officers fighting with their backs to the wall at Bataan), and installed in a back room of the Camp Holmes hospital! Great discretion attended to use of this radio and knowledge of the broadcasts was limited to a trusted few. Occasionally an item or two was circulated but it was assumed without question that they had come in "over the fence" or in notes secreted in food packages from Baguio.

The Oriental hasn't much sense of humour but the English-speaking announcer over the Tokyo radio, a Dutchman, evidently had, for on the 20th we were told that "Americans do not know where the Orient is and it is too late to find out now because the Japanese have everything well in hand." On another occasion we were informed that President Roosevelt had called a meeting of his cabinet to discuss ways and means of how best to keep the news of recent defeats from the American people.

Day after day, without cessation, propaganda broadcasts continued. Some of the items of news sounded reasonable enough but others were so ridiculous that one questioned the sanity of the broadcaster. We select a few statements from the thousands sent out over the ether from Tokyo:

In June, 1943, we were told that the military annals of Western nations, not excepting the Charge of the Light Brigade during the Crimean war, contain nothing as heroic as the Jap's defense and mass suicide on Attu Island. Tokyo advised the people of the Orient that the ratio of American to Japanese losses on Attu was such that, if the war continued for a considerable length of time, the male population of the United States would entirely disappear. Later we were informed that our losses of planes were in a ratio of eight to their one and further that not only were our planes inferior to theirs but our pilots were no match for their war birds.

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

The fertility of the mind of the Japanese scientist was once brought to our attention with the broadcast statement that a new method had been devised to transport aviation gasoline from the oil fields of Borneo. Because of a shortage of tankers the gasoline was being packaged in wooden barrels and when cast into the ocean, would be carried by the Japan Current to the very doors of Tokyo. That this current passes no nearer Borneo than the north Philippines was of no importance. The North Equatorial Current skirts the Island of Guam, moves west to the Philippines and turns northward to merge with the Japan Current.

The prize bit of news was broadcast early in 1942 when Japan was on the high road to greater military successes. We were told that the Hawaiian Islands were Japanese controlled, as was San Francisco and New York City and that the Japs had landed in Wyoming!

Finally, we record a story of Japanese resourcefulness:

"It was revealed that . . . fast-thinking crewmen of a Japanese fighter plane single-handedly destroyed two enemy fighters by flinging Japanese rice cakes at them at the psychological moment," said Tokyo. The ammunition of the Jap plane was gone; it was "hotly pursued by two enemy fighters." Being "cornered and in desperation the crewmen of the Japanese fighter threw rice cakes at the enemy." Our first plane mistook these cakes for hand grenades or bombs and altering its course it plunged into the sea to its "watery grave." The second fighter escaped the rice cakes but in trying to avoid a collision with the Jap plane it also "plunged into the sea." We were told, further, that developing engine trouble and running short of fuel—no mention is made of the state of supply of rice cakes—the plane was crashed into a hillside but the crew "who escaped death returned to their base and reported the story." Score one for the Nips!

CHAPTER IX

September, 1942—248th to 277th Day

Dental treatment in Baguio denied us—We get an egg for breakfast—Our guards prepare for guerrilla activity—An incident at the flagpole.

A MOST unfortunate situation arose early in the month, to put an end to which the Japs made a ruling wholly unjustifiable and little short of cruel, for many uninvolved persons were made to suffer. For some weeks two or three dental patients, under guard, had been taken to Baguio daily for treatment by qualified native dentists. This concession to our welfare was much appreciated, for the preservation of one's teeth is, after all, vitally important. An internee who on several occasions had selfishly disregarded the interests of his fellows in serving his own, went to Baguio for dental treatment but did not visit the dentist. Instead, he spent the time with his native family at his former place of business. On another trip he had coffee brought to the dentist's from his home and a coffee party was enjoyed. The Japs became aware of these incidents through the reports of the guards but instead of punishing the culprit—the water cure, in view of the circumstances, would have in the writer's opinion been too good for him—the entire community was advised that no more patients would be permitted to visit dentists. The committee, becoming justly apprehensive of the situation, requested the Japs to fill a small requisition for dental supplies so that temporary dental work might be done in camp and teeth saved. This was refused. Teeth which gave trouble but which could have been saved had, henceforth, to be extracted!

Two hundred and seventy-four days after Brent School and the arrival of the Japs in Baguio—on September 27th to be

exact—we were all served an egg for breakfast. To those having Baguio contacts this was no novelty, for eggs had never ceased to be part of their diet, but to most of us it was our first taste of an egg for thirty-nine long weeks. It wasn't served on toast, nor did bacon or ham accompany it—it was just fried and placed atop a plate of rice, but it was very welcome.

With the tapering off of the rainy season guerrilla activity was renewed the effect of which was apparent in the nervousness of the guards and by their preparation to repel any attack of the outlaws on their citadel. Additional machine gun pits were dug in the parade ground in the vicinity of the guardhouse. We in camp hoped that the irregulars would make no attempt to free us, for it would have been to no good purpose as there were thousands of Jap soldiers in Baguio. They had considerable nuisance value, however, and kept the Japanese on the anxious seat. On the 22nd Hayakawa led a party of soldiers on a sortie around and about the hills to the south of us. Upon his return at 5:00 P.M. headquarters were telephoned to and aid requested. Three and a half hours later, fifty soldiers arrived and were sent out in small groups to watch for guerrilla movements. All axes and hatchets used by our wood crew were gathered up and taken to the guardhouse (for fear that they might be used in an uprising), which was in darkness throughout the night. Some shots were heard but no "outlaws" were seen. Soldiers tramped through the barracks all night, flashing lights into and under the bunks for they were unconvinced that we were not working with the guerrillas nor directing their activities.

One Sunday morning five men were sunning themselves at the base of the unused flagpole on the parade ground and exchanging views on matters in general, as men are wont to do, when into the yard came a truck laden with Jap soldiers officered by a lieutenant. Because the five men did not stand up to show their respect for the armed forces of Hirohito, a non-commissioned officer was sent over to the group to teach them manners. All were obliged to

THE FIRST YEAR

stand, and two of them were taken by the scruff of the neck and forced to make a deep, arched bow from the waist—not merely a head bow but the type of bow reminiscent of the Victorian era. The scene might well have been taken from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, but from the Jap's viewpoint there was no humour in the incident, and while the five principals in the drama chaffed about it later, at the time of the forced display of respect they were a serious lot of men. That we must bow to every representative of Japanese authority was Order No. 1 throughout internment. We should not only bow to the sergeant of the guard or the Camp Commandant but to sentries, too, when they approached. At roll call we bowed to Hirohito in far-away Tokyo and when visited by army or navy dignitaries we were supposed to show respect. When we were under the direct control of a Japanese for whom we had some regard because his actions were those of a human-being we gave him grudging obeisance but when the officer in charge of the camp looked upon us as inferiors we usually avoided him upon his approach or walked away. Not for one instant would we surrender our dignity as white men. There were some lickspittles among us, however, who bowed to the Japanese like automatons but we scornfully dismissed them as cowards. They never suffered the indignity of having their faces slapped for non-conformity to what the Japs termed military etiquette.

CHAPTER X

October, 1942—278th to 308th Day

Hope for early release fades—Guerrillas dynamite the Trinidad river bridge—Some missionaries released—Five guerrillas publicly executed in Baguio—Some of us taste strawberries—Jap Finance officer visits Camp—Uninterned Americans in Baguio rounded up—Their houses searched—Age classification of internees.

WE HAD expectations of release from camp during every month of internment. The light of hope began to flicker when July Fourth came and went and we could do no more than gather some orchids in the hills nearby as a gesture to freedom. Certainly, by the end of October the American armada would have reached the southern tip of the Philippines in its irresistible march northward. But the armada was bogged down somewhere in the South Pacific. We had not lost hope—we merely had lost some of our cocksureness. We still had the spirit to carry on but we were disappointed beyond the point where words could describe our inner feelings.

Guerrilla activity was on the increase. The poor devils were no longer being rained in in their mountain hideaways and, although many were barefooted and inadequately clothed and fed, they began to make themselves felt as soon as the clearing up of the weather permitted them to continue their campaign of irritation. At half past one on the morning of the 15th, two terrific explosions were heard. We learned later that the steel bridge across the Trinidad (Balili) River had been partially destroyed by the wrecking of the abutments. At half past four the guards engaged what appeared to be an imaginary enemy by firing fifty or more rifle shots into the hills to the south. The Japs, thoroughly alarmed, ordered all internees off ground floors of barracks because

THE FIRST YEAR

it was thought that there would be more danger from cross-fire below than at a higher level. Great excitement prevailed for this was the first time in nearly ten months that we had seen or heard any sort of military action. For three days the wood crew was not permitted to go to the hills to fell trees, and even the vegetable gardens, across the fence back of the barracks, could not be tended for a like period. When the sun came up on the 15th, two truck-loads of soldiers arrived from Baguio and a detachment marched up the hill and, as in that familiar nursery rhyme, marched right down again. A search was made of all native huts and houses in the vicinity but no one knew anything about the "attack." In a couple of days the Japs had erected a wooden superstructure on the collapsed steel span, and traffic to Baguio was resumed.

On several occasions the Tokio radio reported that all missionaries in Philippine internment camps had been released. This was true of the Manila camp but certainly not true of the Baguio group. Thirty were released in late January, a few from then until August, and fifty were given their freedom in September. These figures refer to men, women and children. At no time during ten months in camp were more than a third of the missionary group allowed to leave. Before their release, sponsors had to be found for each missionary or proof furnished that ample funds were available for his maintenance. Their being held in camp or given their freedom was not always a matter of policy or expediency but only whether or not they might be a burden on the Japanese. It was cheaper to keep them in camp at thirty centavos per capita per day for food than to support them as family units or in groups on the outside.

On the morning of the seventh five guerrillas were publicly executed on the market plaza in Baguio. That armed civilians were, according to the Japanese code, liable to death sentences was well known but the manner in which the five were liquidated caused horror and resentment among the people of the town, and us too, and was one of the reasons for the guerrillas at large to

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

make themselves heard. One prisoner was beheaded, one was shot and three were bayoneted. A reliable witness reported that the brutality of the last method of killing was beyond description, as can easily be imagined. Such cruelty was certain to have repercussions among the Filipinos and similar atrocities only added fuel to the smouldering fires of hatred for their conquerors.

Strawberries to a limited extent appeared in private food packages during the month as well as tomatoes and green peas, these luxuries being not evidences of the coming of spring or summer—as at home—but the end of the rainy season. Owing to a shortage of meat in the Baguio market because of a disagreement between the city officials and the vendors on the subject of prices and profits, it became necessary for the Japanese to purchase many head of cattle which were pastured in nearby hills and slaughtered by a group of our men whenever the kitchen crew required fresh meat.

The chief finance officer of the Japanese Army in the Philippines paid us a visit and gave special attention to the file of menus in the kitchen. Food is always the main item of expense in an internment camp and, in this item—to the tune of 4300 pesos a month (a year later it was a half million a month)—our military financier was interested above all else. During his visit the community store was closed, for obvious reasons. We didn't want the honorable gentleman to know that private funds existed in camp for fear that we might again be called upon to provide our own food, as we were obliged to do for so long at John Hay.

On the 12th all "enemy aliens," which, of course, included Americans, were rounded up at central points in Baguio, told to bring drinking water and their lunches and to be prepared to remain under custody the entire day. They were called upon to re-register. In the meantime every vacated home was carefully gone over by the Japs, one owner having his residence ransacked three times. The search was for radios which might have been secreted and for incriminating or suspicious matter. One would

THE FIRST YEAR

think that after ten months of restriction and regulation those fortunate enough not to be interned would have been rendered harmless, by military standards, but as everyone at liberty was obliged to take an oath not to do anything against the Japanese, their conduct of the war or their government of this occupied territory, an occasional check-up appeared necessary to ascertain if promises were being kept, and to again impress upon the unfortunate white man that Japan was in the saddle—and no doubt about it.

The older one is, the smaller his group within specified age limits. This was true, for all practical purposes, in our camp. The largest group was composed of children from infancy to ten years of age. There were only 10 in the 71 to 80-year group, while only one person (William Telford, who later died in camp), held the record of having lived more than 80 years. The figures do not show a gradual decline decade by decade, until the fourth decade is reached. From then on the decline is expectedly marked—77, 59, 44 and 10 people in the 41 to 50, 51 to 60, 61 to 70 and 71 to 80-year groups, respectively, supporting the life expectancy figures that the life insurance solicitor produces when you answer his preliminary question—"What was your age on your last birthday?" Figures obtained from a group such as ours do not mean more than an item of interest. Husbands were here without their wives and vice versa, some children were in the United States and elsewhere, other children were here without parents and so on. The complete age list, embracing 586 people who at one time or another were with us or who were with us throughout our internment, follows: 1 to 10 years—121; 11 to 20—53; 21 to 30—106; 31 to 40—115; 41 to 50—77; 51 to 60—59; 61 to 70—44; 71 to 80—10, and over 80—one.

CHAPTER XI

November, 1942—309th to 338th Day

Sorrell captured by Japs—Seven missionaries jailed in Baguio—Thanksgiving Day celebrated—117 released internees returned to Camp—Japs tell us how to spend a 35 centavo allotment—We run out of stew—Hayakawa in the role of censor.

WHILE guerrilla activity was sporadic, it was plain that armed Filipinos under American direction were decidedly a thorn in the side of the Jap authorities. We were constantly under suspicion of being in contact with the "outlaws" and some of us were thought by the Japs to be directing their activities. Nothing could have been more ridiculous. We knew that guerrilla activity was being directed but where, how and when their men would strike was as little known to us as the plans of the German general staff. Hayakawa reported Sorrell's capture on the 16th, allegedly somewhere along the Agno River, and added that he would be publicly executed by being beheaded within a week. We were much upset over this news although it was conceded that he knew, when he broke away, what penalty he might suffer upon being captured and that he had accepted possible consequences with full knowledge. He, together with his wife and son, was jailed at military police headquarters in Baguio, and while we awaited news of his death from day to day November passed into December without tragic action being taken.

It was apparent that everything possible was being done to cut us off from all contacts with the outside. The Japs had been quite liberal in the granting of passes to those having a plausible excuse to visit Baguio, but early in the month we were informed that the privilege of going to town had been withdrawn at the instance of Intelligence. The reason given was that "Americans

THE FIRST YEAR

in Baguio making too much trouble." On the seventh we learned who the "trouble-makers" were. They were seven missionaries, namely, Eschbach, Richardson, Bartter, Bartges, Welles, Brandauer and Johnson. The first two had been released from John Hay in late January, the last two had never been interned, while the others had spent varying terms at Hay and Holmes. These innocent men were accused of giving aid to the guerrillas and were jailed, although when arrested they had no knowledge of the nature of the charge against them. On the 12th they were released from jail and brought to camp, not being permitted to go to their Baguio homes for their clothing. Richardson was robbed of 40 pesos by one of the guards at the jail. Only two or three of these missionaries were questioned, the first query being, "Well, you know why you are in jail?" But they didn't know—and the reason had to be supplied by the interrogators. For six days they were cooped up with native prisoners, fed on rice and water, obliged to sleep on the jail floor in their clothes, were not permitted to shave or keep decently clean and were released as suddenly as they had been apprehended. They were a sorry sight upon their arrival in camp. No offense is intended when we say that they looked like tramps, which can be expected after nearly a week in a dirty jail.

To Americans the great day during November is Thanksgiving Day. We did not know whether the holiday was observed on two Thursdays as was done in 1941, but we celebrated on the traditional "last Thursday" of the month—on the 26th. We had much to be thankful for but no attempt was made to have a special program although services were held in the morning, under the trees, and a 24-voice choir sang appropriate songs at a general gathering in the messhall in the evening. For dinner, in place of turkey—which, of course, could not be expected in a concentration camp—we were served home-grown roast pork with as many side dishes as our limited larder afforded. The tables were decorated for the occasion, but the scene was pathetic although a brave attempt to honor the day's meaning.

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

The other usually festive date was Armistice Day. Because the first World War was a "war to end wars" and while the Allies had done all in their power to "make the world safe for Democracy," we felt that the sacrifices of 1914-18 had meant nothing after all. Few of us referred to the date in our daily intercourse with one another—it was just another day, of which no special notice was taken.

We were dumbfounded on the day after Armistice Day to learn that all who had been released from Camp John Hay—as far back as January—and from this camp were to be reinterned. Open trucks started to come in late in the afternoon, the last of them in a drizzling rain. Before the influx was over our population had been swelled by 117 internees—from 396 to 513. For the first time Catholic priests of American nationality were interned and seven Maryknoll Sisters were brought in together with two lay-brothers.

We were living under crowded conditions but when nearly a third more had to be accommodated, one can imagine how the congestion was increased. It was all in a day's work, however, and the situation was accepted with good grace. Once we had again settled down to regular routine we were able to get an idea of just what conditions were in Baguio. We never did learn why the reinternment was ordered. Certainly there was nothing in the news that would make universal concentration necessary and guerrilla activity had become less troublesome to the Japs. That they had been nervous for some time was evident but they were far from panicky. Those who had been released even but a short time before the recall, voiced the general sentiment that it was far preferable to be in camp than footloose in Baguio. Living was expensive on the outside, everyone was spied upon and the restrictions placed upon those released from camp were burdensome. Some believed that the return order was issued to protect the Americans from the outlaws and natives who had swung over to the Jap way of thinking and looked upon the white man as their enemy.

THE FIRST YEAR

On the 18th the Japs set forth the basis upon which the 35 centavo daily per-capita allotment was to be spent. There were three heads under which disbursements were to be made; food, medical supplies and electric current, segregated as follows:

<i>Commodity</i>	<i>Centavos</i>	<i>Per Cent</i>	<i>Monthly Total</i> (Pesos)
Rice	4.2	12	630
Vegetables	17.5	50	2625
Meats	9.0	25.7	1350
Medical Supplies	3.0	8.6	450
Electric Current	1.3	3.7	195
Totals	<u>35.0</u>	<u>100</u>	<u>5250</u>

To feed one two meals and a light midday snack for less than sixteen gold cents indicated that food was scarce and the kitchen staff, like one's cook at home, made miscalculations at times. At one evening meal the servers ran short of stew—that universal dish that found its way into the menu five out of seven days—and thirty hungry and indignant women had to be content with a raw egg, to be cooked by the good ladies in their auxiliary kitchens as the spirit moved them. As most of the fires were out, many deferred this operation to next morning's breakfast.

On the 24th the food truck made a special trip to Brent School to get laboratory supplies for use in our high school, mosquito nets, books and other odds and ends badly needed in camp. Books and magazines were included and upon arrival at Holmes Hayakawa assumed the role of censor examining all reading matter and weeding out those books and periodicals which were anti-Japanese or had any military value. Among the books refused as library material was "Caesar's Gaelic Wars." The refusal to permit this book to reach our hands because it might contain military secrets caused considerable mirth, for it marked a new high in Japanese suspicions.

CHAPTER XII

December, 1942—339th to 369th Day

Nationwide rationing applied to us—Liquor finds its way into Camp—Clarence Mount gets a beating by the guards—For eleven days the garden detail is idle—Announced guerrilla attack proves false alarm—Shortage of coffee and syrup—We celebrate our first Christmas season—First visitors allowed.

THIS MONTH which saw the end of our first year of internment (on the 28th) and witnessed our first Christmas celebrations as guests of Mr. Jap, also saw us in unpleasant contact with the guards to more than the usual extent. It saw us partaking of saltless meals and marked a definite drop in the quality of our food, many coffeeless breakfasts and others without syrup with which to tone up the morning bowl of rice.

On the first we were informed by Hayakawa, the Jap Intelligence representative in camp, that nationwide rationing had been ordered on some basic commodities. A complete list of controlled goods was not furnished but the details on four items gave one a good idea of what might be expected. Laundry soap was to be rationed at the rate of one-fourth bar per person monthly. The standard bar in this country weighs two pounds. Only 10 cigarettes were allotted per person, while matches were to be doled out at the rate of one match per day and sugar—that product which in pre-war times was among the surplus commodities—could only be obtained at the rate of 11 ounces per person per month in future, or at the rate of eight and a quarter pounds a year. Our camp was to be included in the rationing plans and while we looked for its immediate application, it was some time before we were obliged to submit to commodity doles. We were surprised to learn that we, who had little enough of necessities, were to come within the

THE FIRST YEAR

scope of the new plan. Evidently Philippine economy had been seriously affected by the war. All rationed items, including vegetable lards, which we learned later was the fifth regulated local product, were Philippine-produced. Instead of Philippine factories humming with production something had gone wrong with that industrial effort that Tokyo assured us in her broadcasts was proceeding at a normal rate. The day following this announcement there was a "run" on our little community store for sugar and soap; long queues of buyers standing for upwards of an hour for their turn at the sales window.

For several months liquor in small quantities had either been brought into camp for sale or had been made on a very limited scale in a home-made still located at the rear of the shops at the west end of the grounds. This was, of course, contrary to regulations but their violation was never on an extended scale. Occasionally a birthday party, where liquor enlivened the affair, would develop into a noisy gathering from which two or three would wander and disport themselves to the amusement or disgust of the rest of us, depending upon one's point of view on the subject of demon rum, and the receipt of good news from the war fronts would sometimes call for a celebration with the aid of John Barleycorn. In truth it must be pointed out that neither barley nor corn ever figured in the manufacture of camp liquor. The lowly sweet potato and pineapple pulp and peelings were the basic ingredients in the local moonshine. Smuggled liquor was almost wholly confined to native gin or "squareface" dispensed in the familiar square glass bottles, the contents having been distilled from fermented sugar cane molasses. That our standards of taste had sadly deteriorated was plain for so long as a drink had a "kick" to it it satisfied all requirements. After all, beggars can't be choosers.

The chief "bootlegger" was Clarence Mount who, with the full knowledge of the committee, smuggled into camp as much of the firewater as demand dictated. His customers were many, not

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

the least of whom were some of the committeemen themselves. In doing this, Mount was not censured by any of us, except, of course, those missionaries who are opposed to traffic in liquor under any circumstances but we all felt that sooner or later he would run afoul of Mr. Jap, the consequences of which might be painful to him. Sure enough, on the 4th he was caught by the guard in the act of retrieving four bottles of gin from a point down the hill east of the camp. He was promptly marched off to the guard house. He was grilled by the sergeant and to clear himself of any complicity with a liquor ring, told the story that the discovery of the cache was accidental for he was near the spot only because he was working on a detail of housemoving in the abandoned non-commissioned officer's village which was part of the Camp Holmes reservation. As he had been under suspicion for sometime, his yarn was not taken seriously. Aggravated by his unconvincing attempts to clear himself the guards proceeded to beat him most cruelly with a heavy club to the point of insensibility. His shrieks of pain could be heard in the barracks across the parade ground, a matter of a good two hundred yards. Satisfied that he had suffered sufficient punishment when he collapsed the guards sent for four or five internees to carry him to the hospital where it was ascertained by a camp physician, Dr. Dana Nance, that he was painfully, tho not seriously, hurt. Here he remained for a week. A sidelight on the incident was the visit to Mount on the 10th by one of the guards who participated in his beating to apologize for his part in the affair, stating that he was merely acting under orders. Thus ended the bootlegging chapter at Holmes. Mount had learned his lesson and there was no one else with sufficient hardihood to take over the traffic for the Japs made it clear that the next offender would be carted off to Intelligence where, by reputation at least, we knew that no kid gloves were worn.

Because of the Mount incident and expected guerrilla activity the vegetable garden detail was not permitted to attend to its

THE FIRST YEAR

duties for eleven days. The dry season was upon us and the gardens needed watering else several months of labor would be lost. No matter; the Japs said "no can go." Fortunately an unexpected shower or two fell during this prohibition period. It was not until Christmas that the guards relaxed their vigilance. For three weeks we had to be very careful to observe all rules lest we be dragged to the guard house and put thru the paces.

On the evening of the seventeenth, while a bridge tournament was in progress in the dining room, the players were informed that there would be "shooting on the road below camp and everyone must go to his bunk immediately." There was a wild scramble not unlike that in a raided gambling house when every effort is made to conceal evidence. With this group it was the effort to retrieve cards, scores and other paraphernalia in the limited space of a minute or two before the lights were switched off. A Jap storekeeper near camp had received a threatening letter from, what was assumed to be, one of the guerrillas. The matter was referred to the guard house, Baguio was telephoned to, forty Jap soldiers arrived by truck and were soon blazing away at an imaginary foe. There were no shots fired in retaliation for no "enemy" was in the vicinity and after an hour of suspense and excitement the lights were switched on.

A shortage of coffee was experienced. Instead of a cup of coffee at breakfast we were served hot water on thirteen mornings. The usual dash of sugar syrup was missing for fully a third of the month and a breakfast of hot water, plain rice and a banana fell far short of satisfying morning hunger. This abridged diet was wholly inadequate for the men on wood details, in particular, who spent the mornings in the nearby hills felling trees and sawing them into sections to be cut into firewood by yet another hard-working gang of men.

The bright spot of the year was, of course, the festivities at Christmas time which were centered, naturally, upon the little folks. Early in the month the shops began making wooden toys

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

and forty-five pesos, collected from us internees, was spent in Baguio for little gifts of all kinds so that the hundred kiddies in camp could each have a special remembrance on Christmas morning.

On the afternoon before Christmas two plays were produced by groups of young and older children. They were enthusiastically received and served to develop a Yuletide spirit among us quite equal to that felt under more normal and happier conditions. A Christmas tree, decorated with ornaments and tiny electric bulbs was lit on Christmas Eve and it blazed in glory every night, as they do at home, until the turn of the New Year. At five o'clock on Christmas morning (actually four o'clock Philippine time) with a cloudless sky and a full moon to cast a soft glow upon the scene a mixed choir of over thirty voices sang the old familiar carols in front of the three barracks and, for good measure, at the guard house.

In mid-morning, after the usual religious services, the parents and children gathered about the tree to greet Santa Claus, who, after much delay and false alarms, came bouncing down the road from the guardhouse booming a "Merry Christmas" to all. He was dressed in the familiar fur-trimmed red suit, borrowed from friends in Baguio, wearing a pair of rubber boots and carrying a pack filled with toys and candies. We wondered why the Japs permitted the celebration and concluded that it was to satisfy their innate curiosity for all of them, and many from Headquarters, were present to see the show. Most of the guards were peasants from Japan's back-country to whom the white man is a queer sort of fellow and his way of life nothing short of fantastic. After all, every Japanese soldier is a tourist and is as interested in the conduct of our lives as we Occidentals are in their's. Santa was poorly disguised and many of the older children identified him at once as one of the elderly and bearded members of our mining fraternity but the younger children, many of whom saw him for the first time, responded to his attentions with varied emotions. Some received

THE FIRST YEAR

him with frank and disarming joy while others clung to mother or father in terror. Children are children wherever they may be and their happiness and welfare was so much the concern of all—including the Japs—that, to them, Camp Holmes was just another place to live except those who were old enough to remember their homes on the outside. Most of them were children of refugees from the China Coast and change of scene was no novelty. Altogether it was a happy affair, not without its pathos, however, and viewed in the light of conditions at later Christmas celebrations, it was the most carefree and happy gathering of our long internment.

Visitors were allowed in camp that day and reunions were many. Some families had been separated for nearly a year and many touching scenes were enacted. To the visited these reunions were the high spots of the day's activities for those who came were laden with gifts of food appropriate to the day. The kitchen crew spared nothing to prepare three unusual meals. Home grown roast pork, candied sweet potatoes, mashed squash, pickled string beans, a pudding of sorts and coffee were served at dinner in the dining hall which had been suitably decorated for the occasion. The feeling was general that this was our last Christmas in internment. It had been a long year. We had suffered many indignities and the quality of our food was having a deleterious effect on general health but the promise of early freedom kept us in high spirits. Little did we think that we would celebrate the Christmas seasons of 1943 and 1944 in camp!

The Second Year

CHAPTER XIII

January, 1943—370th to 400th Day

The cooks prepare an excellent New Year's dinner—Cattle and the meat problem—"Submarined" coffee described—We get some dental equipment—Sorrell returns to Camp—His life spared by Gen. Nagasaki.

NEW YEAR'S is an important day to the Japs. In normal times they demand but two holidays a year, the other being the Emperor's birthday. Here in camp the guards celebrated by getting drunk and all day and into the night the guard house was the scene of unrestrained revelry. For several days the Japs seemed to be utterly indifferent to us in marked contrast to that period a month before when they were always about and seemed to take delight in making us uncomfortable. The entire personnel of the guard was changed at irregular intervals. This was done on the 22nd. One of the new guards who spoke English said that he had been constantly in service for seven years, not having returned to Japan for a furlough in that time. He had seen two years' service in Manchuria, four years in China and had been in the Philippines since the outbreak of the war. Imagine one of our boys in foreign service for seven long years without a glimpse of Broadway, State or Market Streets!

In many packages received on New Year's day were roasted chickens and a few live ones that were soon consigned to the pot and it was not unusual to see old and young alike tusseling with a drumstick or a wing or two. On that day the cooks made a reputation for themselves by serving a breakfast consisting of a pomelo cocktail, a fried egg, the usual dish of rice and syrup and a cup of coffee. For lunch we were served rice with chicken giblets, although there were few giblets in the mixture, and a slice of papaya. It was at dinner in the late afternoon that the boys made

their mark by preparing sausage cake, a sweet potato "delight"—whatever that meant—sauteed string beans, a plate of rice and a piece of pumpkin pie, accompanied by a cup of excellent coffee.

We had been buying live cattle for the mess for some months, fattening them up before the slaughter in the grassy hills south of the camp, but on the fifth we were told that hereafter, meat would be bought in town as formerly. The reason advanced was that the authorities wished to conserve the herds of cattle in the Mountain Province for the benefit of the natives but the truth, in the opinion of many, was that the Japs expected to see heavy fighting in the mountains when our boys arrived and the conservation of live-stock was to assure a supply of beef for the Jap army.

Coffee having increased in price and the supply of the locally grown bean having become scarce (imported coffees were no longer available) it was decided to serve it only on week ends. Saturday's coffee was good, Sunday's coffee was "submarined"—this was a term coined by the cooks—that is to say, the grounds from the previous day were reboiled and about 20 per cent of fresh coffee added, and Monday's brew was further "submarined" by the addition of 10 per cent of new coffee. On this morning the brew was pale and tasteless and to many plain hot water was preferable. In truth, we enjoyed coffee but once a week. The second and third appearances were poor imitations of the original.

When visits to Baguio dentists were forbidden our community dentist could do but little more for the afflicted than pull teeth. Some cases were such that a temporary filling could be made in the hope that it would hold out until we were released and attention could be given to the offending molar by a properly equipped dentist. Hundreds of teeth were extracted which might have been saved but there wasn't much else to be done when our dentist had little more than a couple of pairs of forceps to work with. One recalled that in a well equipped dental office the few forceps in an instrument cabinet seemed relatively unimportant. Not so at Camp Holmes. Forceps, in all their glory, were about the only things one

THE SECOND YEAR

saw in the dispensary. That all who entered left hope of tooth salvation behind was an accepted fact. The Japs would not provide the necessary equipment. However, those who had our interests in mind continued their pleas to the Japs for dental relief and on the 25th we were able to get a foot-powered drilling "engine," a portable dental chair operated by ropes and pulleys and a goodly supply of hand tools from a Baguio boarding school. What a relief that was to us who dreaded the idea of a pulled tooth when it might, under happier circumstances, be saved. Office hours were doubled. A former single session of afternoon tooth extracting became a double session—morning as well as afternoon—of probing and drilling and tooth filling. The forceps were laid aside. For silver fillings Philippine coins were tediously filed to the right granular consistency and mercury for the amalgam was extracted from bichloride of mercury in the high school laboratory. Even tooth facings were made at the shops from ox shin bones and if dental plates were not too badly shattered they would be repaired with molten aluminum. In camp as well as out necessity was the mother of invention.

Sorrell, who escaped from camp in July, 1942, and was captured four months later was brought to the guard house on the 20th but the Japs were notified by the committee that we, as a body, must not be held responsible for his actions should he, upon being allowed to rejoin us, make a second getaway. Two weeks later he took up his residence in camp. According to him he had not been shot because he was told by a Japanese official that all the internees at Camp Holmes eventually would be killed and his turn would come then. However, in spite of the infamous Mukaibo, who warned us that any infraction of the Japanese Army rules would result in the immediate execution of the offending party and while Americans who surrendered as refugees after deadlines set by the Japs were severely manhandled, none were done away with. Sorrell's explanation of why he escaped a firing squad set tongues wagging and the pessimists saw a substantiation of their belief

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

that none of us would escape internment alive. We learned later that General Nagasaki, a kindly old general in charge of the Baguio area—strangely enough, a Christian—took a fancy to Sorrell's ten year old son (a Moro mestizo) and spared his father's life.

CHAPTER XIV

February, 1943—401st to 428th Day

We hear little of the war's progress—Fukuhara takes over Camp supervision—Japs suspect presence of radio in Camp—Dysentery prevalent among the children—Business Men's Forum inaugurated.

THIS, LIKE February, 1942, was a dull month. So little war news was heard, save, of course, through the propaganda broadcasts from Tokyo, that there was a distinct let-down in the morale of the internees. No longer did we hear opinions as to when the war would reach such a favorable stage as to effect our release but there continued to be optimists among us who sincerely believed that 1943 would see the war's end. Our spirits were unstable, to say the least. A few favorable items of news would send our spirits to the skies. It did not take unfavorable news to have the opposite effect. No news at all was a depressant. Because there was no news simply meant, we thought, that things were going badly for us. As a matter of fact it was only at this time that a sustained offensive was being undertaken in the South Pacific but how could we know this?

Our new guard sergeant (actually a lieutenant in disguise) showed himself to be at least an interesting personage. His name was Fukuhara. He dressed neatly in semi-military clothes set off by a well-polished pair of riding boots and made it a point to circulate among us and strike up a conversation with anyone willing to talk. It was apparent that he was worming his way into our confidence for a definite purpose—to get our opinions and to ferret out news items that had come in to us other than via the Tokyo broadcasts. His background soon became known, however. At the guardhouse, one day, he showed Herold a map of the gun emplacements at Diamond Head, Honolulu, and plans of Pearl Harbor!

He claimed to have worked for five years for the Hawaiian Electric Co., a public utility corporation, and to have been employed in the wiring of Schofield Barracks on Oahu. He was more than a sergeant of the guard—he was a member of the Jap “gestapo.” There was no doubt in our minds that he had been sent here for a purpose. Finding that he could not get any information from us which might react in our disfavor he changed his tactics and began to tread on our toes whenever occasion offered. He had all the earmarks of having lived for some time under the American flag for it was plain that his experience had not been gained entirely in Japan.

We were suspected of having a radio in camp. There had been one at the camp hospital the use of which was limited to a favored few but murder will out and Fukuhara must have learned in his talks with some of the internees that we knew more about the progress of the war than Tokyo broadcast. Three times during the month the high school physics laboratory was ransacked by the Japs in the campaign to find the source of outside news but to no avail. To an ignorant and childish Jap soldier laboratory equipment might be converted into short wave receivers.

The month’s most important item of interest was another outbreak of dysentery which on one day sent seven children to the hospital. So serious did the situation become that the Japs took a hand, and, fearing that infection originated outside of camp, prohibited, for a period of two weeks, the sending in of food packages and, of course, no private empty bags were allowed to leave camp. With usual inconsistency, however, empty vegetable baskets from the community kitchen were sent to Baguio each morning by truck and returned the next day filled with perishable food. No one was allowed to go to the guardhouse and the guards shunned us as though we were afflicted with the plague. Everyone underwent inoculations against typhoid, dysentery and cholera, the Jap authorities supplying the necessary vaccines. Forty-nine dysentery cases were sent to the hospital during the month, representing 10

THE SECOND YEAR

per cent of our camp population and rules and regulations of all sorts were set up to govern our conduct in the effort to prevent a more serious epidemic.

While we were privileged, once a week, to listen to lectures on such subjects as travel, China and other countries, astronomy, anthropology, motor tours, etc., and while the missionary element in our little community had its religious forums on Sunday afternoons, business and professional men, mostly mining engineers, felt the need of gatherings for the discussion of subjects peculiar to their groups. It was therefore decided to inaugurate a Business Men's Forum to be held each Friday night at the camp school house. Let the reader consider the effect upon one of having absolutely no outside contacts for three years; no knowledge of world events save those that drift in over the back yard fence and he will soon realize how one's mind can stagnate, how one remembers with difficulty even the most commonplace things connected with life on the outside and how very necessary it is to keep thought and deductive channels open. We were tired of looking at each other, reading palled, a game of bridge, while an excellent means by which to pass the time, could not be considered inspiring, conversation, after fourteen months, only made us wander into the field of fancy and, worst of all, we found ourselves lying to each other. In the absence of current reading matter, the very limited extent of our library in which there were not twenty books to set one thinking, our minds became stimulus hungry.

The opportunity for mental development that the forum offered was, therefore, most welcome. From the start these gatherings were popular, not only to the professionals but to men and women in general who attended them. The scope of these talks, followed always by the putting to the speaker of many questions by his listeners, is shown by a listing of a few subjects discussed: The Cyanide Process in Mining, Hemp and Copra, Financing and Organization of Sugar Mills in the Philippines, The Atomic Theory and the Modern Conception of the Structure of Matter (We were

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

in complete ignorance of the progress being made at home on the problem of atom splitting!), Modern Building Methods and Materials and The Retailing of Goods in the Philippines.

For fifteen months these meetings continued except on those nights during the rainy seasons when roar of rain on the iron roof made it impossible to hear the lecturer. Finally the forum ran out of speakers and new subject matter and died a natural death but by then the excitement of the return of General MacArthur overshadowed all other interests. In all, 49 meetings were held.

CHAPTER XV

March, 1943—429th to 459th Day

First overseas letters arrive—We are allowed to communicate with internees at Sto. Tomas Camp in Manila—McKay, Whitmarsh and Wilson have unpleasant experiences with Fukuhara—Japs begin to round-up civilian refugees in the nearby mountains—They commence to arrive for internment.

IN MID-JANUARY five British internees received letters from England and South Africa, dated June, 1942, all addressed to "Prisoners of War" through the International Red Cross at Geneva and on the first of this month mail, bearing the same date, was delivered to a few Americans, having been sent to Geneva from the States. Doubtless the letters had gone to Japan via Mozambique when an exchange of diplomats was effected, the relief ships meeting and exchanging prisoners and mail at the east African port. Why nine months should be required for letters to reach the addressees was beyond our ken. Needless to say, those who were fortunate enough to get mail were overjoyed. On the subject of mail it might be well to mention that very few of the notes sent by us to friends in the Manila camp (Sto. Tomas) were ever received. On the first of each month blank letter forms were handed around, 25-word notes were written on them, they were collected at a predetermined hour and handed into the guard-house—and there the matter ended. Naturally, fewer and fewer took advantage of this "service" until by the end of March, after nearly a year of this privilege, none seemed interested. We were allowed to send out one note, only, to one person and that person a Sto. Tomas internee. Some of these letters were important because members of families in camp were frantic to get word to others of their kin interned in Manila. Many wives were separated from their husbands and vice versa and several school children at

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

boarding school in Baguio when interned were anxious to contact their parents. Always the Japs displayed no interest in our attempts to get in touch with anyone on the outside in spite of the fact that they provided the means to do so.

On the fifth three of our number had unpleasant experiences with the Jap guards, the unfortunates being R. M. McKay, Philip Whitmarsh and L. L. Wilson. Shortly after breakfast Dr. Dana Nance, J. Smith, H. B. Parfet and McKay reported at the guardhouse for passes to Baguio where they were to give blood transfusions to Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Rodgers, aged 78 and 76, respectively, released internees who were suffering from pernicious anemia. The four were asked if they had any notes on their persons for people in town. All answered in the negative. Fukuhara, the man of mystery, then ordered them to remove their shoes. Some notes were found in McKay's, together with a small sum of money. McKay, being only 19 years of age, was, no doubt, imposed upon by his elders who wanted messages sent out. Had he been more experienced in the ways of his fellow man he probably would have been a little more discreet. He was severely cuffed about the head by a friendly Jap and only by the merest chance was he able to save his glasses from breaking, which was indeed fortunate, because repairs and replacements were not available. Of the five notes found three were returned to him together with the money and the group was allowed to depart.

Incident No. 2—When the garbage wagon arrived at the guardhouse to receive instructions as to the dumping spot and to be joined by a guard who always accompanied the garbage crew when it went out of bounds, Whitmarsh became involved with Green, who was in charge of the detail, in an argument of no great importance. It was important enough to Whitmarsh to ruffle his usual calm and he gave vent to his feelings by knocking over the guard house garbage can and spilling part of its contents. A guard promptly slapped him and pushed him off his balance and Whitmarsh sat down, not too gently, on the ground. He was told to

THE SECOND YEAR

stand for an hour in a corner on the guardhouse porch but after a half hour of this out-moded school-day punishment he was permitted to return to his bunk at the barracks.

The third incident might have developed into a serious fracas. L. L. Wilson was directing some boys in the vegetable garden who were applying irrigation water to the different patches of vegetables when Fukuhara, in making his rounds, spied Wilson "out of bounds." The garden lay outside of our east boundary but to the garden detail and to Wilson it was quite within bounds. By signs and a few words of broken English Mr. Jap told Mr. Wilson that he was out of bounds. Wilson not knowing that the Jap was a better linguist than he made out to be, told him to "Go to Hell." The next thing Wilson knew he was on the ground and being roughly manhandled. The matter ended there. Wilson picked himself up and returned to camp, perhaps a little sadder and definitely a bit the worse for wear. Mr. Fukuhara had had a pleasant day but, within a week, was transferred to a station on the hot lowlands with the full approval of not only the internees but of the Japanese garrison also.

Not all the American and British population of Baguio and its environs were interned either at Camp Hay or Holmes. When the war broke out probably fifty men, women and children took to the hills. We can understand men taking refuge from the Jap but why women (some of them pregnant), children and babes-in-arms undertook the rigors of outdoor life in the mountains could never be explained to our satisfaction, save that these refugees were convinced that the war would be over or relief forthcoming within a few months or, most certainly, before the advent of the rainy season in July, 1942. Three American children were born in the hills, several adults were killed by the enemy and many died because of the absence of medicines or medical care.

One of the major tasks of the Japanese was to round up these civilian refugees. They were in an entirely different category from those who actively pursued guerrilla activities from the outbreak

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

of hostilities, these irregulars being largely made up of American and Filipino remnants of our army, native groups in the Philippine Army, men from the Philippine Constabulary, volunteer natives and Americans from the Baguio mines who craved excitement or soldiers who, after the fall of Bataan, took to the mountains rather than undergo confinement in military prison camps.

One by one these refugees reached camp. Many gave themselves up because of a shortage of food or the ravages of malaria or because the health of their children demanded better living conditions. Only a few were captured by the Japs. When they were, they suffered many indignities although this applied only to men. Women were subjected to hardship only in rare cases and the children were always kindly treated. The Jap's feelings toward children borders on reverence. Both at Camp John Hay and Camp Holmes, though the relations between us and the guards were at times tense and enmity between us at a high point, the children were considerately treated. There was always candy at the guard-house for them and it was a common sight to see a guard leading a child about by the hand or playing with a group of them.

To induce civilian refugees to surrender, the policy was adopted of sending out internee-emissaries to contact those in hiding. Jap soldiers would accompany them to a mountain village and then leave them to pursue the hunt alone it being realized that if our men were traveling with soldiers the natives would flee before them and advise the hiding Americans to do likewise. In no case did any of our search parties return with their man but, with the help of the natives, several were contacted and subsequently surrendered to the authorities. Many of these refugees had radio sets and when interned they were sources of fresh news to us. They showed the effects of exposure and inadequate food and the need of medical attention. Some of them had nothing but the clothes on their backs, the men usually wore beards and the women looked as though a week at a hair dresser's and a beauty parlor wouldn't be amiss. As to the children, the tots were pale and sickly and

THE SECOND YEAR

showed the effects of improper food. Many of them were timid in the presence of camp children. One little fellow, on being brought into the dining room for a meal was heard to remark—"Gee, I've never seen so many children in all my life!" He had lived four years—two of them in the hills. There were instances of mistreatment of refugees by the Japs upon their arrival at Baguio military headquarters but the majority of them were not abused. However, they did suffer unnecessary indignities. Nearly all of them spent a night in jail; some, several days. They were fed on rice and water, obliged to sleep on the jail floor and subjected to endless questioning if they were suspected of knowing anything about the guerrillas.

CHAPTER XVI

April, 1943—460th to 489th Day

We hear of self-government at Sto. Tomas—"Home rule at Holmes," we say—Peace Justices elected—Self-government at Holmes a reality—A memorable Easter sunrise service—Secretary Hull sends greetings—Japs warn us about communication with the outside—Our committee sends letter to refugees in the mountains—Tokyo makes capital of it—Matches doled out to us—"Cherry" cigarettes become legal tender.

EARLY THIS month we learned that at Sto. Tomas camp there was complete self-rule, the Japs merely guarding the premises and supervising the contact of internees with the outside but having no hand in internal management. Why could not we, too, govern ourselves, was asked? There was one stumbling block—the matter of food supply. Baguio is peculiarly situated. Practically all rice, eggs, meat and sugar comes from the lowlands over two mountain roads—one or both of which are out of commission at intervals during the rainy season. While the supplying of food to us was a responsibility of the Japs, all was well, but were we to take over this function with money supplied to us by the authorities, would we not run into difficulties when food was not available from the lowlands, when prices for food increased and when, inevitably, Jap printing-press-produced pesos became valueless? Would not the Jap say—"Well, you wanted to feed yourselves, we gave you the funds to do so and the responsibility is yours?" On the other hand, if the Japs were obliged to feed us they would see to it that it was done, however poorly, regardless of cost or other difficulties because they could always commandeer or appropriate such foodstuffs as were needed.

In the matter of internal management, too, there were difficulties ahead. Our treatment had always been more harsh than that accorded Manila internees because the Japs insisted that our

THE SECOND YEAR

mountainous district was a guerrilla country and therefore subject to a quasi-military government. One had but to compare the Manila regulations with ours to get an idea of the differences between the rules of government of Sto. Tomas and Camp Holmes. Take one notable example: All persons over sixty years of age in Manila were permitted, at one time, to go to their homes shortly after the camp was established in January, 1942, while none of our elderly internees were ever released unless because of illness or in certain cases because of missionary affiliation. This being a war zone, the Jap could or would never keep their fingers out of our internal management pie. We were semi-military prisoners in spite of our very definite classification, under rules of war, as civilians. However, we were told that the Japs favored the application of the Sto. Tomas "home-rule" system to Camp Holmes. At our sister camp in Manila a police court had been set up to dispense justice and to provide the judicial machinery to supplement the work of the executive department. Accordingly, on the plea that the Japs wished to have us take things over, an outdoor mass meeting of men and women was held on the morning of the 22nd, to elect three justices of the peace from a list of names prepared by the committee. To this there was strong protest on the grounds that unless the justices were chosen by ballot there might be reason to believe that there was collusion between the executive and judicial branches of our little government. A vote by the showing of hands was in favor of a ballot election. Steam roller tactics were then brought into play on the theory that the Japs wanted action (one would think that Intelligence was lying awake nights in its anxiety to put the Manila plan into effect). An election was set for noon of that day—two hours after the mass meeting adjourned—at which the women would be included in the vote and in the meantime, the Japs were informed that we were ready to get the "go" signal on home rule.

One should not forget that we had had our toes trodden upon by our jailers on many, many occasions and if we could be relieved

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

of this unpleasant feature of our daily lives perhaps self-government was not such a bad idea. We talked politics and elections and of committee-men because we had little else to do.

On the 28th the camp office was established in a vacant room at the guardhouse, a secretary-stenographer was appointed, members of the executive committee took turns at holding down an office chair, a finance officer was designated, three justices of the peace, a judicial code and necessary policemen were installed and thus the self-government machinery was assembled, oiled and placed in readiness to function the first of May. There was little need, be it said to our credit, for police, judges and jail. In two years the only items appearing on our criminal calendar were those of a wife-beater, a chicken thief with two youthful accomplices and a sweet-potato pilferer. Self-rule was successful although the Jap Commandant would, from time to time, take the dispensation of justice into his own hands when the need arose and issue directives concerning our conduct and punishment for infractions of regulations.

Easter week was appropriately observed. A creditably acted Passion Play was staged outdoors on Holy Thursday evening by a cast of missionaries. Nearly every one in camp attended and several Japs came from Baguio to view the pageant. It was remarkable how well the group was costumed, considering the limited facilities in camp, and the head-gear of the soldiery and Roman officials, made in our own shop, looked very realistic under the soft lights set up here and there among the trees and shrubbery.

Sunrise services on Easter morning are common throughout the United States but we doubt if many services this year were conducted in a more beautiful setting. To the east of the camp hospital was a knoll from which there was a commanding view of the hills and the great ranges of mountains to the north. Easter Sunday dawned cloudy. There was no threat of rain but mists and fogs partly obscured the usually magnificent view—but not for long. Before seven o'clock groups of men, women and children

THE SECOND YEAR

began to gather. A simple service was held, touching to most of us who could not help but think of loved ones across the seas, of our present situation and of what the future had in store for us. But this did not dim the spirit of the occasion and as the voices of choir and congregation grew in volume and filled the chill morning air with sound one felt that, after two thousand long years, Christianity still prevailed in spite of war and all that it meant which, in our case, was the bitter humiliation of internment.

Below the knoll, a matter of not more than a hundred feet, the Baguio-Bontoc road rounds a hill and winds across the face of the eastern landscape for a distance of several miles before losing itself in the topping of the ridge. During the service a truck-load of Jap soldiers passed on their way north—a grim reminder of war and the fact that we were internees. The effect of this incident was electrical. Almost immediately there was a swelling of voice among the hundreds who were singing—defiance to Japanese authority and a display of a will to carry on which was inspiring. Before the service was over great shafts of sunlight broke through the clouds and haze and lighted up the valleys below us and the nearest of the mountain tops. This phenomena—and it was nothing short of it—was an augury of the future. At least we thought so and many were the happy faces when the service was concluded and we wended our way back for camp and breakfast.

On the 21st the Jap authorities posted an undated notice on the bulletin board transmitting Secretary of State Cordell Hull's message to all internees which read "We convey to you all our best wishes and sincere greetings. My associates and myself are constantly concerned about your welfare." At this time there had been the discovery of several notes in outgoing empty food bags—an offense considered by the guards as most serious—and advantage was taken of the opportunity presented by the posting of Hull's message to give us a word of timely warning. This read, in the best Tokyo English, "As your life is not a detective novel, of course you must not intend to communicate with outsiders with-

out being examined, don't have interest in trying your chance. If you continue doing such unlawful acts we have to become more strict which you would not prefer and it is just the same on our side." However involved might be the sentences in the notice their meaning was unmistakable. To prevent this sending out of notes, except through the Japs themselves, a system of daily inspection of food bags was inaugurated under which each empty bag was carefully examined before being deposited in the truck leaving for the Baguio market.

Proof that we were called upon by the Japs to assist them in rounding up such refugees as were in hiding in the mountains was found not only in their requisitioning the services of several of us to locate them by actual search in the hills, which has already been referred to, but in the demand upon the general committee that it prepare a letter to the refugees setting forth the advisability of their surrender. The letter, drafted on the 21st, in obedience to their demands, follows:

To all American and British Civilians at Liberty in Northern Luzon: At the request of the Japanese Military Authorities we, the duly elected General Committee of Camp Holmes Concentration Camp, La Trinidad, Benguet, where over five hundred American and British civilians are interned under Japanese auspices, send you the following message: We have been interned since December 27, 1941. Our treatment, on the whole, is considerate and fair and we are not suffering unnecessary indignities. Our health is good and we receive adequate food. We believe that we are better off in this concentration camp than we should be on the outside living surreptitiously. This opinion is corroborated by the experiences of several families who have given themselves up and arrived here in recent weeks. The Japanese authorities have assured us that any of you surrendering to the Military Authorities will not be harshly treated and will be brought to this concentration camp for internment with us."

THE SECOND YEAR

The letter was signed by all nine committeemen. Within a few days it appeared in the Manila Tribune, minus reference to the fugitives to whom it was addressed, and news of its issue was telegraphed to Japan. The Tokyo radio broadcast part of the letter stating that the Commanding Officers of the Japanese Army at Baguio had received a letter from the Camp Holmes Internment Camp's governing committee expressing its gratitude for the kindly treatment extended to the internees by the Jap authorities! Such is propaganda. Little did they realize that the original draft of the letter referred to the treatment of internees as having been considerate and fair and that we had not suffered unnecessary indignities but the final draft spoke of these things in the present tense, for we had suffered indignities and our treatment had not been considerate and fair as the reader must have concluded ere this.

We had the unusual experience of having twenty-five matches—(individual matches, not boxes) carefully counted and rationed out to us on the 4th together with an eighth of a bar of soap (about a quarter of a pound) as the month's supply. Due to a shortage of lye, soap making, formerly almost a household industry in the Philippines, was at a standstill along with the production of vegetable lard, sugar and matches.

Matches were always scarce; often there were none to be had. Toward the end of internment it was common to pay a couple of pesos for a box of fifty matches which normally sells for a penny at home. Should the possessor of a match light one it was the signal for cries of "Hold it" from anyone within hailing distance who also wanted a light. Otherwise it meant a trip to the kitchen where a live coal would be retrieved from one of the fires.

Until our filched supply of gasoline and alcohol was exhausted a pilot light was kept burning on the second floor of the men's barracks where a stick of pitch-pine slivers (familiarily known as "saleng" among the mountain natives) was available for the lighting of one's pipe or native cigarette. A time came, however, when

this convenience was not to be had for the Japs refused to give us a mere quart of fuel a week for the lamp and to assure themselves that we could have no access to the supply a guard was placed at the oil depot.

The Jap soldiers smoked the "Cherry" brand of cigarettes so familiarly known in pre-war days in their country. They are highly aromatic, made of the poorest of tobaccos and certainly cannot be compared to the cheapest of American cigarettes but they could be smoked and that was all that really mattered to us confirmed devotees of the "weed." Do a sentry a favor and he would immediately produce a Cherry and if one of the boys in the kitchen ground meat in the grinder or baked rice bread for the garrison his "cumshaw" might be as much as a full pack of this Japanese imitation.

CHAPTER XVII

May, 1943—490th to 520th Day

With Jap funds we buy our food—The Tokyo peso declines in value—We harvest some tomatoes—The Jap guards described—Our clothes wear out—The women organize a clothes-repair department—Wooden clogs replace shoes—A composite picture of the men.

RECOGNIZING the existence of partial self-government within camp the Japs turned over the month's allowance for food, electric current and medical supplies, amounting to about 8000 pesos, to our committee's finance officer who doled out each day's funds to the Jap Intelligence representative before he went to market to buy food. A further concession was made in permitting our chief cook to accompany the buyer to market two or three times a week. On his first trip he was caused to wait at Intelligence headquarters for two and a half hours and when finally allowed to go to the market had but ten minutes in which to buy supplies. Some days he was allowed full time at the market, on others he had a waiting period at Intelligence. He was, therefore, never a free agent and care was taken that he contacted no one in town but confined himself wholly to food purchases for he was constantly trailed by a Japanese soldier. The immediate result of this arrangement was a slight improvement in the class of food served us although rising prices prevented an increase in our daily food ration in spite of an additional fifteen centavos allowance per capita per day.

The camp vegetable garden contributed to our vegetable supply. Seven hundred pounds of tomatoes found their way into our stews, soups and gravies. This poundage of tomatoes would have cost 95 pesos if bought at the market, but it represented three months' work of the garden detail. However, their labors cost us nothing just as Japanese pesos, the product of the printing press,

cost the Japs nothing. It was the native dealer's realization that the Jap peso would one day be worthless that caused a gradual increase in the prices of all commodities. There were, of course, no American imports into the Philippines and as the supply of these goods diminished, prices skyrocketed. With the end of the war in sight and an American victory over the enemy an assured fact holders of the bogus pesos retained them about as long as one would the proverbial hot brick and in May a rate of exchange of a hundred and thirty Jap pesos for a hundred genuine Philippine pesos was established. Eighteen months later the ratio was a thousand to one. To convert the Jap peso into non-consumer goods was the dictate of economic sense. "Spend it as you get it" was the watchword.

Whenever our guards were changed they, like new brooms, swept clean. They made frequent inspections and kept their eyes open for violations of commingling rules and the presence of liquor in camp. In making their rounds, however, they announced their coming by the dragging of their heavy shoes along the passage-ways and floors, making a clatter which could not fail to warn. One evening at dinner a guard came into the dining room and spying several bottles on the tables, made the rounds sniffing each bottle for evidence of alcohol. They contained nothing more than good old "Adam's Ale." One would imagine that after searching for infractions of rules and finding none a guard would be somewhat chagrined or feel a trifle embarrassed. Not so the Jap guard. His face does not register his feeling. He generally wears a blank look, wholly lacking in intelligence, passive and animal-like. His curiosity leads him into many odd situations; he thinks nothing of peering into pots and kettles in the kitchen, removing lids at will, he will taste the contents of any bottle that catches his eye and he will saunter into bathrooms to watch bathers taking showers, and if there is loud laughter or talking anywhere he must seek the source at once—not with the idea of tracking down a rule infraction so much as to satisfy curiosity. He is a child mentally.

THE SECOND YEAR

Many—if not most of the guards or soldiers, hailed from Japan's back country. To them the white man is something strange, his ways intriguing, his manners ridiculous, his attitude toward his womenfolk utterly at variance with his own standards. The American uses a knife and fork instead of chopsticks. All this excites an innate curiosity but after his curiosity has been satisfied he makes no sign nor shows any reaction. We are different, that is all, and he dismisses us from his mind and goes his way. Whenever a new batch of guards came to camp the routine was repeated. We thought nothing of it and a curious guard watching one take a shower meant no more to us than if he watched a game of bridge and parrotlike, repeated some of the terms used round the table. The curious thing about them was that they would pop up from nowhere, apparently, and disappear with equal facility. A guard would think nothing of entering the women's ironing room and saying to one with iron in hand—"You iron!" handing her a batch of washed clothes nor of ordering another, who might be repairing some clothes, to repair his too, or sew on some buttons. According to their code a woman must obey and in the issuance of an order to one of them there was no intention to offend. Frequently, be it said in justice to them, they would offer to pay for such services which, of course, was never accepted. An amusing incident in this connection occurred one day. One of the men was doing some ironing when a guard came along with some similar work to be done. The fellow dropped his iron and started bawling for his wife who, thinking that hubby had been nothing less than stabbed, came to the scene on the run. Meekly she took over the job in hand to the satisfaction of both the Jap and the husband, not to mention the latter's relief for had the man ironed the Jap's laundry he would have let himself in for some ribbing by his fellows.

Nearly a year and a half in camp began to tell on our clothes. When first interned—which they believed would be only for a short time—the men and the women, too, dressed much as they

did on the outside. However, wear and tear began to take its toll. Laundry soaps and washboards made their mark. Soon socks were no more. The women had long since discarded silk hosiery. Trousers which wore out at the knees were made into shorts. The women established a sewing room for the application of patches and for general repairs. To see a dark woolen pair of trousers patched in the seat with pieces of khaki cloth was not an uncommon sight. Fortunately, at Camp John Hay denim work clothes and khaki uniforms, left behind when the camp was abandoned by the Scouts, were gathered up and issued to work details. Had these not been available one wonders what the men employed in common labor—and there were many of them—would have done for clothes. Shoes were replaceable only at 90 pesos the pair (later for 600 pesos) which meant that when one's shoes wore out and were beyond repair at our cobbler's shop one either had to go barefooted or wear wooden clogs. A clog department was established at the shops and hundreds of pairs of wooden shoes were turned out. Briefly described they resembled wooden beach shoes—a curved instep, a half inch sole and heel—all this in one piece, the contour of the shoe being exactly that of the foot. Varying types of uppers or straps were adopted to keep foot and shoe together, the commonest type merely engaging the front half of one's foot. No attempt was made to tie down one's heel. In consequence one dragged his shoe heels with just enough pressure on the ground to supply the required resistance to the forward movement of the shoe thus keeping one's toes snugly fitted to the retaining strap. These clogs were active competitors of the noisy "geta."

Shirts were of all colors and styles—khaki, black, blue, red, brown and polo shirts in a wide variety of styles. Of neckties there were none and no one wore a hat. Leather coats, sweaters and mackinaws were common. This being a mining community the clothing habits of miners were much in evidence. At best we were a nondescript lot on week days—on Sundays some attempt

THE SECOND YEAR

was made to look half way respectable and, of course, in this endeavor the missionaries took the lead in their black finery but all clothes were misfits for we were much thinner than in pre-internment days. A composite picture of the men would depict an individual with wooden clogs, sockless, wearing a pair of denim shorts, a cotton singlet, hatless and sporting a two days' growth of beard. He would be a wild looking fellow indeed.

CHAPTER XVIII

June, 1943—521st to 550th Day

Rumoured that we are to be moved—The Japs are less overbearing—Meat and pork supplies dwindle—Adult education undertaken—Our chemists produce wondrous things—Butter from coconut oil.

PERIODICALLY we were told that we were to be moved to Manila, to Baguio proper, or to Cabanatuan where the military prisoners were interned. There was no doubt that we were much more isolated than were our friends at Sto. Tomas which was located in the center of Manila. We had no contacts with the outside world and a change of scene would have been welcome. However, most of us were settled at Camp Holmes for the "duration," we had our daily lives fairly well organized, we had put up shelves and other conveniences at our bunk spaces, had accumulated pots and pans made from tin cans in which to do some private cooking and had from time to time added to our meager wardrobes—in short this was our "home" albeit in a prison camp. We had made one shift—from Camp John Hay—and we knew from experience how upsetting it was, though the move was only a distance of a few miles and within the Baguio district. Our imaginations ran riot when we contemplated the migration of five hundred people from the mountains to the lowlands in the rainy season.

There were evidences of a slackening in the accustomed vigilance with which the Japs guarded us. There were no morning roll-call assemblies during the month. The guards had long since abandoned the practice of parading around and through the barracks with guns in hand—guns which, in the early days, were always with bayonets fixed—and when they did make the rounds it was only a routine matter for they seemed uninterested in whatever we might be doing. The responsibility for the vigilance of

THE SECOND YEAR

the guards was a holdover from the regime of the infamous Mukaibo, but the realization that we were not prisoners of war in the accepted sense and that our treatment was much more severe than that meted out to those interned in Manila evidently brought about a change of policy at Intelligence headquarters. Again, this was no longer a military area. The guerrillas had been subdued or had lost heart and this mountainous country had returned to its peacetime ways. The expected American invasion of the Philippines, promised so recently as the last Christmas season, had not materialized and a year and a half of hardship and the discomfort of one rainy season, with another in prospect, proved too much for our gallant native and American military refugees. Whatever the cause, we welcomed the change for not to be considered criminals ever ready to scale the boundary fence or to kick over the traces of Jap restrictions was a pleasant relief.

We continued to do our own food buying but now only twice a week was the chief cook permitted to accompany the local representative of Intelligence to market. It was evident that inflation had started and buying at anywhere near the old prices was impossible. Meat was practically unobtainable and the Jap military commandeered all supplies of pork allowing us but little for the camp kitchen. Only on twelve days in June was meat served and then it was pork with one or two exceptions. The supply was never adequate. At one meal the pork ration amounted to two-fifths of an ounce per person. Not everyone got this tidbit—a lucky internee might have gotten two pieces of pork in his stew while you had to be content with the gravy and vegetables which provided most of the solid matter in an ill-smelling concoction. Hog cholera had reduced our own pork supply from the hogpens to almost nothing.

Not only did children and youths attend school in camp but adults, in the search for something to do besides the making of odds and ends of greater or less utility, reading, card playing, etc., attending lectures and entertainments, not only took up the study

of languages but other subjects which, in some cases, might prove of value after the war. Under the head of language classes courses were organized in Japanese, Chinese, Spanish, French and Greek, besides two of the three or four principal native dialects—Tagalog—the language of the Manila area—and Ilocano, the dialect of Northern Luzon and some of the Mountain Provinces. German was taught for a time but public opinion finally prevailed and its teaching was confined to the high school where it was one of the required modern languages in a few courses. The Japanese were highly pleased when they learned that “Nippongo” was to be taught. Classes were also organized for the study of accounting, flower arrangement (this under the tutelage of a lady who had lived for some time in Japan), chemistry, art, architecture, contract bridge, anthropology, Bible study, biology, pathology, geology, nature study, navigation and advanced mathematics. One enthusiast in the navigation class made a workable sextant and was often seen “shooting the sun” at noon. To hear elderly students talking “sines” and “tangents” was not unusual among those who were reviewing trigonometry and a few venturesome ones tackled differential and integral calculus with vigor and, we hope, profit. Then there were those who dabbled in practical chemistry and produced such articles as lip stick, soap, glue, school chalk, tooth powder, rouge, combinations of yeast and malt and various flavoring extracts and essences. The resourceful mind is never still for the urge to make something and to learn something is present in most of us. The women were constantly experimenting, too, in their kitchen and some tasty dishes were made from the limited ingredients available. One woman produced a butter from coconut oil which compared favorably with dairy butter of fond memory.

CHAPTER XIX

July, 1943—551st to 581st Day

The month of the "Big Rain"—Six feet of rain in eleven days—Efforts to create a social "400"—Women vie with each other to attain social prominence—Commodity prices reach prohibitive heights and gala evening parties abandoned.

THIS MONTH will always be remembered by us internees as the month of the Big Rain for the precipitation totaled more than ninety-two (92) inches. Baguio is very wet during the typhoon season—June to December—in fact, the word "baguio" means typhoon in the local dialect and is universally used throughout the Philippines for the English word. The wettest day during the month at Camp Holmes was the 23rd, when the fall of rain was more than 17 inches. During eleven consecutive days, from the 17th to the 28th, the total precipitation was seventy-two inches—six feet! An average of an inch of rain a week is considered ideal in most tropical and semi-tropical countries. Being located in the mountains the run-off was excellent and there was no flooding but roads leading to Baguio were closed for several days due to slides, and lowland floods cut us off completely from road communication with Manila and the receipt of food supplies.

One of the most amusing, not to say ludicrous, features of camp life were the efforts of some individuals, most of them women, to impress their social status upon us or to create a social "400." Without these efforts our existence would have been humdrum and without interest. To do this required not birth, breeding nor other antecedents but merely the will to do and cash in hand—the more cash the greater the show. Unfortunately, one could not parade a new automobile, the ultra in clothes nor newly acquired gew-gaws before one's fellows in bidding for social favor. The

only avenue of display open to the socially ambitious was to provide food for invited guests. To serve coffee and cake to a group of men and women was the accepted means of elevating oneself above one's fellows. Refinement and manners were of small importance. Merely give the common herd more "grub"—that was the touchstone to social favor.

The standard by which social prominence was gauged was the number of guests bidden to the feast—in short, the price paid. Let Mrs. A. give a party to sixty guests and Mrs. B. would, at a respectable interval, of course, follow with another party to which seventy would be called. The envy of Mrs. C. might now be aroused and in due time she would, after scanning the camp roster, entertain upwards of eighty people. This was about the limit to which one could go—there was no place in camp to entertain a larger number but were it possible to do so there would not be more than this number available, for having stricken the names of most of the missionaries, the uncouth and the commoners from the list, and perhaps a few intellectuals, there would not be sufficient of the gentry and their ladies remaining to make greater effort worth while.

There was no gilded dining room in which these parties could be held. An abandoned kitchen in one of the barracks known as the Vegetable Room, where the preparation of vegetables, the slicing of onions and the peeling of garlic was done for the kitchen, was the setting for these parties. The ostensible occasion for them was a birthday celebration, the anniversary of a wedding or some other red letter day. The deal tables and backless work benches fitted in quite nicely with the attire of the guests, who, after a year or two as internees, had few fine feathers left with which to preen themselves. Certainly Mrs. X's gown was no better nor more costly than that of Mrs. Y and the patches on the pants of Messrs. X and Y indicated to what extremities their wardrobes had been reduced. If one could sing or lead in song or if one was sufficiently gifted to make a speech of felicitation or if one was reputed a

THE SECOND YEAR

village cut-up and could keep dull moments away from My Lady's party, one was almost sure to be listed among the sixty, seventy or eighty invited guests.

Unfortunately, there was a shortage in camp of eggs, salad oil, sugar, wheat flour, butter and milk so that the socialite's outlay for food was inconsiderable. A cake made of rice flour and tasting like nothing more than a dry, sandy paste, rendered edible by a generously applied frosting, set off by gleaming candles, and strong coffee, brewed from berries at a dollar fifty a pound, was about all she could serve. If she was able to provide evaporated milk for the coffee (worth, at the time, a couple of dollars a can) and could lay her hands on some flowers for table decorations filched from someone's garden in Baguio, through a non-internee friend, our hostess was at once "one up" on her less fortunate sister. As one was strictly limited, by uncontrollable circumstances, in what one might serve one's guests, one could only increase one's prestige—among one's guests at least—by enlarging upon the list of those bidden to the feast; hence our party for sixty people, followed by a stupendous guest list of seventy and then a climactic and colossal affair—to borrow a few adjectives from Hollywood press agents—involving more than eighty of the hungry. Thus was social prestige bidden for but, thanks to the sanity of our fellow internees in a crazy world of our own, never attained. Were one a guest one would don his best, sing his mightiest, eat his fill, bid his hostess adieu and promptly forget all about the affair.

If the lack of money, real or phony, was a deterrent to the ambitions of the socially inclined woman she (or hubby) had several choices open to her. She could borrow from her neighbor in camp, send to Baguio or Manila for funds or she could pawn her jewelry. This latter expedient was often resorted to for there was a demand for precious stones and gold in Baguio in exchange for Tokyo pesos. Also, one never knew when a covetous Jap soldier might take a fancy to a displayed jewel or trinket and appropriate it. That borrowings would one day have to be repaid was

not given a thought. The party was the thing. Disregard the whispered criticism of your guests, good lady. Let them gossip over your display of borrowed wealth or wealth acquired in a Baguio pawn shop. The creation of a niche for yourself in our little social world was all that mattered.

However, there was a fly in the cake frosting. Our ambitious lady was tied to the kitchen crew whether or not it had any social status. You see, the cutlery, the crockery and glassware must be borrowed from the camp pantry, the cakes made and baked in the kitchen stove and the coffee must be brewed there, too. At nine o'clock in the evening, upon the breaking up of the party, back to the galley must go all the borrowed properties. Before ten o'clock—lights out time—they must be washed, dried and placed in the pantry; pots must be emptied and scrubbed. All of this required the services of our duly constituted cooks, pantrymen, dish-and-pot-washers and a janitor or two with his familiar broom and mop. Being fellow internees they served without pay. Some had social position, some perhaps not, but all must be bidden to the party to assure the availability of not only their services but the aforesaid camp properties. Thus was the cream of our social world watered with the undesirable but necessary kitchen "menial." To some of the ambitious ladies this was a bitter pill to swallow—almost as bitter as her cakes—but nothing could be done about it. So it was that the cooks, dishwashers and pantrymen mingled with other invited guests. They saw the pregnancies of the situation, did these fellows, entered heartily into the scheme of things, ate aplenty and drank their fill of the dollar-and-a-half-per-pound brew of coffee. Some hostesses attempted to circumvent this odious situation by requesting her guests to bring their own plates and cups to the party but this meant that garbage cans must be provided into which one must scrape his dish of leavings and it didn't measure up to Emily Post's standards to have one's guests put forth one hand to bid farewell to one's host while in the other were tightly clutched a plate, a cup and a spoon or two.

THE SECOND YEAR

Somehow My Lady's social position was not enhanced by these gatherings, try as she would. If you were on the fringe of the social whirl in pre-war days, on the fringe you remained. But it was a pretty spectacle, this attempt at social climbing; it did add something to camp life; it did fill stomachs that knew only rice and vegetables and it gave us something to talk about. But the day did come when such affairs belonged to the past. Coffee and eggs and other commodities became unobtainable at any price and the socially ambitious could do nothing about it.

CHAPTER XX

August, 1943—582nd to 612th Day

Baguio loan "sharks" make themselves felt in Camp—Saburo Omura visits us—Greater tolerance on part of Japs follows—Tokyo radio propaganda continues—American planes appear over Bontoc—The typhoon season and military activity—We learn that many Americans and other allied nationals are to be repatriated—6700 civilians interned in the Philippines.

MONEY from many sources poured into camp during August the total estimated to be not less than 30,000 pesos. Not only did representatives of idle mining companies in Manila send funds to interned employees, but missionary groups received money from headquarters both in the Philippines and in the States. However, most of the money was sent in by individuals in Baguio and elsewhere to agents in camp who immediately loaned it out to internees without security and without interest. All the funds were, of course, in Japanese paper pesos—printing press pesos without value save while the Japs were in control—but in signing notes for loans the borrowers were obliged to specify that repayment would be made "in Philippine or United States currency within one year of the end of the war." The scheme was a clever one from the viewpoint of the lender for he was able to convert worthless money derived from sales of property, real and personal, at fabulous prices, into genuine funds available after the war. That the internees were willing to borrow funds is shown by the fact that the representative of one lender had a list of unfilled loan requests between loan periods totalling over a hundred and eighty.

The Japs continued to leave us severely alone, following a previously adopted policy, and we were able to learn why this was ordered by Headquarters. It seems that Saburo Omura, head of the Foreign Relations Bureau of the Imperial Japanese Army in the

THE SECOND YEAR

Philippines, had been assigned to temporary duty at the Baguio Headquarters. Omura was in the States on a diplomatic mission when war was declared. Before facilities were available for his repatriation he was interned by the American authorities. It was no Camp John Hay for him and his fellows but lodgement at a famous Southern hostelry where they had the run of the place, allowed three dollars a day in addition to food and accommodations, and enjoyed the use of tennis courts and the golf course. Omura was dressed in the latest cut of American clothes and looked quite the dandy compared to us internees in worn and threadbare clothing. At a later visit he ate dinner with us but he did not compare our fare with that served him while a guest of Uncle Sam. However, while there was no change in our menus following Omura's visit thanks were due him for getting the guards from under our feet and for a little more tolerance in the enforcement of rules and regulations under which we lived.

Down through the months we continued to be amused by ridiculous and childish pronouncements over the Tokyo radio—made primarily for the Greater East Asian audience which, by any standard of comparison, is a bit backward in its grasp of the trend of world events and particularly remarks concerning the industrial situation in the United States. The prize statement of the month was that current plane production in our country had fallen off because of a shortage of aluminum in place of which wood had to be resorted to as a construction material and even that supply was approaching exhaustion!

After a year and a half of seeing nothing but Jap soldiers on the streets and Jap planes overhead, Baguio and Bontoc, nearly a hundred miles to the northeast, saw its first American planes on a reconnaissance flight on the fifth of August. At Bontoc attempts were made to down the planes, variously estimated to number from two to nine, with anti-aircraft fire but they were unsuccessful.

That our army heads in the Southwest Pacific were in touch with the local weather situation was shown by the fact that an

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

Army meteorologist was "planted" on Luzon to report weather conditions to headquarters. Japan was in sole possession, from the moment it took over the weather stations at Guam, Hongkong and Shanghai, of weather data which is so vitally important in this part of the Pacific during the typhoon season. It will be remembered that Japan began hostilities in early December, 1941. From December to May typhoons are rare in this part of the world. South of Latitude 6 degrees, north, typhoons are unknown, hence weather observations are relatively unimportant there. Many internees wondered why MacArthur's big push did not begin in the Philippines as soon as the Solomon area was in hand but they failed to realize that until the typhoon season is over plane activity is beset with extreme danger and tropical rains interfere with land operations. Thus the lone American observer in the wilds of Northern Luzon was quite a hero in his own right. The Japs would have been delighted to lay their hands on him. Fortunately, the mountain natives were strongly Pro-American and their cooperation in maintaining secrecy regarding the movements of the weather man was not difficult to enlist.

The subjects of repatriation and transfer to Los Banos were revived. Word was received that 1500 persons from Japan, China, the Philippines and other lands in the Co-Prosperity Sphere would be transferred to Goa (Portuguese India) in September and exchange made with a like number of Japanese subjects from the United States. In October we were all to be moved to Los Banos in order to concentrate civilian prisoners in one camp where they could be more easily fed and otherwise provided for and protected from danger when the Americans landed. But "Wolf" had been cried too often and most of us felt that the longer transfer was delayed the less the likelihood of our being moved. The plan as outlined called for the movement of eight internees a day with no limit set on what one might take with him as baggage. At this rate two months would be required to shift us all which would extend the operation into 1944. Too late by then, we thought!

THE SECOND YEAR

How many persons are interned in the Philippines?—was a question often asked. We had a general idea but had never received any official figures. Releases and additions had been made at all camps. The camps on Cebu, Negros and Panay, in the Southern Islands, had been closed and the internees transferred to Manila. It was not until this month that our question was answered with any degree of accuracy. About 6700 nationals of Allied Nations were interned. This, however, did not include Russians who were not at war with Japan—and Japan wisely hoped they wouldn't be. Roughly, 5750 were in Manila, 250 at Davao, at the southern end of Mindanao, and 700 at Baguio. Because of releases, however, the actual number at Camp Holmes was about 500 with a total registration—before releases were made—of 651.

CHAPTER XXI

September, 1943—613th to 642nd Day

Tomas Confesor's letter of defiance to the Japanese—Japan and the Co-Prosperity Sphere—A word about the Commonwealth of the Philippines—Manila press criticizes American policy—The Philippine Commission—Philippine Governors-General—The Filipinos fear the Japanese—Premier Tojo talks Philippine independence—Vargas and the Executive Committee—Public demonstration in Manila—The Kalibapi—The P.C.P.I.—Philippine constitution adopted—Laurel elected President of the puppet Republic—The inauguration—Jiro Saito addresses President Roosevelt—Ambassador Murata flies his flag—"Teia Maru" and "Gripsholm" carry Portrude home—His messages to internees' relatives in the United States.

OUR INTEREST in affairs outside of camp—other than the progress of the war which was our constant concern from the first day of our internment—was greater this month than at any time. A repatriation ship called at a Luzon port and carried away 151 repatriates, only one of whom was from Holmes, however, and there was much activity in Manila over the adoption of the constitution of the Philippine Republic and the declaration, by the Japs, of the independence of the Islands which preceded the launching of the puppet republic in October.

There came into the hands of a favored few in camp, through underground channels, a copy of a very interesting letter addressed by Governor Tomas C. Confesor of Iloilo Province to Fermin Caram which was the first information we had of the attitude of most native officials towards the Japs. Confesor took to the hills of Panay when the Jap forces occupied Iloilo Province. In the general round-up of refugees and in the effort to induce such an important personage as the Governor to surrender a group headed by Fermin C. Caram, General Quimbo and Captain Tando of the Constabulary, Senator Veloso and Col. Furukawa (a Japanese) were dispatched by the Jap authorities on January 14, 1943,

THE SECOND YEAR

armed with a letter setting forth the wisdom of quitting the mountains. For some unknown reason the letter did not reach the addressee until nearly a month later but on February 14th the Governor wrote to Caram setting forth his views on Filipino-Japanese relations. It is unnecessary to quote the letter in full for excerpts from it are sufficient for our purpose.

He says in part: "I feel flattered, indeed, by your statement that should I return to the City (Iloilo) I would bring relief, peace and tranquility to our people in Panay. In this regard I wish to state with all frankness that peace and tranquility in our country do not in the slightest degree depend upon me nor upon the Filipino people for as long as America and Japan and their respective allies are at war with one another peace and tranquility will never obtain in this country. This is total war in which the issues between the warring parties are less concerned with territorial questions than with forms of government, ways of life and those that affect even the very thoughts, feelings and sentiments of every man. In other words, the question at stake with respect to the Philippines is not whether Japan or the United States should possess it but more fundamentally it is: What system of government should stand here and what ways of life, systems of social organization and code of morals should govern our existence? As long, therefore, as America and Japan remain at war these fundamental questions will remain unsettled. Consequently peace and tranquility will not reign in the Philippines.

"I agree with you when you say our people are 'experiencing unspeakable hardships and sufferings' because of these hostilities, but you should realize that our people are bearing these burdens cheerfully because they know that they are doing it for a good and noble cause. They know why we are resisting Japan. They know that Japan is trying to force us to accept her system of government and ways of life which are unacceptable to us, to say the least. You may not agree with me but the truth is the present war is a blessing in disguise to our people and that the burdens it imposes and the

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

hardships it has brought upon us are a test to our character to determine the sincerity of our convictions and the integrity of our souls. In other words, this war has placed us in the crucible to assay the metals of our being. For, as a people, we have been living during the last forty years under a regime of justice and liberty regulated only by universally accepted principles of constitutional government. We have come to enjoy personal privileges and civil liberties without much struggle, without undergoing any pain to attain them. They were practically a gift from a generous and magnanimous people—the people of the United States of America. Now that Japan is attempting to destroy these liberties should we not exert every effort to defend them? If our people are undergoing hardships and are doing it gladly it is because we are willing to pay the price for these constitutional liberties and privileges. You cannot become wealthy by honest means without sweat. You very well know that the principles of democracy and democratic institutions were brought to life through bloodshed and fire. If we sincerely believe in these principles and institutions as we, who are resisting Japan do, we should contribute to the cost of its maintenance, to save it from destruction and annihilation and such contribution should be in terms of painful sacrifices, the same currency that other people paid for their principles.

“Undoubtedly, if you and your fellow-puppets are today receiving a certain degree of consideration from the Japanese Army such consideration may be attributed exclusively to the heroism of our soldiers in Bataan and the demonstration of the readiness and willingness of our people to suffer—especially the common man, not the rich, the intellectuals and ambitious and crooked politicians and office-seekers who are hungry for power and influence nor to your personal qualities or wealth. You, puppets, love ease and comfort so much as to compel you to barter the liberties of our people for anything. You underrate the nobility and grandeur of the character and soul of the Filipinos by such action. Such sentiment is terribly ignominious.

THE SECOND YEAR

"If Japan is sincere in her desire to see peace and tranquility here she should declare the Philippines free and independent, proclaiming at the same time our neutrality. To further demonstrate her sincerity of purpose she should evacuate all the forces, military establishments and other governmental organizations from the Islands. Assuming that this proposition is acceptable to both Japan and America we would then be free to establish and maintain our own system of government. We would enjoy real and true independence in the exercise of governmental powers and not one like that in Nanking under Wang Ching Wei."

He ends his remarks with "I will not surrender as long as I can stand on my feet."

This letter did much to renew our confidence in the Filipino and put an end to any doubt that he might not cooperate upon MacArthur's return.

Confesor having stated the attitude of the intelligent Filipino we wondered why so many prominent Filipinos had fallen in line with Japanese plans for a "free" Philippines with Japan at the directing end of the puppet strings. Since the fall of Bataan and the formation of an Executive Committee (consisting of prominent politicians and industrialists, many of whom were arrested as collaborationists when the Americans returned), for the maintenance of civil government in these Islands under the guidance of the Japanese Military Administration, the Japs, the victors in the local war, had been careful to explain Japan's sacred war aims, one of which was to grant the Philippines its independence and to establish a Philippine Republic. We are quite sure, however, that when Pearl Harbor was bombed and likewise Camp John Hay, Clark Field and Fort McKinley on December 8th, 1941, Japan had only territorial gains in mind in the furtherance of her grandiose scheme of a Co-Prosperity Sphere in Greater East Asia and that whatever freedom was granted these Islands was to be wholly conditioned upon Japan's requirements and that any government set-up in Manila would be patterned after that in Manchukuo and Nanking.

Why was Japan so concerned with Philippine independence? Had not the United States established the Philippine Commonwealth in November, 1935, with a constitution drawn up by the Filipinos themselves? Had not a promise been made by Act of Congress to free the Philippines completely on July 4, 1946? In place of an American Governor-General, a Commonwealth President in the person of Manuel L. Quezon had been named by a vote of the Filipino electorate. A United States High Commissioner, Frank Murphy, had been appointed whose sole duty was to guard the interests of American nationals in the Philippines and to watch the trend of foreign relations between this country and other nations. Murphy evacuated "Malacanang"—the residence of governors-general, both Spanish and American, for nearly a hundred years—in favor of Quezon. The Filipino flag instead of being flown on the same staff but under the American could now be flown at its own masthead beside the Stars and Stripes. Certain economic provisions appear in the Act establishing the Commonwealth under which full import duty would apply to all but a few Philippine products entering the United States after the establishment of a Philippine Republic. This program was accepted by the Filipinos thru a plebiscite of both men and women voters. In December, 1941 the Commonwealth was functioning according to plan and a Philippine Army was being brought into being under the direction of Gen. Douglas MacArthur thru a system of conscription to provide the Republic with some measure of defense by 1946.

In the Manila press and by radio broadcasts from Tokyo and Manila we learned, beginning early in 1943, of the aims of selfish America, of the abuses of the American regime from the conclusion of the Spanish-American War to the establishment of the Commonwealth, that the promises of the Americans to free the Philippines were not genuine because the subject of the granting of naval bases to the United States were included in the Act, etc.

THE SECOND YEAR

In short, the American was painted a tyrant, more or less a liar, an exploiter and most insincere. We heard much of Japan's "kind army" (on this subject let the Filipinos who bore the brunt of Japan's invasion in December, 1941, be heard from) and of the magnanimous and humanitarian aims of the Japanese Empire toward the Filipino people.

In defense of America's policy in the Philippines and of her efforts to prepare the Philippines for ultimate independence let us briefly set down in chronological order the steps that have been taken to this end since the pacification of the Archipelago was completed following the Spanish-American war in 1899:

The Philippine Commission succeeded the military administration of the Philippines on September 1, 1900. The first Civil Governor, W. H. Taft, took office on July 4, 1901. Then followed Governors-General Wright, Ide, Smith, Forbes, Harrison, Wood, Stimson, Davis, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. and Murphy. In 1907 the Philippine Assembly was inaugurated—a unicameral body of 80 members elected by the Filipinos. This was the first step in the establishment of a representative government in the Islands. The Jones Law sponsored by W. A. Jones (after whom the Jones Bridge, the Banzai Bridge during the Japanese occupation of Manila, across the Pasig River in Manila, is named) which had Congressional approval in 1916, was the first step in the Filipinization of the Philippine Government under the guidance of Governor-General F. B. Harrison. Under this law Filipinos in government replaced Americans so that by 1935 when the Philippine Commonwealth came into being and Quezon succeeded Murphy at the helm of government, practically no Americans were left in administrative posts. Paul V. McNutt and F. B. Sayre followed Murphy as High Commissioners.

Thru a forty-year period, then, increasingly greater autonomy was granted the Filipinos. It is not within our province to argue the wisdom of granting the Filipinos self-government but that they were granted autonomy refutes the Japanese statement that

we have enslaved the natives and that they—the Japs—were destined by the gods to carry out their sacred mission to establish a free and independent Republic of the Philippines which would take its place among the nations of Greater East Asia.

The writer has lived among Filipinos for twenty-seven years. He has talked and argued the Philippine independence question with not only the politicians but with planters, artisans, professionals and the lowly "tao" (laborer). Only one question needed answering; while admitting that Philippine economics would be badly upset by the severance of trade ties with the United States the Filipino felt that he could carry on except for one uncertainty—Japan's attitude towards his country. "Would the Japanese cast covetous eyes on our country when the United States cuts us adrift and would she seek penetration of these Islands—peaceful if not military?" The fear was genuine. The Japanese way of life is not that of the Filipino after forty years of association with Americans. The Filipino is a Christian, the Jap is not. Filipino women have a place in the life of the Islands akin to that of American women at home. Customs of dress, social life, education and methods of business conduct is American, with modifications, of course, thruout the Philippines. The white man may have been an alien in the Philippines in its broadest sense, but he was not an enemy. That the Jap was a potential enemy was admitted on all sides. He did not marry the native as universally as did the Chinese; he clung to his home customs, to Japanese philosophy, to ancestor worship and to his Emperor—The Son of Heaven—in the Philippines as he did no matter where he made his home the world-over. He would dominate the Filipinos who would become Koreans and Manchukuoans. That Japan would sponsor a Philippine Republic was not considered a possibility altho complete autonomy of the Philippines could never be a fact so long as Japan controlled the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, in which these Islands would have a place.

THE SECOND YEAR

Finally, it must be remembered that President McKinley in his instructions to the First Philippine Commission, headed by Jacob Gould Schurmann of Cornell University (Taft headed the second Commission in the following year), advised it to keep constantly in mind that the aim of the United States was to prepare the Filipinos for self-government and ultimate independence. Thus, official sanction was given to Philippine independence before peace came to the Islands thru the capture of Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo by Gen. Frederick Funston.

When the Japanese Army invaded the Philippines in late 1941 no one gave a moment's thought to the possibility of the formation of a Philippine Republic under Japan's sponsorship. Either the Islands would become a part of the Japanese Empire, or, having driven the Jap from these shores, we would then proceed to carry out our plan, announced in 1934-35, to give the Philippines its independence in 1946.

On January 21, 1942 Premier Hideki Tojo, addressing the Imperial Diet put out a hint to the Filipinos when he said "Japan will gladly grant the Philippines its independence so long as it cooperates and recognizes Japan's program of establishing a Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." The Bataan Campaign was still under way; the American flag had not been hauled down. It will be recalled that our forces in Bataan did not capitulate until April 9th and Corregidor on May 7th.

A year later (Jan. 28, 1943) Tojo said that "substantial progress" was being made in Japanese-Philippine cooperation and that if further tangible evidence of cooperation was forthcoming, Japan expected to grant independence "in the shortest time possible." In the meantime, Manila, being in the hands of the Japs, the Executive Committee had been formed with J. B. Vargas (Commonwealth President Quezon's secretary) as Secretary. While our forces, Americans and Filipinos, were fighting valiantly on the Bataan Peninsula the Japs were "co-operating" with the Filipinos not thirty miles away. It was this glorious lot of patriots who later

sold the birthright of the Filipino for—we know not what. Vargas later became the first Philippine Ambassador to Japan. Not at this or at any other time, up to the inauguration of the Philippine Republic, were the people of the Islands consulted as to their wishes.

On Jan. 30, 1943, Vargas pledged the determination of the Filipino people to work for the attainment of independence as soon as possible. Why? Was not independence already on its way? Had not arrangements for this been made back in 1934-35? Would not a victory of the United States over Japan insure the granting of freedom to the Filipinos? Were not President Quezon and Vice-President Osmena in Washington as representatives of the Commonwealth? The Japs had, no doubt, convinced the politicians that America could not win the war. Better, then, a measure of freedom under Japan's protecting arm than slavery on Japan's Philippine soil. That the leaders of the Filipino people were led like lambs to the slaughter cannot be denied. Yet the Filipino masses were not consulted.

On Feb. 8th a public demonstration was made in Manila of "gratitude to Japan for her pledge of Philippine independence." Always in Manila, always these politicians, but what of the masses elsewhere in the Islands? Three weeks later a manifesto was issued in Manila urging the Filipinos to exert all efforts toward the attainment of their freedom.

On May 6th Japan came out into the open thru none other than Tojo who spoke to a Manila mass meeting, promising "to help the Filipino people emerge from the chaos and turmoil of the past regime into the glorious national existence of the new." He did not mention that the "past regime" was the regime of the Filipinos themselves under their Commonwealth. On June 16th Tojo told the diet that Japan wished "to go a step farther and declare that we will accord the honor of independence to the Philippines in the course of the current year."

THE SECOND YEAR

While the independence pot was boiling groups of "economic associations" or "Kalibapi" (Association for Service to the New Philippines) were formed thruout the Islands. These were supposed to represent the masses. In point of fact they represented nothing more than local politicians, office holders, office seekers and defeated politicians of former political campaigns. A few businessmen joined these groups but Philippine business—the farmer, the producer, the trader—had no representation nor did the millions of native voters, those who had voted for the Commonwealth and independence in 1946, have a voice in these "economic associations." On June 18th the Kalibapi was ordered to form the Preparatory Committee for Philippine Independence to be composed of "representatives of the Filipino people." It required but a day to comply with the order for on the 19th the membership of the P.C.P.I. was announced. We pause to ask how eighteen million people could state their preference for representatives on a commission of any kind in twenty-four hours? The answer is not difficult to find. *Manila* determined the commission's membership.

The Philippines had been without inter-island sea transportation for eighteen months save by sail boat, yet on the 20th the commission met, was organized and Jose P. Laurel (destined to be the Republic's first president) named chairman with Ramon Avancena and Benigno S. Aquino first and second vice-presidents, respectively. We must remember those dates—June 18, 19 and 20, 1943. Seventy-two hours in which a commission is ordered formed to represent eighteen million people, is formed and meets to organize itself. Even by plane it would have been impossible to gather the P.C.P.I. members from the northern end of Luzon to the Sulu Archipelago and transport them to Manila within a few hours of their election. What must we infer from this? The Filipino masses had no voice in the selection of the commission, much less was their opinion asked on the broad question of whether or not their country should join the Jap-sponsored Greater East Asia

Sphere. This, after the United States for more than forty years had, by one means or another, led the Filipino to practice the principles of democracy and the belief in the individual and his ballot. The Philippines is the only Oriental country that has the universal ballot yet when the opportunity arose to use this ballot on the most momentous question ever to come before the Filipinos, it was denied them.

On September 4th the draft of the Constitution of the Republic was adopted and signed by the Preparatory Commission. By "Popular Convention" the Constitution was ratified on the 6th and 7th of September. It was not a popular gathering, if by that is meant that it was representative of the people's will, but why enlarge upon that subject.

On the 20th of September delegates were elected to the National Assembly. In this election the "Kalibapi" cast the ballot. Chalk up another mark for representative government. Five days later the Assembly, having within that time met in Manila and perfected its organization, elected Jose P. Laurel, the Philippine's Number One Japanophile, President of the Republic and appointed an inaugural group.

On October 8th President-elect Laurel announced that the inauguration ceremonies would be held on the 14th. The Filipino loves a parade; display, pomp and ceremony appeal to him and he is enraptured by a political speech. Whether or not he agrees with the orator is of no consequence. Well, the Japs gave him all this in full measure on the 15th, paid for with counterfeit pesos and Japan's representatives—military, naval and official—smiled and graciously assisted in the farce. One would like to know their thoughts as they watched the day's program run off, listened to the words of Laurel and partook of toasts to Emperor Hirohito and the newly-inducted President later in the day.

The flag-raising ceremonies were in charge of General Emilio Aguinaldo of the erstwhile First Republic of Spanish war days and Artemio Ricarte, who exiled himself to Japan when Americans

THE SECOND YEAR

took over the Philippines in 1898 and returned to his native land with the vanguard of the Japanese Army in 1941. Sentimentally, it was a pleasing gesture to have these old codgers—at heart American-haters—raise the flag of the Republic but that it was a labor of no significance, future events would prove.

Of course, we were again reminded that the independence of the Philippines was Japan's "sacred war aim." To thinking persons this was merely a "face-saving" gesture. Japan had come to realize that she could not hold the Philippines against the might of the United States which, although delayed by requirements of military preparedness, was sure to seek vengeance for Japanese treachery and, rather than be driven from these shores, it decided to fulfill its "sacred mission" by freeing the Filipinos and then retreating to the homeland.

When the crowds had gathered in front of Manila's Legislative Building—on the exact spot where eight years before the Commonwealth of the Philippines was inaugurated—President-elect Laurel, dressed in morning coat and striped trousers and displaying prominently the decoration ("Order of Merit, First Class") awarded him by Emperor Hirohito, delivered his inaugural address.

"The spirit of Bataan lives again," quoth Laurel. We were under the impression that the handful of Americans and the thousands of Filipino soldiers of Bataan held stubbornly to their ground in defense of America's principles of democracy until superior Japanese forces brought about their surrender. Mr. Laurel had evidently had too much Japanese coaching.

He said further: "We should acknowledge before the world our debt of honor to the August Virtues of His Majesty, the Emperor of Nippon, for ordaining the holy war and hastening the day of our national deliverance." Any man who utters such sentiments stamps himself a traitor to his country, a lick-spittle of the Nipponese, a liar for calling this a "holy war" and a congenital ass for thinking that national deliverance could ever be had for

the Philippines through the offices of Japan or any Japanese. One only has to witness conditions in Korea, Manchukuo, North China, the Mandated Islands and in the then Japanese-controlled Philippines to appreciate the downright nonsense of such statements.

The night before the inauguration the despicable Colonel Jiro Saito, Manila's pet propagandist, intoxicated with Japan's success in hoodwinking those Filipinos gullible enough to accept her empty promises, broadcast a tirade to the United States. Addressing President F. D. Roosevelt he said, in part:

"It will be a pleasure to give you an account of the conditions and circumstances that have made this country one of the happiest and most powerful members of the Co-Prosperity Sphere in Greater East Asia.

"You may be interested to know, Mr. Roosevelt, that the same Philippines liberated from American bondage and restored to its rightful place in the family of Oriental Nations is today in process of reconstruction and reorganization. This gigantic work was started on the very day when Manila was occupied by the Imperial Japanese Forces, and it has since been carried on with unremitting zeal and vigor by a united Philippine nation with the help and guidance of the Great Empire of Japan.

"It is perhaps no secret to you that the enthusiasm shown by the Filipinos in the task of national reconstruction has its principal inspiration in the humanitarian policy of the Japanese Empire enunciated by Premier General Hideki Tojo.

"What a striking contrast to America's record in the Philippines! From the very beginning, America's policy with regard to these Islands has been characterized by insincerity, selfishness and duplicity.

"The Philippines today is a new nation, a nation rejuvenated, inspired, imbued with the spirit of the new order. The Filipinos are no longer the westernized victims of American domination. During the twenty-two months that have elapsed since the outbreak of the Greater East Asia War they have returned to the fold

THE SECOND YEAR

of Asiatic peoples, re-oriented in mind, heart and soul. They are proud of being Orientals, citizens of an Asiatic country which is to be free tomorrow.

"The Philippines has nothing to buy from and nothing to sell to the United States. The Philippines will have no more business with Uncle Sam.

"You would do well, Mr. Roosevelt, never again to involve innocent peoples in an aimless and inexplicable war waged to achieve your psychopathic ambitions."

The final act in the tragedy of the rape of these wonderful Islands came on the 26th when Ambassador Syozo Murata took over the residence of the American High Commissioner and directed the ceremonies by which the flag of the Land of the Rising Sun was hoisted on the pole erected in the yard for the display of Old Glory. This residence was only completed in 1939 on filled land bordering Manila Bay at the foot of Dewey Boulevard and was to house the American High Commissioner during the life of the Philippine Commonwealth and the American Ambassador after the inauguration of the Republic under American auspices on July 4, 1946.

During the years of American occupation Manila had been transformed from a sleepy village in an Old World setting to a modern city with all the New World improvements and conveniences enjoyed by present-day civilization ranging from public utilities of every sort to air-conditioned offices and shops, moving picture houses, hotels, imposing residences and apartments, clubs, restaurants and four broadcasting stations. Much of the handiwork of the Spanish regime remained, however, for Manila still had its slums and its poor.

To all of this the Japanese fell heir in their mad drive of conquest which, as we have seen, was turned over to the puppet Philippine Republic born of intrigue and treachery only to be repossessed by the Nipponese and destroyed by fire and bomb, during January, 1945—before MacArthur's return. After assur-

ing the Filipinos that they would defend their country from any and all enemies it is beyond the understanding of the Occidental why the "Pearl of the Orient"—as Manila was familiarly known—was destroyed under orders from Imperial Tokyo by the slant-eyed vandals, causing untold suffering and misery among the wards of the ill-begotten Great East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

On the 14th Tokyo announced that the "Teia Maru" had sailed from Japan for Shanghai, Hongkong, the Philippines, Indo-China, Singapore and Goa (Portuguese India), where the transfer of 1500 repatriates, picked up at the several ports, would be made to the "Gripsholm" and a like number of Japs would be exchanged for repatriation to Japan. On the 26th the "Teia" arrived at San Fernando (La Union Province) at the foot of the mountains where Baguio is located and was boarded by 150 refugees from Manila and one from Camp Holmes. The fortunate passenger from here was William Portrude, a Shanghailanders. He had come to the Philippines with Philip Markert in November, 1941, to take passage to the States having missed the "President Coolidge" when she sailed for the last time for San Francisco. Unfortunately, upon the declaration of war all sailings from Manila were cancelled. Portrude and Markert having come to Baguio for a few days pending the departure of their ship found themselves marooned in the mountain city and, along with the rest of us, were interned by the Japs.

Markert was to have sailed with Portrude but on the list of repatriates prepared in the United States, his given name was down as "George" instead of "Philip." No amount of argument could convince the Jap authorities in Manila that George and Philip were one and the same person. "It is George on the list," said the Japs, in effect—"produce him and he may leave," but there was no George Markert in the Philippines. So Philip remained behind. This is a classic example of how close to the line hews the Oriental official. The fact that Portrude and Markert,

THE SECOND YEAR

fellow tourists from Shanghai, had come to the Philippines together, were together in the Islands, were interned together and were to sail for home together, counted for nothing.

Every shred of clothing in Portrude's baggage was examined and contraband was searched for with great care. He was not permitted to take any printed matter with him, much less notes, personal or otherwise. In short, his baggage was limited to clothing and personal effects. The Manila repatriates came by train to San Fernando, La Union, and were taken to Poro, the nearby port, by bus where for hours on end their baggage was searched. Finally, all being in order, the refugee ship sailed late in the night of the 26th. Why the vessel did not call at Manila was not satisfactorily explained, although it was surmised that the entrance to Manila Bay, being mined, offered too great a hazard to the "Teia's" passengers. The "Gripsholm" arrived at an eastern United States port on December 2nd. Portrude will be long remembered by anxious families of Camp Holmes internees in the United States for upon his arrival he devoted many days to the transmission of news to them—messages and names that he had memorized before his departure. This he did with discretion and without offense to the Japanese, who, no doubt, ultimately got word of these messages, for no punitive action was taken upon us at Holmes for having been the source of the information.

CHAPTER XXII

October, 1943—643rd to 673rd Day

The endless parade of forms to be filled out—We list some native vegetables—An attempt to fathom the depths of the Japanese mind—His loyalty to his country—The case of H. Tanaka—Perhaps Kipling was right.

IN AUGUST we were obliged to fill out forms covering passport and residence data reaching back to the date of the individual's arrival in this part of the world—information we had already given the Jap authorities early in 1942 at Camp John Hay. These forms were duly received at the guardhouse and promptly forgotten, but while they were in demand we had to work to a deadline. On the 6th another form was passed around, this one requiring us to give information as to our personal losses, due to the war. After having supplied information regarding one's nationality, home address, etc., we had to furnish a chronological list of occupations since our arrival in the Philippines, detailing positions occupied and lengths of service with employers. Then it was required of us to state lengths of residence in East Asian countries other than the Philippines and trips made to these countries. "Have you been in Japan? If so, give date and purpose of visit" was one of the questions. Other questions and requirements: List your properties in the Philippines—real property, negotiable notes, personal and household effects and personal business equipment. What is their present condition? (This question caused considerable amusement, for after one's home had been looted and one had spent nearly two years in internment one could not intelligently answer this query.) Pre-war valuation? Have you bank accounts? What is the condition of your bank account from outbreak of war to the present? (Much can happen to one's bank

THE SECOND YEAR

account in two years with itching fingers in control of the banks.) If you had any credits due and payable before internment, give details. If you have any debts, give details. The most intriguing question: What disposition did you make of cash, deposits and properties at time of internment? Give details. (The majority of us simply reported that having no details at hand, accurate replies to the questionnaire were impossible but everyone included a statement of monies, stock certificates, bank books, insurance policies and other personal property taken from us at the famous "Nagatomi Steal" at Camp Hay on the 10th of January, the year before.)

What was the object of this questioning? Opinion was general that its purpose was to furnish the Jap with information against which to check any future claims that we might have under reparation demands. We wondered if the Jap was foolish enough to believe that any of us would give a satisfactory answer to this query for if one had buried cash, jewelry or other valuables or had handed them over to others for safe-keeping it would have been the height of folly to give the Japanese any details. The stock answer was that there was no time for one to make disposition of any property and here was where the Nagatomi affair was referred to and mention made of the seizure of one's automobile by the Jap military authorities.

An American in the Orient eats much the same food as he did at home and while one or two native vegetables might grace his table on occasion he remains faithful to those greens to which he has been accustomed from childhood. His native servants usually provide themselves with food with which they are familiar and their master's acquaintance with these are meagre indeed. In camp we were supplied with "homeside" vegetables but these were insufficient because the products of one's private truck garden were no longer available and substitutes had to be provided. Without going into unnecessary detail a few of these Oriental vegetables might be mentioned although we will make an excep-

tion in the case of the "tugi." This is a tuber which held little appeal although it did have the appearance of the common potato. The Japs proudly informed us that it was the "best substitute for the Irish potato to be found in all the Orient." We all agreed it was a poor imitation, however. Here are the names of a few of the vegetables that our hosts delivered to our collective back door: Petani, condol, siguedilla, wongbok, pechay, sitao, gabi, cincomas, chayote, mongo (not to be confused with that delectable fruit, the mango), ubi, patolo and talinum. The less said about them the better although when one is hungry a vegetable by any other name remains a vegetable. We shall never forget *kangkong*!

Being in contact with the Japanese guards and the camp administrative staff gave us a splendid opportunity to observe their reactions, in comparison with our own, to constantly changing situations and circumstances. However, few of us ever arrived at the same conclusions except a general agreement that they were an odd people with whom we could never see eye to eye. Many were the discussions on their traits and manner of thinking and some questions were never answered to our complete satisfaction. One question we asked ourselves—and it has been asked by millions outside of internment camps—was:

"Are the Japanese an inherently cruel people?" The writer, for one, is constrained to answer in the negative. This is an opinion arrived at after a lifetime of contact with them in Hawaii and in the Philippines. In my boyhood I went to school with them; as a lad of eleven or twelve I had Japanese playmates; I have since employed them in many capacities and have had countless satisfactory business dealings with them. Down through the years I have found them to be a kindly people until war drove them to indescribable bestiality. Their attitude toward children—their own as well as those of other nationals—leaves nothing to be desired and exceeds our own standard of conduct in this connection. How often have we been told that a man who is kind to children is a man to be trusted! It is only when the Jap is called

THE SECOND YEAR

upon to defend his way of life which stems from an ideology based upon Emperor worship does he manifest characteristics which we, in our enlightened civilization, term barbaric. I have never witnessed Japanese cruelty in peace time yet I have seen cruelties inflicted upon helpless people in time of war. I have seen the results of this cruelty among the hundreds of maimed prisoners of war at Bilibid prison in Manila, I have witnessed the abuse of civilian internees and I have listened to men who have suffered indignities at the hands of the Japanese military police.

When Commodore Perry opened the door of feudal Japan to world trade in 1853 the Japanese, in order to be a party to that trade, were obliged to study the ways of our Western World, learn our habits and acquaint themselves with foreign, strange and sometimes antagonistic peoples. It became necessary for him to imitate us; thus while protesting that the Orient was for the Orientals he was forced to emulate the Occidental and obliged to admit, if only to himself, that the white man's ways were superior to his at least in the materialistic sense. Japan's place in the sun was won with the tools of another world. Our attitude towards him, however, bred an inferiority complex that has been his for ninety years. Imitation of the Occidental because of his own lack of creative ability, led to envy and, as it so often does, to dislike and then to hate. The exclusion of the Japanese from the United States and the denial of the privilege of citizenship seared his soul for this, more than anything else, convinced him that we Americans consider him an inferior. Thus the fires of hate were fanned. There can be no doubt that our policy was correct for, by the very nature of his religious and fanatical loyalty to his Emperor, an immigrant Japanese could never become an American as recent events have shown. By this same token it will be utterly impossible, within our time at least, to make the Japanese a democratic people as we of the West understand the meaning of democracy. By tradition, by religion, by the very nature of his environment the native-born Japanese will continue to be

Japanese. Once, however, he loses that inferiority complex, and he does lose it when treated as an equal, your Jap ceases to hate you. But in the mass, when fighting his Emperor's battles he will, under the direction of his superiors who represent that Emperor, do whatever he is told and often those deeds are inhuman to the point of the sadistic.

In spite of what has been said, however, I must confess that I cannot understand the Japanese and do not believe that anyone else can. I might understand their motives but I cannot fathom their process of thinking. Perhaps he thinks likewise of me—or you. Let me cite the case of H. Tanaka—a typical one by all standards—which is a lesson in Japanese psychology:

This Japanese was employed by me for ten years prior to the war. He was an excellent carpenter. Loyal and industrious he never missed a day of work except when ill, was available for duty at any hour and was an untiring workman. During the years he was in my employ he received no mail from Japan, had no contacts with other Japanese living in the vicinity and, being married to a native woman and having several children, we were convinced that he was completely dissociated from his homeland.

On the morning of the Pearl Harbor bombing I discharged him but he showed no resentment and expressed his distress over the break in Japanese-American relations. The next day he was taken in hand by the Constabulary and interned at Dagupan, a large town on Lingayen Gulf. As he was led from his home, after bidding farewell to his family, he burst into unrestrained tears and showed genuine grief over the turn of affairs. Later, when the invading Japanese approached Dagupan, Tanaka was taken to Manila and interned only to be released when the enemy, marching up from the south, occupied the city.

One day in mid-January, 1942, word was sent to me at Camp John Hay that a Japanese was outside the fence who wanted to see me. It was Tanaka. He was surrounded by a group of Jap civilians but upon spying me immediately stepped forward, reached

THE SECOND YEAR

over the six-foot fence, shook my hand and told me that he had come directly from Manila—a difficult trip at that time—purposely to see me and was profuse in his expressions of sympathy for me and my family but assured me that he hoped we soon would be released for, as he put it—“No good for Americanos to be behind fence.” He then handed me a basket filled with fruit, bread, canned goods and tobacco. At this point one of the Japanese guards intervened and told us to end the meeting, although, strange to relate, making no objection to my accepting the gifts. One could not but feel that, unlike the great majority of his countrymen, he sincerely regretted the incidence of war and that his hope for an early return to normal conditions was unqualifiedly genuine. I well remember remarking to the crowd of fellow-internees who had gathered, out of curiosity, to witness our meeting (for all of us were eager to get news of the progress of the war) that here was a loyal employee who regretted more than he could say the fact that we had been interned and I was filled with pardonable pride over this demonstration of good-will. But disillusionment was to be mine.

The Japanese army called upon Tanaka to work at our sugar factory when it decided to continue the manufacture of alcohol from sugar cane for export to Japan and a year later he was placed in charge of operations. He took up his abode, with his family, at my home amid the comparative luxury of an American's residence and thenceforth was lord and master to the native employees most of whom were forced to take back their old jobs at the point of the bayonet. As one of them wrote, later, they were on the horns of a dilemma—if they conformed they were damned by the guerrillas and if they did not it meant being thrown into a Japanese jail. Instead of the peaceful and industrious worker that he was under us Americans he became a truculent and arrogant employer and almost insufferable in his treatment of the Filipinos who were quick to realize what their lot would be if the Japanese retained possession of their country. They were

told that the American civilian prisoners would be killed should the United States again set foot on Philippine soil and care was taken that no information about us ever reached them. Tanaka repeatedly expressed his dislike for the writer to whom, as his past record showed, he had been most gracious and loyal.

In January, 1945, when MacArthur returned to the Lingayen Gulf area, Tanaka destroyed the distillery with a demolition time-bomb but was prevented from bombing the adjoining sugar factory by the rapid approach of our troops, news of which caused him to abandon further destruction and to seek a place of safety in Baguio to which mountain city he hurriedly fled with his family in one of our automobiles.

Here was a mild-mannered Japanese menial who never addressed an American without removing his hat and making an obsequious bow and when summoned would always come on the run and who, by his every action, displayed a subservience and an inferiority complex so common to his peacetime countrymen, yet who readily changed his attitude toward the white man when called upon by his almost-forgotten country to serve it, if only as a civilian.

So bitter were the Filipinos, once his friends and fellow-workmen, over his treatment of them that word was sent to Tanaka in his northern Luzon hide-out that should he ever return to his former haunts he would be killed. This is no isolated case but one of hundreds of similar ones throughout the Philippines when it was realized that the Japs might be there to stay and is representative of the Jap's treatment of the people of all the countries of East Asia while under the yoke of Tokyo's Imperialism.

It at war's end Tanaka should re-enter my employ which, I might say, is a very remote possibility, I am very sure that his pre-war attitude would be resumed, quite naturally and without effort, but how much dependence could I place upon him that he would not do the very same thing in the same way under similar circumstances? Perhaps Kipling was right after all that East is East and

THE SECOND YEAR

West is West and this will probably continue to be so until the Oriental thinks, reasons and worships as does the Occidental. Until the Jap ceases to regard his Emperor as a diety to whom unquestioning obedience is due—a fundamental tenet of his religion—there is little hope of his conversion to our way of life. Until he is converted, and to effect it will take more than a generation or two, the Tanakas will always be with us.

CHAPTER XXIII

November, 1943—674th to 703rd Day

Food our most pressing problem—400 per cent rise in vegetable prices—Meat and eggs scarce—We are allowed an ounce of soap a month—Hamburgers serve in place of turkey at Thanksgiving—Ersatz cheese—Gen. Kuroda makes a triumphal visit—His staff struggles with Samurai swords.

INSUFFICIENCY of food had become our most pressing problem. In plain language we did not get enough to eat and appeals to the Japs to increase our daily per capita allowance from 85 centavos to at least a peso met with no response—neither a yea nor a nay. Meatless days were common.

On meatless days we were served vegetable stews with coconut oil, or coconut milk or peanut butter as a meat-stock substitute but, at best, they fell far short of expectations. Not only were carrots and turnips absent from these stews because of prohibitive prices but potatoes, eggplants and spring onions had to be sparingly used.

Carrots which were 5.6 cents a pound in June were now 54.5 cents; tomatoes increased in price from 12.4 cents to 35.8 cents; the lowly sweet potato, which could be bought for 2 cents a pound was now 7 cents; local eggplants increased from a half cent each to 4 cents; celery, now 61 cents a pound, was 7 cents the year before; string beans were available for 2 cents a pound—now we paid 20 cents; spinach, which could be bought for 4 cents a bundle was now 8 cents; taro, that well-known Polynesian food-stuff from which "poi" is made—known in the Philippines as "gabi"—had increased from 5.6 cents to 7.2 cents and squash had risen from 3.4 cents to 9.2 cents—all prices in U. S. Currency. A general average of vegetable prices shows that the base price of 4.7 cents had risen to 23 cents or 400 per cent. Our daily allow-

THE SECOND YEAR

ance was increased from 35 centavos to 50 centavos and then to 85 centavos or by 143 per cent. It takes no arithmetician to realize the predicament of the kitchen staff. Even the lowly banana, of which we were served two or three daily until the fall of 1943, were 70 cents a hundred but now commanded \$2.25. Before the war coconuts could be bought for 40 cents a hundred. The price rose to \$30.00.

Now for the meat item. Early in 1943 beef could be had for 15 cents and pork for 20 cents a pound. We now paid 63 cents and 56 cents, respectively, with prices advancing daily. But these items were not always available. The Japs had commandeered most of the local supply for their troops and for several days running the Baguio butcher shops were without stocks. Eggs were less than fifty cents a dozen a year before. We now paid \$1.80 (note that in December—a month hence—eggs were available only for \$3.50 a dozen) and while at one time we were buying twelve dozen a day, and were favored with an occasional fried egg, the purchase of this item now became impossible.

We had 66 pounds of laundry soap for use in the kitchen and 26 pounds of vegetable lard doled out to us. Of this latter commodity the per capita ration was an ounce a month.

Toward the end of the month beef was selling for more than a dollar a pound with pork a few cents higher while small native cattle on the hoof were priced at \$400.00 each. Sugar was approaching the dollar-a-pound mark—brown sugar at that—reminding us, by contrast, of the good old days when refined sugar was retailed at twenty pounds for a dollar. It became necessary to limit rice servings for the Japs were unable to supply us! The reason for this was not difficult to find. The government price for rice was nine and a half cents a pound while in the open, or “black,” market it was being “bootlegged” at 55 cents.

Our second Thanksgiving Day was celebrated as best we could and culinary limitations were somewhat compensated for by the setting in the dining room where a successful effort was made to

recognize the oldtime spirit of the occasion, though hamburgers did duty for turkeys. The main meal of the day was served at 6:00 P. M. instead of at 4:30 and families were permitted to dine together. Usually there were three sittings at meals—men, then women, and, lastly, the children. There were special lighting arrangements, candles in bamboo candelabra at each table besides overhead electric lights with all sources of light shaded with black paper shades, decorated with silhouettes of cats and witches on broomsticks and pumpkin jack-o-lanterns scattered about to add to the atmosphere of the occasion.

Beef and pork hamburgers took the place of turkey or chicken but after being starved for meat for several days and with the prospect of leaner meals ahead the dish was highly enjoyed. Green pea gravy was served along with a limited quantity of mashed potatoes (these cost but \$1.00 a pound in the Baguio market!), string beans, a microscopic helping of cucumber salad and a slab of pumpkin pie with a cup of coffee topped off the meal. Boiled rice was on hand as usual and was useful as "ballast" for the specials were not to be had in unlimited quantities. For lunch our appetite was whetted with a beef broth, baked sweet potatoes and a tablespoon of fruit salad.

At one end of the dining room an imitation fireplace was set up illuminated with red crepe paper and electric lights to give the effect of glowing coals, across the mantelpiece being the carved legend from Longfellow "Learn to Labor and to Wait"—most appropriate advice to us five hundred internees. Over the mantelpiece was a drawing depicting our rescue by a United States submarine at "Thanksgiving—194..?" At the other end of the mess hall, near the serving counter which separated cooks from diners was a food display table with fruits at one end and vegetables at the other, the center space being taken up with an immense replica of a roasted turkey done in brown cloth and stuffed with pine needles. Arranged about the table were pumpkin pies, jellies (for the turkey, of course) cookies and—wonders of wonders—some

THE SECOND YEAR

slices of "cheese." Nothing interested us more than this exhibit. You could have your fake fireplace and the "stuffed" turkey—we wanted that cheese. It did look genuine in the subdued light but, alas, it was nothing more than a few slices of fully ripe squash. One could hear murmurs of pleasure as the line of diners passed the table on its way to the serving counter and many were the threats of immediate appropriation but only groans of disappointment followed when close inspection and a sniff or two revealed that this, like the turkey and the fireplace, was a pure and unadulterated fake. It had been so long since we had tasted milk, cream and butter—not to mention ice cream and other dairy products—that the mere sight of cheese set up almost unrestrainable desires.

We had not seen much of our Jap jailers for some time. Beyond an occasional tramp through the barracks, mostly at night, and the daily inspection of incoming packages, our contacts with them were infrequent. At regular intervals, however, some higher-up paid us an official visit but the largest aggregation of military bigwigs ever to be seen at Holmes descended upon us on the 7th with an entourage of truckloads of troops and motor-car loads of staff officers and lesser lights. Heading the group was Gen. Shigemori Kuroda, Commander of the Jap forces in the Philippines (successor to General Homma of Bataan and "Death March" history), accompanied by Generals Araki (not the long-mustachioed military light so familiar to Tokyo's politico-military circles) and Nagasaki. In all, there were about thirty officers in ill-fitting uniforms, carrying great swords which can be best described as a deluxe edition of the American cavalry saber of forty years ago but with a straight knife handle in place of fencing-foil handle and hilt so familiar to our own officers' swords. The average Jap is of small stature and some of the visitors, that day, were more occupied with keeping their swords from between their legs than in inspecting us. These swords are truly formidable affairs, keen edged and heavy, on the order of a pirate's cutlass, and quite capable of beheading an opponent at a single swish, the

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

handle being long enough to permit the use of both hands in the decapitation process. The group headed by His Excellency Kuroda, with a lone, armed sentry bringing up the rear, marched up the main street and down again looking like the fiercest of the unsmiling Samurai. It was very apparent that to have the upper hand and the white man in confinement gave them much inward pleasure though there was no outward evidence of it. It gave one a feeling of helplessness to be obliged to stand stock still while the generals and lesser lights passed and looked us over. Not often had the Caucasian had to undergo this humiliation, an experience especially odious to those of us who had long lived in this part of the world and looked upon the Asiatic as the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" save in those cases where, by virtue of breeding, education and other antecedents one could consider an Oriental our social equal. However, the ordeal did not last long. Kuroda didn't seem to be particularly interested in us and was soon on his way amid such flurry and condescension as our handful of guards could muster.

CHAPTER XXIV

December, 1943—704th to 734th Day

We begin our third year—Japs ask for bridge builders—We suffer a shortage of rice—Sweet potatoes served for breakfast—Year's-end holidays celebrated as usual—First Red Cross packages received—We talk of nothing but "homeside" food.

TWO YEARS of war on the 8th and two years interned on the 28th! We, who thought that our confinement would be but a matter of a few months at most, adopted an attitude of resignation and wondered if we might not be here two years hence. The Japs, of course, to impress the peoples within the Co-Prosperity Sphere whom they had "liberated," told much over the radio and in the press of Japan's achievements on land, sea and in the air. If one accepted their figures as correct, then they had much to be proud of but we refused to believe them.

On the 3rd the Japs asked for volunteer bridge builders from among us to help their army construct bridges in the vicinity of Baguio which had been destroyed by guerrillas during the past two years, thus ignoring the very just stipulation in International Law that civilian prisoners be not required to do work of a military nature. Of course, no volunteers were forthcoming; the excuse given by our spokesman was that we were already short handed in the performance of our own tasks such as the preparation of firewood for use in our kitchens. At first the Japs were piqued over our attitude but later accepted our point of view with seeming good grace.

Reflecting conditions on the lowlands rice continued to be very difficult to obtain as there was no surplus to grind into flour. Rice bread (made exactly as is bread from wheat flour) which had been served thrice a week at lunch passed from the scene. The rice we

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

did receive was moldy, dirty and contained many unhulled grains. The Japs had been supplying us with rice—it was the one commodity that we did not have to buy and at intervals of about a week the truck would go to supply headquarters and get a few bags for which we now paid the government a fixed price of 11.75 pesos per cavan of 56 kilograms—\$4.76 per 100 pounds. Something went wrong with Baguio's source of supply and it became necessary to send our truck on a hundred-mile trip into the Cagayan Valley for sixty-eight bags. Before the truck returned, however, so short of this staple had we become that we were obliged to enter the "black market" and buy two sacks at 90.00 pesos each. Altho it was the Japs' obligation to keep us in rice they did not reimburse us for the difference between the government and the "black market" price. We were given money for the purchase of food but if, thru their negligence, we had to pay more than the fixed price for a commodity we could do no more than chalk up the fact against them. The matter was ignored and forgotten. We were charged for all alcohol motor fuel used by the truck in the haulage of foodstuffs, firewood, the transporting of patients to and from the Baguio hospitals, etc., but should the Japs want the truck for their own use it was commandeered and we supplied the fuel out of our allowance. Rice was our staple at breakfast. On the 29th, being out of rice, we were served boiled sweet potatoes. If the efficiency, organizing ability and foresight-ness of the Japs is gauged by their administration of our camp then we can safely assume that they are an inefficient lot. The truth of the matter was we were of small concern to them—a nuisance and a necessary evil—and it is, indeed, fortunate that we fared no worse than we did.

Christmas and New Year's Eve were celebrated much as they were in 1942. On Christmas Eve the Pageant of the Nativity was given in the sunken garden near the old high school building. It was creditably performed and drew as spectators nearly every one in camp who could attend. Again on Christmas morning we were

THE SECOND YEAR

awakened by the camp choristers who sang the familiar carols which are heard the world over at this season. Later in the day the children gathered around the Christmas tree and a none too well disguised Santa Claus distributed presents to them. Most of them were home-made gifts for imported toys were no longer to be had in Baguio shops. Christmas dinner was held out of doors on the playing field, the tables being arranged about a bonfire which served the double purpose of illuminating the tables and supplying warmth, for the evenings are cool, after nightfall, in Baguio at this season of the year.

The event of the month, not excepting Christmas and New Year's festivities, was the arrival of the Red Cross packages in camp. On Christmas afternoon every person, from the year-olds in the nursery to the oldest inhabitant, was given a 47-pound box of food. Great was the excitement as the Red Cross gifts were opened. Cheese, packed in paper cartons and therefore readily accessible was the first to be sampled. That we were starved for good old American food was evident for for several days the one topic of conversation was the contents of the boxes and trading of canned goods and cigarettes began almost as soon as the packages had been brought to the barracks. One of the camp dieticians estimated the food to total 58,000 calories or sufficient for thirty days on the basis of our regular camp ration of 2,000 calories. The value in the United States of the food kit would have been about \$20.00 before the war. In Manila offers of \$750.00 were made to internees at Sto. Tomas Camp. This price cannot be considered high when it is borne in mind that a can of condensed milk or a can of corned beef or pork and beans cost from ten to twelve pesos at that time. This was the only Red Cross package received during internment. Others arrived at Manila but were appropriated by the Japs.

The Third Year

CHAPTER XXV

January, 1944—735th to 765th Day

Japs begin to cancel hard-won concessions—They announce that soon we will be fed Japanese army rations—Gen. Morimoto looks us over—Refuses to confer with our governing committee—We are granted an increased food allowance—1100 calories per day per capita—Less sugar, lard and soap—Daily food truck service reduced—Clothing and accessories distributed.

EARLY in the month the manager of the community store was notified that his weekly buying trips to Baguio were to be discontinued forthwith. This was the first act in a drama, extending to the last days of February, in which one by one privileges were taken from us so that by the first of March we were back to our status of the early days at Camp John Hay when we were allowed no contact with the outside world. When this order was issued we wondered if the realization by the Japs that ultimate defeat was facing them caused them to invoke all rules governing the common conduct of internment camps with a few rules of their own devising thrown in for good measure. On that day also we were informed that this was no longer the Camp Holmes Internment Camp but the "Philippines, Japanese Army Internment Camp, No. 3, Baguio." Note that we did not come within the category of a "civilian camp." On the 10th fourteen Jap soldiers arrived at the guard house to take the place of the four members of Military Police who had stood guard over us. Upon their arrival they made the rounds of the camp and registered particular pleasure at the sight of white men cleaning drainage ditches, chopping wood and washing clothes—tasks which, in normal times, are performed solely by Asiatics in Oriental countries.

The Japs announced that, effective February 1st, our food would be bought on a weight basis and that, in general, we would

be fed the same food that was being furnished the Japanese Army. Again "International Law" was invoked, it being stated that Jap internees in the United States were being given U. S. Army rations. That the food supplied the interned Japs at home was superior to the victuals the Jap soldier received in the Philippines was of no interest to the local Jap authorities. What was good enough for the Jap "heitar" was good enough for us. The rations were to be, on a daily per capita basis, as follows:

Rice.....	400	grams or 14	ounces
Vegetables.....	200	" "	7 "
Meat or Fish.....	100	" "	3.5 "
Salt.....	25	" "	0.9 "
Vegetable Lard.....	20	" "	0.7 "
Sugar.....	20	" "	0.7 "
Tea.....	20	" "	0.7 "

Roughly, our rice allowance would be doubled, vegetables quartered and a greater quantity of meat or fish furnished us daily. However, no fruit would be supplied. We had been receiving three bananas daily and other fruits, in season, in a modest way. We would no longer do community food buying. The Japs were to take over this, obtaining our supplies in Trinidad Valley from Japanese growers and vendors to the exclusion of the Baguio marketmen. If the daily allowances were supplied we would not fare so badly but that was not done, as we found to our sorrow as soon as the Japs took over our feeding.

The Japanese Army being now in control of all internment camps, General T. Morimoto, who was at the head of camp administration paid us a visit on the 14th. He met only one member of the general committee and refused to see the women's committee or its chairwoman, Miss McKim. She had done much to bring about a better understanding between our committee and the Japanese authorities and was in fact our official interpreter. But Morimoto would have none of her as he solemnly and with much dignity made the rounds of the camp. That changes in camp

THE THIRD YEAR

administration were to follow his visit was apparent from the manner in which, by the wave of the hand, he dismissed questions of current importance which were put to him. Some of the committeemen, particularly the members of the executive committee were togged out in their best bib and tucker to welcome Morimoto and elaborate and detailed memoranda had been prepared but to no avail. Morimoto would not meet them and the thought of all of us upon his departure was "what next?"

Our request for an increase in our daily per capita food allowance was granted in mid-month effective as of December 21, 1943 but first the money spent by Japanese civilians on our feeding during the early days of internment at Camp John Hay must be refunded from these accumulated funds. When the Japs arrived in Baguio, we now learned, they were without funds and it was the Japanese residents and not the military who fed us, in part, during those early days. That Nagatomi had robbed us of 5200 pesos early in 1942, that we had voluntarily contributed to our feeding at John Hay in the amount of 3100 pesos during January, February and part of March, and that by order of the Japs all of our cash, 5800 pesos, was taken over by them in February of our first year's internment with which to feed us was of no interest to Morimoto. By one means or another we had 14,000 pesos taken from us and now our food treasury must pay an additional 4500 pesos. All in all, then, we supplied capital totalling 18,600 pesos to the Japs of which over 14,000 pesos was in genuine Philippine currency, worth at this time ten times that of the "Japanese peso." Certainly International Law never provided for such a situation as this. It was the duty of the Japanese to feed us from the first day of our internment whether the food be army rations or some other sort. Why we were obliged to feed ourselves entirely for several days and partially, with the exception of rice and sugar, for ten weeks has never been explained. It is a blot upon the record of the relationship between the Japanese authorities and American and British civilians interned in Baguio and lays bare an inexcusable

situation, doubtless unparalleled in the history of modern wars. In all their planning for the conduct of this war the Japanese had failed, evidently, to provide for the administration of enemy *civilians*.

Food became less varied as the month progressed, the caloric value of which reached a new low of 1100 units per capita per day. For the entire month no coffee was served for breakfast nor any sugar or syrup for the morning's boiled rice. On the tenth our November rations of sugar, soap and lard were delivered. These were 700 pounds of brown sugar, about a pound and a half per capita, 33 bars of laundry soap (not quite 2 ounces per person) and 20 pounds of vegetable (coconut) lard which allowed each of us less than an ounce a month.

No longer did the food truck go to Baguio daily for food supplies, for on the 12th the seven trips a week were reduced to three. With so much of our food in the form of vegetables, the long stretch between Saturday's and Tuesday's deliveries made these perishables almost inedible by noon of the latter day. The reason for this curtailment was "to conserve alcohol motor fuel," said the Japs.

The Red Cross food packages having been distributed at Christmas, the clothing and accessory gifts were given out early in the month. On New Year's day each adult in camp was presented with a cake of laundry soap, a towel, a pencil, a comb, a toothbrush, two handkerchiefs, a package of razor blades, two pairs of socks and a can of shoe polish. The women were given items of lingerie, playsuits and toiletries in place of blades and socks. To everyone was given a bottle of 100 multiple vitamin tablets.

CHAPTER XXVI

February, 1944—766th to 794th Day

Lieut. Tomibe of the Japanese army takes over Camp administration—Says our treatment will parallel that of Japs in U. S. custody—Little effort made to get us overseas mail stored in Manila—Tokyo broadcasts denied us—Japs call for time sheets of Camp labor—"No more food packages from Baguio," says Tomibe—Four and half tons of private food make up the final truck-load—Camp patients may no longer go to Notre Dame hospital—Baguio General hospital designated—Tomibe says marriages may be consummated in Camp—Food delivered in ten-day lots—Cabbages, cabbages, cabbages.

THE GRADUAL reestablishment of Jap control over our internal affairs began this month and an end was to be put to "home rule" within camp. With the administration transferred from the Intelligence Division and Military Police to the Imperial Japanese Army and the office of camp commandant assigned to Lieut. Tomibe (heretofore non-commissioned officers and civilians were in charge) we were, step by step, brought into consonance with rules and regulations governing the administration of the Sto. Tomas Camp in Manila and the civilian internment camp at Los Banos, Laguna Province. "The treatment of American nationals in internment camps is to be on an equal basis with the treatment of Japanese nationals in America. Therefore, any regulations put into effect here will be the same regulations that apply to Japanese nationals in America"—so said Mr. Tomibe on the second of the month. However, we were in no position to know how Jap internees were being treated at relocation centers in the United States. Did they enjoy daily papers, were they permitted to listen to radio programs, did they have the privilege of attending moving pictures and what sort of food were they given? How were we to know? He refused to entertain the argument that while Japs in the United States and Americans in Japan might be on an equal

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

footing, we in the Philippines were in a far different category. The Philippines were invaded by the Japs, our property was summarily taken from us and we were locked up—men, women, children, the aged and the infirm, just because we were Americans or Britons. Another futile argument was that the Japs in the U. S. fared better on our army rations than did we with theirs because the American army was the best fed in the world while, among the so-called "world powers," probably the Jap soldiery the worst.

No effort was being made, apparently, to obtain our overseas mail consisting of 80,000 letters and hundreds of tons of packages, then at the Manila Post Office, some of it having arrived before the Christmas season of 1941. We could not understand this indifference to natural anxiety regarding news from home. A few letters arrived from time to time for perhaps a dozen people but the great majority of internees were without news of relatives all during the long internment. One reason offered by the Japs was the lack of qualified censors, but had the task been undertaken with a will, at least at this late date all of us would have received something from our loved ones. Many women and children had been evacuated from China and the Philippines to the United States while the men remained behind. It was news of their families that these men, now interned, were most anxious to receive but the Japs were not interested in relieving their anxiety.

On the evening of the sixth the usual group of news enthusiasts gathered at the guard house to listen to the regular Tokyo broadcast but it had barely started before one of the guards switched it off, offering no excuse for his action save that he was obeying orders from Baguio. Thereafter there was no more radio news. Admittedly Tokyo broadcasts were of little use to us for it was propaganda of the first magnitude but the mentioning of a subject, such, for instance, as the campaign in the Marshalls, gave us the fact that there was activity in that sector. It was a case of reading between the lines.

THE THIRD YEAR

In order to check the time that each internee was employed on camp projects the Jap Administration asked for full details. This time check showed that 62.9 per cent of camp labor was performed by the wood, kitchen, dining room and shop crews, the latter including carpenters on repairs and new construction. The average number of hours worked by the men each week was twenty-five. In other words, we labored the equivalent of three eight-hour days weekly, which is not very much short of the five-day week at home before the war, but we were not fed as was the working man in the States and our physical fitness was far short of what it should have been. In all 3770 man-hours, weekly, were utilized in operating Camp Holmes. The women, too, did their share but, of course, their work was on the order of what is expected of a housewife.

On the 14th it was announced by the Camp Commandant that after the 20th no more food packages from Baguio suppliers to private individuals would be permitted to enter camp. Milk, eggs, vegetables, meat, fruit and other items were included in these package shipments which often approached the hundred mark daily and in value anywhere from two to five dollars each. If these packages were helpful to the internees and supplemented regular camp meals which were becoming less and less palatable from month to month and wholly insufficient to maintain us on a reasonably stable health basis, why were they ordered discontinued? Many believed it to be a "face-saving" device.

The Japs could see with half an eye that the Filipinos favored the Americans in and out of the internment camps. Nothing that they could do—and they tried by several means to destroy this feeling of good will—had any effect on the natives. So much food was being sent into camp that the Filipinos concluded the Japs were not feeding us as they should which was indeed true. Were we getting food to which we were accustomed there would have been no need for food packages in such volume. We did not ask for dainties, for desserts and salads and special dishes, but for

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

bread, potatoes, eggs, meat and other essential foods instead of rice, sweet potatoes, native pork and vegetables fit only for hogs.

In order to prove to the public that the Japs were capable of supplying us with adequate rations the packages were ordered stopped. By some obscure process of reasoning it was thought that the Japs would gain the goodwill of the Filipinos by such restriction. Did they? Positively not. Word reached us that friends and vendors, alike, were highly incensed over the turn of affairs. On the 17th and 19th the last of the packages were delivered. On the latter day, four and a half tons of food for individuals arrived in no fewer than 150 units, the estimated value of which was 15,000 pesos. Not only were we permitted to receive money from the outside but clothing and medicines were allowed to enter camp and communication with the outside on certain prescribed matters was permitted. Only in the matter of food packages did they remain adamant.

This suggests another thought. If the community store was allowed to maintain its stock of supplies and if money was permitted to be sent in to us internees with which to buy them why place a prohibition upon the receipt of food packages? The question was never answered. There had been, we presumed, some "face saving" and while we could continue to buy food extras we were not able to receive gifts from our native friends, direct. Consistency? The workings of the Oriental mind are sometimes unfathomable!

Since the beginning of our internment we had been permitted to use the facilities of Notre Dame hospital in Baguio, notably the X-Ray, diathermy and operating rooms. Patients had been free to receive visitors and the hospital had been a steady source of war news. Every returning patient brought back information of some sort or other which was always eagerly sought after by those of us who were cooped up in camp. On the 26th we were informed that we could no longer patronize Notre Dame but patients would henceforth be taken to Baguio General Hospital—a government-

THE THIRD YEAR

owned institution—where a ward had been set aside for our exclusive use. The order included a set of rules governing our conduct as patients which, briefly, were that patients must bring their own bedding, reading matter, clothing and other personal effects and *their own food*. They might not leave the ward or the hospital without permission, receive visitors, use the telephone, converse with anyone save members of the hospital staff and only then on subjects pertaining to their personal condition or to make requests connected therewith.

On the last day of the month we were surprised to see this notice on the bulletin board—"To Whom It May Concern: By written permission from the Commandant, persons wishing to marry in the Internment Camp may do so." This was indeed a sugar-coated bombshell. This was the breaking down of the last of the restrictions upon commingling of the sexes and it was gratefully received. We could have no contacts with the world at large but within the camp as much latitude of action was to be allowed as could consistently be accorded us. At once there was speculation as to which of the budding romances were to bloom in full flower by the exchange of marriage vows. We had had deaths in camp, over a dozen babies had first seen the light of day within an internment camp fence and now the "cradle to grave" cycle could be completed. Our most prominent Romeo and Juliet in the persons of Wilma Park and Carrol Dickey, who had previously announced their engagement, came forward almost before the ink was dry on the notice and told an anxious world that they would be united in marriage on March 23rd. So, as in other things, we must admit that in our contact with the Japanese wonders never ceased. At the beginning of our internment one dared not glance at one's wife, let alone hint at romance between the unattached, and now with the end of our confinement in sight not only was commingling permitted but the lovelorn among us might embrace matrimony with Nippon's blessing.

With the delivery of ten days' supply of rice, 61 pounds of fish, 108 pounds of sweet potatoes, 99 pounds of cabbage and 56 pounds of spring onions the Japs inaugurated the system, on the first of the month, of supplying us with our food. No more would funds be supplied us nor buying be left to us to do. We were in the army now, so to speak, for the rations supplied the Nipponese Army would be our rations in future. We were soon to learn, however, that while fish may be fish it must not be inferred that all fish is edible for when those sixty-one pounds were dressed, rotten portions cut away and decayed fish discarded, only twelve pounds remained, and our ration for the day, altho set at three and a half ounces per person, amounted to but a half an ounce. We enjoyed beef stew once during February but we bought the ox with community funds, the Japs supplied pork for six meals altho the ration of three and a half ounces was never filled and at eight meals we were served fish. Always, from 50 per cent to 60 per cent of the fish was rotten; never did we get a full ration. Thus only on fourteen of the twenty-nine days were we served meat or fish yet we were to receive one or the other every day. So we, too, had our meatless days just as the people at home, we assumed, had theirs. But we were sure that homesiders weren't served cabbage every day. We were and in full measure—thirty-five times in twenty-nine days. It was boiled, hashed brown, scalloped, sauted, served "a la Liberty," handed out in quartered, halved and in whole heads and in cole slaw. We had cabbage soup, cabbage stew with and without pork flavor and cabbage was supplied one morning at breakfast, a head apiece to each of us, so that we might prepare them to suit our own ideas, kick them about as footballs or throw them in the ash can. The Jap Army had commandeered all Baguio cabbages for the use of the troops and as we were on the same rations we must be supplied our share willy-nilly.

CHAPTER XXVII

March, 1944—795th to 825th Day

Japs fail by 50 per cent in meat and fish deliveries—Committee protests Jap army rations—The Trinidad Valley truck garden—We sign an oath—Gen. Kuo looks us over—Building program announced—The guard force increased—Fence posts and barbed wire arrive—A batch of letters received—Lt. Com. Chapman fools the censors—Japanese inconsistency—A community dance—The Park-Dickey wedding.

MORE RULES, restrictions and regulations continued to be imposed. There was always something new trumped up to irritate us but often a regulation was so trivial that we ignored it. Seldom were we made to suffer physically except thru the pangs of hunger and hungry we would have been had not the little community store served to supplement an inadequate diet—inadequate not only in food values, as dieticians know them, but inadequate in quantity in spite of the continued appearance of the cabbage on our daily bills of fare.

The Japanese army ration calls for fish or meat—beef or pork—once each day. In February, the first month under the army rationing system when one would expect the new broom to sweep clean, we were, as mentioned before, served pork six times, fish on eight occasions and shrimps once. Beef was not served—score—50 per cent. The Japs supplied cabbage, wongbok (a Chinese cabbage, by the way), white radishes, spinach, spring onions and chayotes. Other vegetables, such as string beans, eggplants and squash, and all fruits we supplied with relief funds. Tea, we had every morning, coffee never; there were six sugarless breakfasts and at twelve midday meals we were given a slice of “yeast bread” made with rice flour.

The committee discussed our food problem with Commandant Tomibe pointing out that to serve us “Japanese army rations” was

unfair and would be a hardship because, first, as Occidentals we are not used to that class of food, second, only a small proportion of our camp population was of the age of a Jap soldier, third, many internees were elderly and in poor health as a result of two years of internment and, fourth, we had a hundred children in our midst who should not be called upon to eat food fit for a vigorous and fully grown Oriental. Tomibe listened, sympathetically some thought, but nothing resulted from the conference save the statement that the community store would not be closed as had been threatened.

Having announced on the third that two and a half acres had been set aside for us in Trinidad Valley for truck gardening by a selected group of ten internees between the ages of 17 and 45, Tomibe advised the committee that the development and success of this garden was of greater importance than the continued operation of the community store. So enthusiastic was he over the project that it became infectious and soon the entire camp was talking fresh vegetables from our own farm. Gravely did Tomibe and a sub-committee of the general committee visit the garden site accompanied by one or two internee experts, who were familiar with the growing of vegetables on a commercial scale in Baguio, and discuss ways and means. This being the dry season, irrigation was decided upon and accordingly a looted pump and motor was requisitioned from one of the nearby mines. In the meantime ten able-bodied men began digging. On the 21st a pump was delivered to the farm. Work proceeded but the soil was so dry that planting could not be undertaken until life-giving water was applied to the fields, but a motor to drive that pump could not be found. So, after much backing and filling and a decided loss of enthusiasm with the realization that the rainy season would soon be upon us during which the only vegetable that could be grown was the lowly sweet potato, Mr. Tomibe—on April 12—announced that the much-vaunted garden project was to be abandoned. The project was the brain-child of Gen. Kuo who

THE THIRD YEAR

now had charge of internment camps throughout the Philippines, succeeding Morimoto. He inspected camp on the 28th and the garden, which was then in the making, was pointed out to him with considerable pride but upon his departure for Manila the urgency of a truck garden flagged and enthusiasm dwindled to the vanishing point when insurmountable difficulties cropped up. We were impressed by the lack of continued interest in many things originated by the Japs. In short, they presented a project to us with enthusiasm and then, seemingly, proceeded to forget it. The Trinidad garden was a "face saving" undertaking. The army wanted it, it was started, Kuo came and saw and no sooner was his back turned than the scheme was forgotten.

Thirst for information and vital statistics is insatiable among the Japanese. On the first we were asked to furnish our full name, parents' names, name of nearest relative and a statement as to our "specialty"—whether one was a plumber or a preacher. On the 10th we were handed the oaths we had signed a couple of weeks before with the statement that they were not required and four days later we were supplied with another form in which we were asked for our name in full, sex and nationality.

From the day of Kuo's visit our camp life became more circumscribed, our liberties curtailed and we were made to feel not unlike prisoners of war instead of civilian internees as we went to call ourselves. Kuo was a Korean, thoroughly imbued with the Samurai spirit of the Japanese, and wholly unlike the Koreans we have known whose dream was to be freed of the Japanese yoke. Altho without the facial characteristics of the upper class Japanese he was short, fat and typically Japanese in all other respects. The stature of the Nipponese has increased in the last two or three decades by scientific dieting, physical exercise, sports and the adoption of other Western ideas, for now seldom does one see any officer below the rank of captain who is not nearer six than five feet tall. This short, chunky soldier was in his sixties. Kuo, like his predecessors, made his inspection without the aid of one or

more of our committeemen. In the afternoon he held counsel with the local Japanese staff, but not until all Americans in the office including two internee women secretaries to the Japanese administrators were told to leave.

Three days later—on the 31st—Tomibe called our committeemen together and gave them Kuo's instructions. "General Kuo," he said, "realized that you have been interned for over two years, that he was sorry for all the inconveniences caused by the internment but that they had been necessary because of the war." He said that he thought life might become even more difficult than it had been but he hoped, "as a camp, we would carry on peacefully as we have in the past." Proceeding with the business in hand the committee was informed that a new barbed wire fence would be constructed around the camp, that Kuo had no objection to families living together but that no houses nor huts would be built for the purpose (as at the Santo Tomas camp), that a new school building would be erected in which would be installed our camp office (this was the office of the committee and separate from the office of the Japanese camp administration), that a building would be constructed to house the store, the shoe shop, the library, the barber shop and a food storage room, that the hospital would be added to, that Tomibe would take over the guard house (formerly the high school) for his residence, that efforts would be made to get more of the accumulated foreign mail in Manila to us and that further transfers of relief funds would be made if the Japanese government permitted transfer of money from neutral countries to the Philippines.

These announcements had the desired psychological effect. First, the inference was that internment would be for a long period because, apparently the war was not near a successful conclusion for certainly new buildings would not be constructed if the end was a matter of a few months. That "life might become even more difficult" meant but one thing—less food. Already we had had a taste of army rations such as the Jap soldier received and they were

THE THIRD YEAR

certainly not to our liking. For family units to live together meant shifts from one building to another, some reconstruction and a general upheaval all around which, again, would not be undertaken were peace near.

The number of guards on duty was increased to 30 during the month (later the force was increased to 60). For almost two years, four or five soldiers sufficed to stand guard over us, these under the command of a sergeant acting upon instructions from Intelligence headquarters in Baguio, we had had free communication with the outside thru, of course, Japanese channels but there was to be no more of this. No contact with the outside, no news of the war and a barbed wire fence in prospect. In order that attempts to send notes out of camp could be better detected all owners of typewriters were obliged, on the 30th, to submit specimens of their type faces; only those with official passes might picnic on South Hill and after a lapse of nearly a year rollcalls were restored—not once a day as formerly but night and morning. During the month, fence posts, which our wood crew had fashioned, and bundles of barbed wire arrived. Their purpose was quite clear.

On the 9th, 313 oversea's letters, which had arrived in Manila the previous November, were recensored by the Japanese administration staff and ultimately found their way into addressee's hands. There were many touching scenes as letters were opened and read by eager recipients. After over two years of silence there was much to be told by the "folks at home." Deaths had occurred among loved ones and many a letter bearing such sad tidings brought tears to its reader. There was a nervous tension experienced by all of us after so long a time without home news, after suffering from the effects of inadequate food, after being restricted in our movements (as are all prisoners) and complete isolation being our lot. Truly we suffered that weariness that Lawrence speaks of in his "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" that comes from

"always living together, hearing all that was said, and seeing all that was done by the others day and night."

That the Japs cannot detect Western humour is shown in the approval by them of a letter to the writer from Lt. Commander S. G. Chapman, U.S.N. who wrote: "You probably recall that three years ago I went back to work for the same old candy company. It seems that they were in need of old and experienced employees. In my case they were satisfied that I had the experience but they also seemed to figure that I was too old to go on the road again and take an active part in contacting new customers and arranging new delivery points so they stuck me here at the plant preparing shipments for delivery. I have been kept pretty busy and Mr. Samuel seems to be satisfied. Our business has increased tremendously; we are putting out far greater quantities and a far finer grade of candy and, in spite of unusual conditions, are making prompt deliveries." Thus the Commander tells us that he has reentered the navy, that he is on shore duty, that Uncle Sam is satisfied with his showing and that the tempo of production has been stepped up. Altho twice censored—in Manila and again at Holmes—this bit of information registered nothing out of the ordinary in the Japs' congenitally suspicious minds.

To be permitted to promenade with your wife only once a week on the Camp John Hay tennis courts, to chat with her across an eight-foot barrier each evening but never to be permitted to set foot in the women's barracks as one extreme; and two years later to be allowed to set up housekeeping as the other was a demonstration of the unpredictable policy of the Japanese. The community dance on the 4th which the Japs allowed us to enjoy was still another concession to insistent demands for more opportunities for couples and families to commingle. Then came the Park-Dickey camp wedding on the 22nd and six days later we were privileged to enjoy an evening of moving pictures. Actually, the uniting of families was not possible until mid-April because of the time required to construct "cubicles" but of this we have

THE THIRD YEAR

more to say later. As to the movies, they were a terrible conglomeration and jumble of reels but nevertheless they were enjoyed because after two years of abstinence any sort of movie—and these were with sound (“talkies”) and shown outdoors—would have been acceptable.

The wedding was quite an affair. Miss Wilma Park and Carrol Dickey were married with all the pomp and circumstance that the camp could muster. A wedding dress borrowed in Baguio, a matron of honor, bridesmaids, best man, ushers, a double ring ceremony and two ministers gave an air of formality to the occasion altho no marriage license sanctioned the nuptials. The fact, however, that the Japanese approved the wedding was considered sufficient because being interned Americans without legal status the Jap-sponsored Philippine republic could not issue birth, marriage nor death certificates to us. To the strains of the wedding march rendered by a violinist and a pianist (the piano having been moved from the dining room to the scene of the outdoor ceremony) the bridal party treaded a flower-lined canvas walkway to the improvised altar. From then on it was a conventional wedding, the unconventional rings however, being homemade from Philippine silver coins. Little flower girls, a ring bearer and a soloist who sang familiar songs appropriate to the occasion completed a rather elaborate and well-planned affair. Even a wedding reception was provided for with a wedding cake and coffee served to all. Photographs were taken from every angle by the Japanese which, as usual, were to be sent to Tokyo for propaganda purposes.

The Commandant's automobile to which tin cans and old shoes had been tied was mustered into service and amid showers of rice—of which commodity we usually had a goodly supply!—the happy couple drove away. Where to? Just down the road, round the bend and to the hospital grounds where a bridal chamber had been provided in Dickey's bachelor quarters in the hospital wood shed, a room measuring a good three dimensional ten feet. No, the fiction of a going-away dress was not invoked. But that trip to

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

the woodshed whisked the happy couple from the zenith of the formal to the nadir of the ridiculous.

CHAPTER XXVIII

April, 1944—826th to 855th Day

Swick and Green escape—Tomibe rakes us over the coals—He lays down some new rules—Kneebone, Moule and Halsema, Jr. taken to Intelligence headquarters—Given severe treatment—A lean Easter-tide—We are paid fifteen centavos a day for our labor—Internee night-patrols—Our committee protests—A "better" oath signed—House wrecking detail organized—The "Battle of the Cubicle"—Families united and commingling permitted—Japs having trouble in supplying us with food—Visitors allowed on Hirohito's birthday.

THE EVENT of the month, if not of the year, because of its effects upon our daily lives and our relations with the Japanese was the escape on the 5th of Messrs. G. Herbert Swick, 29, of Bisbee, Ariz. and Richard R. Green, 36, of Albuquerque, N. M., both miners from Baguio gold fields. Green had been interned from the first (late December, 1941) but Swick, in company with Harmon French and John Langley, had, at the outbreak of the war, joined the U. S. forces operating in the Mountain Province and had been commissioned a Second Lieutenant. French was afterward killed by a Filipino following an altercation involving insubordination. Langley and Swick remained at large, as guerrillas, but the latter was unfortunate enough to be captured while in the company of a Filipino who was carrying a Japanese army rifle. The native threw away the gun and fled. Swick was able to convince the Japs that he was not a soldier and on February 18, 1943 was interned at Camp Holmes as a civilian. Otherwise he would have been interned at the prisoner-of-war camp at Cabanatuan, Province of Nueva Ecija. This was the first escape since that of N. J. Sorrell on July 17, 1942 and not only threw our daily routine out of joint for several days and inflicted hardships upon several of the run-aways' associates but upset the Japs no end and resulted in the appointment of a new Commandant.

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

Sometime during the early morning hours of the fifth the two men got away (some internees claimed to have seen Swick as late as 7:00 A.M. on the morning of their escape) but in what direction no one knew—or wouldn't tell—nor whether they had a rendezvous planned with native guides who would lead them to a guerrilla camp nor whether they struck out without any arrangements with outsiders. They were not missed until sometime during the day but when the matter was brought to the attention of the Japs they were jarred out of their soft seats and alarmed to a degree seldom noted among them. Until 2:00 A. M. of the 6th there was much scurrying about, investigations in the barracks and the Japs' final admission that they had learned nothing of the whys and wherefores.

At 9:00 o'clock on the morning of the 6th we men were ordered to report in the mess hall where a check-up was made to ascertain if anyone else was missing. (Later, the women were given a grilling.) Tomibe and his staff then appeared and after satisfying themselves that our check-up was correct, the commandant began a harangue the like of which had never been heard by any of us. He spoke in Japanese, an interpreter giving us the gist of his remarks, and one might have inferred that he was addressing a battalion if not a regiment so loud did he speak. His preamble dealt with the reasons for our internment—to restrain our "liberty of action and to protect us from outside interference." Then, becoming filled with self-pity, he told us how we had failed him, that we had abused the confidence he had placed in us, that he had recently assumed his duties with the idea of granting us as much freedom of action as possible and in carrying out the plan he had often gone beyond the rules laid down for him by his superiors. Now that we had failed him he was placed in an embarrassing position. He might have said that he had "lost face" for that, usually, is what an Oriental does when in Tomibe's predicament. However, he made it quite clear that the camp as a whole would be made to suffer for the indiscre-

THE THIRD YEAR

tion of two of our number. First, there would be no more excursions or picnics on South Hill, which was declared out of bounds; second, no one might go outside of the camp grounds for any reason whatsoever; third, there would be regular rollcalls night and morning under his auspices and, fourth, a night patrol from the ranks of the internees would police the camp grounds forthwith. After asking if anyone had prior knowledge of the plan to escape or had any idea why they left camp and receiving no answer the meeting adjourned. That Tomibe was deeply moved by this breach of faith on the part of Green and Swick was quite apparent. This is understandable for among all the guard sergeants, Intelligence officers and Japanese civilians who had had charge of us during the two and a half years of internment none had treated us so much like human beings as had he. There was little sympathy among us for the escaped men for their leaving was untimely and could serve no good purpose. It would, instead, react very unfavorably upon us. Then Military Police took a hand. On the 7th E. J. Kneebone (Grass Valley, Calif.) was taken to headquarters in Baguio as was William Moule, who hails from the same town, and on the 8th J. J. Halsema, a Baguio newspaperman, was carted off. Kneebone was held for a week while the others were kept but three days. While there they were alternately questioned and tortured in an effort to get them to tell what they knew of the escape and the reason or reasons for the act. They were given nothing to eat save an occasional ball of rice and some water and the favorite method of applying the "third degree" was to have the victims extend their arms behind them, thumbs up. Their thumbs were tied to ropes running through pulleys fixed to the ceiling and a vigorous pull on them would elicit yells of pain—but thanks to their fortitude, no information. It was necessary for Kneebone to be hospitalized for a few days upon his return and all three men, having had their thumbs nearly pulled out of their sockets, were sorry sights for many days. Remembering that R. T. Gray had died from the effects of the water cure

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

administered by Military Police two years before, we were all on the anxious seat until the men returned. One can readily imagine the suffering of the wives of Kneebone and Moule (Halsema was unmarried) during those trying days. Even Tomibe shed tears when Kneebone was returned—so pitiful an object was he. The Japs were obsessed with the thought that the guerrillas were parties to the runaway and it drove the personnel at Military Police almost to sadism when the three victims told them nothing. They had nothing to tell. Kneebone was merely a bunkmate of Swick. Moule had known Swick when they were working at the Itogon mines and had taken to the hills with him during the early days of the war while Halsema had had no connection with either of the two men. Neither of the escaped men were ever captured although a detail of armed Japs scoured the mountains in a futile search. We learned, long afterwards, that they joined the guerrilla forces and rendered splendid service after our soldiers landed to retake Luzon in early 1945, ten months later.

Again, for the third time, we observed Easter in internment camp. On Good Friday, Sir John Stainer's cantata "The Crucifixion" was sung in the mess hall by a mixed choir of eight voices and services were held by the Anglicans, Roman Catholics, Lutherans and by the Union Church—an assembly of most of the Protestant denominations.

Easter morning was ushered in with a Sunrise Service on the knoll east of the camp hospital, but this time there was no evidence of Japanese soldiers upon the road which ran past the camp. That our food was decidedly poorer than at Easter 1943 is shown by a comparison of the menus of the two Sundays:

	<i>1943</i>	<i>1944</i>
Breakfast . . .	Bananas	Rice
	Cereal	Tea
	Hot cakes	
	Yeast bread with	
	peanut butter	
	Coffee	

THE THIRD YEAR

Lunch . . .	Soup	Rice
	Spanish rice	Vegetable stew
	Cabbage	
	Yeast bread	
Dinner . . .	Hamburgers,	Rice
	Tomato gravy	Gravy
	Rice	Spinach
	Gabi (taro)	Wongbok
	Chayotes	Sweet potatoes
	Cucumber pickles	
	Bananas	
	Coffee	

The absence of a meat dish on this year's Easter menu was particularly noted. In 1943 we were not rationed although limited to the expenditure of a fixed amount per capita daily, while this year the Japs bought our food for us on the basis of "Japanese Army Rations."

Upon the request of the Japs we submitted a time sheet showing the hours worked by each internee during March. Total hours of employment was about 10,000. After due consideration the labor reports of the wood, kitchen and hospital crews were accepted for whose services the Japs signified a willingness to pay and 200 pesos was credited to camp funds for about 1500 hours of work. The base pay was 15 centavos (seven and a half U. S. cents) an hour. For the 10,000 hours or, roughly 1250 days of all-inclusive labor we averaged a wage of 15 centavos a day. Certainly the laborer was not worthy of his hire in this part of the world when within an internment camp fence.

Carrying out his announced plan Commandant Tomibe divided the nine hours between 10:00 P. M. and 7:00 A. M. ("lights out" to breakfast) into three shifts of three hours each and required three men to patrol the grounds during each shift. About 140 men were available for this duty so that once every 13 or 14 nights one would find himself patrolling the barracks.

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

To distinguish our men from possible "runaways" they were provided with armbands so that they might avoid being run through by the bayonet of a Jap guard a trio of which, on hourly shifts, dragged their brogans around, about and through the barracks as they did during the early days of our confinement at Camp John Hay. This nightly parade of Nippon soldiers continued until July when the inner and outer fences had been erected, night lights installed and sentry boxes placed. The camp committee, quick to realize the injustice of making guards of us, protested Tomibe's ruling in a formal letter setting forth that in regard to fire, earthquake and flood, these occurrences not being the responsibility of an individual, the need for watchmen was recognized; with reference to the escape of internees the committee insisted that we, as a group, were not to blame and should not be asked to assume it; that the making of internees responsible for the escape of other internees was contrary to International Law governing civilian internment camps (on this point the committee was not too sure of its ground but, of course, Tomibe and his fellows were not aware of this). Concluding the protest the committee said that it would cooperate to the best of its ability to have the camp obey the rules and regulations of the Japanese Army but added that it was quite obvious that it had no control over the personal views of individual internees nor had it any means of forestalling or preventing any unusual action that an internee might take. After two weeks' deliberation the Commandant issued a statement that he accepted the protest but sidestepped the issue by adding that he could not answer for the attitude of the Military Police (the Gestapo) in Baguio. Our contention as to violation of International Law was ignored for the probable reason that the Japanese only recognize the law when it suits their fancy. We took up patrol duty with good grace and humour, as Americans usually do in like circumstances, and the prescribed instructions of a patrol to its relief was to "assist anyone intent on escaping by carrying his suitcase for a distance of five miles in any direction."

THE THIRD YEAR

In the chronicle for February, last, reference was made to an oath which all of us were required to sign which read: "I, the undersigned, hereby solemnly pledge myself that I will strictly comply with orders of Japanese Military Authorities and will not, under any circumstances, attempt to escape." These were signed on the 24th. On the 10th of March the signed oaths were returned with the statement that a "better" one would be required of us—whatever that meant. Five weeks later—on April 26th we were handed the revised oath for our signature. This time it read—"I, the undersigned, hereby solemnly pledge myself that I will not, under any circumstances, attempt to escape or conspire directly or indirectly against the Japanese Military Authorities as long as I am in their custody." It will be noted that the offensiveness of the words "I will strictly comply with the orders of Japanese Military authorities" must have become apparent to the Japanese within a couple of weeks of the execution of the first oath for we were not, after all, prisoners of war but only civilians under protective custody. There was no lawyer among us. Engineers, pedagogues and missionaries we had aplenty but no attorney save a correspondence school solicitor who professed to know nothing of International Law. However, in spite of the absence of "advice of counsel" we were quick to protest any requirement of the Japanese which did not meet with our approval or our ideas of the fitness of things.

Such building operations as we carried on in camp were with used materials, there being little or no new lumber or roofing available. To provide us with materials the Jap recruited wrecking crews from among us—usually 10 or 12 men—who were set to work tearing down American-owned buildings in Baguio or in the mining district. At the Presbyterian Mission in Baguio five buildings were razed, as was the residence of a British subject and a large residence on the property of a mining company. When the wrecking crews turned up at these buildings to begin demolition operations not a tap or faucet could be found, nor electric

wiring or fixtures, no furniture nor household furnishings of any kind, no stoves, kitchenware nor anything that could be moved except by tearing down walls and ripping up floors. All of them bore printed notices that they were the property of the Imperial Japanese Government and the public was warned to keep away from the premises.

This month saw the end of the "Battle of the Cubicle." Readers will remember that from the beginning of our internment the segregation of the sexes was a mania with the Japanese. In the early days a man could talk to his wife or to any other member of the opposite sex only across an eight-foot deadline and once a week he might walk with her for an hour. No visiting was allowed in the women's barracks and men and women ate separately. Gradually these regulations were modified. We could meet our wives at any time during daylight hours, could eat with them, walk with them, visit them in the barracks and, in fact, could have the pleasure of their company from breakfast time at seven until "lights out" at ten in the evening.

Having heard that couples were permitted to live together at the Los Banos Camp and that at Sto. Tomas, Manila, shanties had been erected for the accommodation of families, there was, from time to time, agitation at Holmes for similar privileges. In early March matters came to a head when two committeemen, Eschbach and Sheridan, the former with a wife and family in the States and the latter a Roman Catholic priest and, therefore, celibate aided by Thompson, a newly-wed in 1941, decided to bring the subject of the uniting of families into the open for discussion and to induce the committee to talk the matter over with the Japanese.

Webster defines a cubicle as "a sleeping place, especially one partitioned off from a large dormitory." As a "sleeping place" for families was the objective of these crusaders and as these places were to be in one of the dormitories the word "cubicle" was introduced into the camp's lexicon and there it remained until the end of our internment. It replaced the much-used word "commingle"

THE THIRD YEAR

which was a byword at Camp John Hay and at Holmes whenever the subject of mixing of the sexes was referred to.

Our knights-errant having decided to bring the matter of the uniting of families to the attention of the general committee it was no sooner said than done. The committee approved of the idea and asked couples wishing to be united to make themselves known by noon on March 9th. If a sufficient number signified their intention the subject would be discussed with the Japanese. Thirty-eight couples responded. Discussion among internees then followed, becoming acrimonious in the extreme as those in favor of the uniting of families found opposition among the "antis."

The opponents of the plan had two main objections, first, that visits of the stork would inevitably follow a second honeymoon, which would be deplorable because the physical condition of the prospective parents would leave its mark on the new arrivals and having been ushered into this war-torn world, where would the milk come from upon which they were to be reared? The reply to this was that it wasn't anybody's business but that of the parents anyway and meddlers had better keep their hands off. Second, the arrangements of living quarters incident to "cubiclizing" the barracks would only serve to work hardships among disinterested internees. On the 21st of March Rev. Vincent Gowen addressed an open letter to the committee which was posted on the bulletin board. This letter was removed by Chairman Eschbach on the grounds that it might be construed as "Anglican propaganda" for not only were the two opponents to the plan on the committee, Anglicans, but, for reasons somewhat obscure, the Anglican section of the community was almost unanimously against the idea of the "family unit plan." Gowen intimated that a minority in camp was doing all possible, by fair means or foul (by a "hush-hush campaign" to use his phrasing) to foist its views and plans upon a gullible majority. He asked that the subject be dropped! At this juncture the Park-Dickey wedding intervened and for a few days a truce was declared.

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

The tempest in the teapot, having subsided temporarily, broke out again following the visit of General Kuo, Commandant-in-Chief of Philippine internment camps, who announced on the 31st of March, through his representative, that he had no objection to families living together. Score one for the "Pros." On the 6th of that month the sub-committee having the matter in hand reported that of the 97 married couples in camp, 45 had applied for cubicles and that 154 persons would be affected by the moving made necessary to accommodate the petitioners. In spite of the approval of the Japanese and in the face of the determination of the general committee to carry out the plan several petitions were presented by internees who would be affected by the shifting of locations in the barracks and by those who desired to have the matter put to a camp vote. All petitions were rejected and a movement within the committee itself to drop the entire matter was lost by a vote of six to three. So bitter had become the feeling on the subject that personal encounters between committeemen and internees and among internees themselves were barely avoided.

On the 15th the sub-committee reported that 45 couples could be accommodated in the family unit plan and indicated progress in spite of opposition. However, the advance of the plans were accompanied by a bit of byplay and humour. Sheridan posted a letter to the "public" advising us that in the event of the bombing of the camp by the enemy it would be far better if families were united. Skerl, a committeeman, wrote to say that although at the Davao camp (Mindanao) families lived together from the beginning of internment no pregnancies developed and arrived at the illogical conclusion that none would result here!

On the 18th the committee, spurred to action by the activity of the oppositionists, wrote a letter to the Japanese camp commandant setting forth arguments pro and con. Against the plan the committee pointed out that (1) There was a possibility of pregnancies resulting from families living together. In the absence of milk and baby foods this would be deplorable; (2) Many

THE THIRD YEAR

internees would have to move to make room for family groups; and (3) there would be no privacy assured families living together under such crowded conditions. In favor of the plan these points were argued: (1) Families should have the right to be together and live normal lives; (2) Husbands should be given the opportunity to assist their wives; (3) In case of emergency (fire, etc.) husbands would be better able to assist their families if living with them; and (4) It is the right of husbands to live with their mates. It was pointed out that in our population of 339 persons over 14 years of age, 165 had signified their opposition to the plan by means of petitions to the committeemen.

Thus the whole subject was tossed into the laps of the Japs, and after some consideration, during which Tomibe remarked to one of the councilmen that he couldn't understand why Americans wanted to live in such close quarters and practically without privacy, the word was given to proceed with the plan as it was General Kuo's wish that it be done. From that moment there was a din of hammering and sawing, moving of beds and paraphernalia up and down stairs, from cottages to barracks and from barracks to cottages, men shifted about in their quarters as more space became available due to the exodus of "happy papas" and the children had the time of their lives lending a hand and making a general nuisance of themselves. Had proper material been provided to partition off cubicles much of the opposition to the plan would never have developed but the fact that nothing more than suspended bed sheets separated one cubicle from another was offensive to many couples who might, otherwise, have taken advantage of the plan to unite families. The whole thing savored too much of the stockyard, yet we must record that the most active of the advocates of the scheme were the missionaries as a group who had been sent to the Orient to preach morality and cleanliness to "uncivilized" peoples. Thus was won and lost the battle of the cubicle. The last word was spoken by a clerical advocate—"We are but obeying the laws of God and man," he said.

Heretofore, the month's rations of nonperishable foods (rice, sugar, tea and lard, in particular) were delivered to our storeroom in one lot while meat, fruits and vegetables were received daily (later, thrice weekly) by truck from the Baguio markets. We were told early in the month that, henceforth, nonperishables would be delivered to the guardhouse and from there doled out daily to take delivery of which a detail of internees with a push-cart must present themselves each morning after breakfast. No official reason accompanied the order but it was surmised that the Japs were having difficulties to assemble a month's rations for a single delivery. This was the first indication we had that the Japanese were having trouble with our feeding problem and from this time onward our suspicions were found to be correct. But more of this later.

The 29th being Emperor Hirohito's birthday, visitors were allowed in camp. They were obliged to register at the guardhouse, declare what they had brought with them as gifts which were then examined for contraband and then permitted to join relatives in the "sunken gardens" nearby. Only relatives of internees were admitted. There, until 2:00 P. M., families were united and lunches eaten under the watchful eye of armed guards. During the day, Commandant Tomibe had the children of the camp assemble under a tree near his offices where six bananas were presented to each child and the usual photograph taken for propaganda purposes. In the evening the guards made merry with the aid of a liberal supply of the national drink—"sake."

CHAPTER XXIX

May, 1944—856th to 886th Day

Tomibe gives us lessons in the pursuance of "democracy"—Rollcalls again instituted—Bamboo arrives by the truck-load—A double fence erected around Camp—We grow hungrier—Complete breakdown in the Japs' commissary department.

THE FINANCE Officer of the camp, Committeeman Graham resigned as a result of the committee's attitude on the "family unit" plan. As his letter of resignation sums up the opinions of many of the internees we quote from it:

"Whereas, action of the general committee no longer represents the spirit of this camp as a whole and disregards, entirely, the wishes of the majority of the camp population; and since I find it impossible to bring my views into coincidence with those held by the majority of the committee I feel it my duty to withdraw from any further participation as a member of the committee in order that greater harmony may prevail therein. I cannot subscribe to the dictatorial attitude upheld by the committee majority and do not propose to lend my name to selfish actions which clearly are at variance with the desires of the majority electorate." "A brave stand" said the opponents to the plan; "An action born of pique," retorted the proponents.

The committee accepted the resignation and called a special election to replace him. Fabian Ream won handily and attended the usual weekly meeting on the 2nd. The Japanese administration of the camp had taken the stand that while we might have elections for committeemen its approval of any successful candidate was necessary and at a meeting on the 4th, Tomibe read the riot act to the eight committeemen, Ream having absented himself. The Commandant said that the election of committeemen was

solely to provide him with the names of persons who represented the camp's choice. However, these persons could not function as councillors until he had appointed them in the name of the Japanese Army. So much for the Japanese understanding of Democracy. Because of this they must realize the solemnity of their positions ("Solemnity" was a favorite word of Japanese officials) and may not resign without his approval. He then called upon Graham for the reason for his resignation. Then each committeeman was grilled. Why was not the petition signed by 165 internees asking for a referendum on the "family unit" plan acted upon favorably? One committeeman confessed that he opposed a plebiscite because he feared an adverse vote, and he, for one, was very anxious to live with his family. Tomibe then said that no appointee of the Japanese might resign without his approval and voiced his objection to the holding of a special election without his sanction. He was about to call for an election for a new committee whereupon several of the incumbents stated they would not stand for reelection. "Better known devils than unknown saints," probably thought Tomibe for following the chastisement of our representatives Graham was ordered reinstated, Ream ousted and the committee "reappointed." With this the echoes of controversy over the uniting of families faded out.

Rollcalls, instead of being held in groups in the dormitories, came out into the open on the 18th and, weather permitting, were held at 8:00 in the morning and at 7:00 P.M. on the parade ground. They were quite formally conducted. We lined up in a three-sided square, the open side toward the administration office, each of the twenty-three groups in charge of its monitor. At the approach of the Japanese officer of the day accompanied by our chairman or vice-chairman, roll-call lists in hand, the internees—men, women and children—came to attention. The chairman bowed to the officer, the officer to the chairman and then we bowed to both. Then followed an inspection by Hirohito's representative who did more bowing as he passed from one group to another.

THE THIRD YEAR

There were always a few latecomers, particularly in the morning, much tittering and laughter, some horseplay among adults who should have conducted themselves with more dignity and, of course, the little tots were difficult to manage but several "last warnings" from the Commandant's office had their effect in promoting better order and decorum.

At the time the Japs told us that there was no means of transportation of foodstuffs from the lowlands to Baguio, hence the shortage of rations for us internees, twenty-five truckloads of bamboo, with 25,000 thirty-foot stalks, measuring from three or four inches in diameter at the butt were delivered from Tarlac Province, a hundred miles to the south. This bamboo was ultimately split up, cut to required lengths and a lattice-work fence with the slats spaced about ten inches apart, constructed as part of the outer barbed wire enclosure surrounding the camp. The guards were stationed between the two barbed wire fences, the space between was well illuminated with electric lights and anyone endeavoring to get away would have to negotiate the inner fence, run the gauntlet of guards and force his way through bamboo lattice-work and a second series of barbed wires. For the first time since Camp John Hay days we realized that we were now completely helpless prisoners and with the systematic cutting down on our food became more discontented than ever.

Acute hunger was felt by most of us towards the end of the month, and hungry we continued from this time on. It will be recalled that on January 26th we were told that on February 1st we would be limited to 400 grams (14 oz.) of dry rice per person daily. To meet our requirements, 5800 kilograms (12,760 pounds) of the cereal would need be supplied monthly. Early this month, without prior notice, the allowance was cut to 300 grams or 25 per cent. This would reduce monthly needs to 4350 kilograms. However, when deliveries were made weights were short by 700 kilograms and we received only 3650 kilos. Instead, therefore, of being supplied with 12,760 pounds of rice during this

month we received 8030 pounds, a reduction of 37 per cent. The 100 grams of rice promised, extra, to internees doing physical labor such as wood-chopping and tree-felling were never delivered. Why the shortage, we asked? No satisfactory answer was forthcoming. When food packages were allowed to enter camp from the outside the majority of us fared quite well but when these food bags were refused entrance and the rice supply curtailed the situation was far from a happy one. To us it was the first sign of a breakdown, not only in Japanese supply lines but in the productive ability of Philippine rice fields and accompanying this was a gradual loss in the purchasing power of the bogus Jap peso.

The Japanese authorities promised to supply us with either meat (beef or pork) or fish, daily, so long as we were on the same diet as was furnished their army. They did not do so because they could not. Meat was not procurable in the Baguio district and it became increasingly difficult not only to obtain fish in quantity on the shores of Lingayen Gulf but to transport it up the 35-mile road to Holmes. During the month we were served fish in minute quantities (less than an ounce) at 14 meals, pork four times and beef twice. Thus, only in two meals in three did the Japs comply with promises. In fact in February, March, April and May, a period of 121 days, meat or fish was delivered but 74 times. At least our hosts were consistent for a 63 per cent average was maintained but this was little more than lip-service for deliveries always were short-weighted. We were not getting even the "army ration" which was little enough when gauged by our American standards of living. Such word as was received by internees from the United States in private letters indicated that Japanese civilian internees at home were living on a plenitude of wholesome food. It will be to the everlasting shame of the Japanese that they failed to feed us on a reciprocal basis with their nationals in America. We could not expect the same variety that the States afforded for the Philippines does not produce much assortment of foods but we did expect and were entitled to an adequate diet. If, for one

THE THIRD YEAR

reason or another, they could not do this we should have been released and allowed to go to our homes. To do otherwise was inhuman and cruel.

CHAPTER XXX

June, 1944—887th to 916th Day

Gen. Kuo calls again—Orders a machine gun emplacement on South Hill—We protest our meagre rations—The answer is a further reduction in food allowances—Told not to use the term "Jap"—We report our individual financial status—Food prices continue to rise—Our sole source of news is the Baguio hospital.

GENERAL KUO, the Korean, visited us again on the first. He certainly was not in an expansive mood nor, as it later transpired, in a generous one. After a cursory inspection of the camp he held a conference with his subordinates at the administration building and took himself off in his looted Cadillac sedan late in the afternoon. A letter had been prepared by the general committee, addressed to the "Bunshiyacho" (Camp Commandant) the contents of which were discussed with Kuo. It was a protest against the quantity and quality of the rations being furnished, and opened with the general statement that 50 per cent of the camp population suffered from undernourishment and malnutrition which had resulted in many cases of anemia and stomach disorders. It is worthy of note that the visiting official and his staff looked better nourished and decidedly plumper than any group of Japanese officers that ever honored us with their presence. In the afternoon the General negotiated the lower part of South Hill against which Camp Holmes abuts but it was an effort for him for only after much puffing and blowing, stopping en route several times to fan himself with his cap, did he finally reach a point where he directed a machine gun emplacement be provided, which commanded a full view of all the camp buildings and the parade ground. We were sure that Kuo did not subsist on "army rations" as we knew them. The evening before he sent his car to fetch Messrs. Tomibe, Saito and Tanabe, of the local administrative staff. The three

THE THIRD YEAR

men, in uniform and embellished with those huge Japanese swords that look so much like beheading knives, emerged from their quarters in due course, looking grave and important, followed by a flunkey with a case of beer which was deposited in the car, upon which the group drove off with all the dignity the occasion demanded. The Japanese are inordinately fond of beer and to judge from appearances Kuo was no exception. Anyway the lads who ran our camp knew their boss. Back to the letter—the following facts were stipulated:

1. The Red Cross packages (received in December) are nearly exhausted so that internees are more and more dependent upon camp food.

2. No more relief funds, which have been used to supplement Japanese army rations, remain and high food prices render relief funds practically useless.

3. Special foods have been bought for the children, elderly people and the sick. This cannot be done in future for want of funds and in fairness to the general camp personnel.

4. Manual laborers among the internees are not getting sufficient food. The extra rice promised for them (100 grams or 3.5 ounces of dry rice daily) has not been received. Men are employed on construction work, and on cutting, delivering and piling of fire wood (20) per cent of which was used by the Japanese garrison at the guardhouse kitchen.

5. We have in camp people of all ages and conditions of health, drawn from all walks of life, who must not be considered a selected group from the standpoint of health. (It was inferred, of course, that Japanese army rations should not be issued to us for general feeding, for many of us were not up to Jap army health standards.)

It was suggested that:

- a. More fresh vegetables be provided, and
- b. More proteins, also, such as meat, eggs, beans and peanuts.

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

No reply was received but two days later we were shocked to learn that our rice ration, originally set at 400 grams (14 dry ounces) and later reduced to 300 grams was to be cut to 250 grams, and that our sugar ration would henceforth be one and three-quarter ounces per person every ten days! We received a tablespoonful of sugar every Wednesday morning or at the rate of four pounds each per annum. It was further announced that no civilian internee would be allowed to communicate with another internee in any Philippine camp. Previously we might send one 25-word message monthly although we were never sure that it would reach its destination. This, of course, was no hardship; merely inconvenient.

After Kuo's memorable climb to the lower level of South Hill the outer fence was reset so as to enclose the knoll where the general had directed a machine gun be placed to put the fear of the Jap into us but this disturbed us not at all. In addition to this "precaution," trenches and fox-holes were dug along the fence at what the military experts termed strategic points.

The Japanese did not like to be called "Japs." In Hawaii where thousands of Japanese live the term is universally used as an abbreviation of the word "Japanese" and is in no sense meant as a slur upon these nationals. In camp many referred to them as "Nips," a contraction of "Nipponese" which was probably equally offensive to them as the word Jap. On the third this notice appeared on the bulletin board: "Since the term 'Jap' is considered an insult the Commandant requests that in conversation when you refer to the Japanese the term 'Japanese' and not 'Jap' be used." Needless to say, everyone continued to say "Jap" or "Nip." Americans do not like to be told what expressions to use in their conversations particularly under internment camp conditions for we resented restrictions upon our liberties and felt that the Japs had no right to be there anyway.

Whenever a high-ranking officer of any Japanese service was to make an inspection we were reminded by means of special bulle-

THE THIRD YEAR

tins to "stand at attention when he passed and to incline your heads slightly"; in short, make some semblance of a bow. But many never did. We felt that an "inspection" consisted of one part scrutiny and nine parts curiosity. The white man was under lock and key and that was a sight worth going miles to see. However, we were not sullen when the higher-ups looked us over, although it did hurt our pride. We were merely indifferent knowing full well that we would have our day in due time.

On the fourth we were required to again supply the Japanese administration with details of place of birth, parentage, education, occupation since completion of school, whether married or single, and if married a complete statement as to the number of children one had, where they were at the moment any many other questions as to one's profession, etc., and then five days later we were called upon to answer these queries: (1) Name a non-interned acquaintance in the Philippines; (2) How much cash have you on hand, and (3) What is your bank balance (or balances) in the Philippines? No reason was ever given for such questionings and, as usual, nothing ever came of them.

Inflation continued. Week by week prices advanced and there seemed to be no end to it. Prices considered outrageous one day would seem quite reasonable a month later. Here are a few June commodity prices (in U. S. gold per pound, unless otherwise specified): Pork lard, \$6.75; coffee (green), \$5.25; duck eggs, 50 cents each; native hen's eggs, 65 cents; black pepper, \$25.00; tea, \$35.00; laundry soap, \$2.60; bar chocolate, \$1.00; shoe polish, \$9.00 a can; tomatoes, \$1.10; hulled corn, \$1.60. A month or so later these prices seemed low. One was buying less and paying more for it. In January we spent 21,000 pesos at the camp store and in June 51,000 pesos. For the six months sales were 109,000 pesos and for 18 months from January 1st, 1943, 316,000 pesos. However, January, 1943, sales were only 4000 pesos. In July of that year the month's sales were 7500 pesos; they were 20,000

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

pesos by December, last, and for July (next month) they were over 60,000 pesos.

Ten thousand pesos, more or less, was assigned to us for relief purposes monthly, nearly all of which was spent for supplementary food. During June such purchases totaled 8768.50 pesos for the following foodstuffs: 922 bananas; 1472 pounds papaya; 66 pounds sweet potatoes; 23 pounds squash; 57 pounds of peanuts; 64 pounds cassava flour; 640 pounds potatoes; 51 dozen sweet corn; 410 eggs; 1117 pounds tomatoes; 996 pounds cucumbers and 44 pounds celery. Between store purchases and relief fund disbursements well over \$250,000 was expended in 18 months for *food* or about \$500 a day of non-Japanese funds, yet, as civilian internees we were supposed to be adequately fed by the Japs.

Being held "incommunicado" was having its effect. Items of news became more and more scarce. Our only contact with the outside world was through the internee patients at the Baguio General Hospital once or twice a week when doctors from camp called upon them professionally or when internees were sent out for a day or for a few hours for X-ray or diathermy treatments. It was not always easy to get information. Guards accompanied the trucks and joined any groups that might form in the hospital wards assigned to us, with eyes and ears open. It is surprising how much news was transmitted, however, although the native doctors and nurses were threatened with severe punishment by the Japs if they said anything to patients, permanent or temporary, on any subject save that of the ailment for which they were being treated. It was never long after the return of the truck from Baguio before tongues were wagging and news spread from one end of the camp to the other.

CHAPTER XXXI

July, 1944—917th to 947th Day

K. Oura succeeds Tomibe—We meet Mr. Yamato—The story of Joseph Icard—The Japs erect a fence across the parade ground—Yamato gives us a sample of Tokyo-English—All internee-patients at Baguio General ordered returned to Camp.

THIS was the month of the advent of Lt. K. Oura and his aide, Sakashita and further difficulties, prohibitions and rules of conduct for us. On the fifth, Tomibe announced his retirement and on the following day Oura appeared on the scene. Between 45 and 50 years of age, his jet black bristly hair cut in the usual Japanese military fashion—close-cropped like that of a penitentiary inmate, but with a pompadour effect at the front—grim-visaged and with an air of having shouldered an important job, he was introduced to us in the late afternoon of his first day in camp at a gathering of men in the new school building. The room was small and overcrowded as we stood in three or four files lengthwise of the room. Worming his way through the assemblage, in company of Tomibe, S. Yamato, the interpreter, and his second-in-command, he faced us. We bowed, some in the approved manner, but most with but a slight nodding of heads. Then a shout from Tomibe—"Kiwostuske," which is "attention" in our language but literally translated from the Japanese means "Put your mind to it." We did.

A short speech by Oura followed, painfully translated into Tokyo English by Yamato—a tiny fellow filled with an exaggerated idea of his importance to humanity and the world. We quote Yamato: "De Nippon emperor (corrected to "empire") for tree hundred year very crowded anda so came China affair anda rater (later) war with America. For tree tousand year Nippon espritu (spirit) very strong and Nippon wirru (will) be victorious. You

are unhappy here and we are unpresent. Rately two men escaped. None of you musta do this for it wirru be more unpresent for you. The Firripines has been corony (colony) of America and when we came here we found rittle (little) food but I find we are giving you as much as Japanese army." A few more words on this order and then an abrupt end to the address, a rapid exit and a hurried walk across the grounds to the dining room where the women had assembled. He told them, with no trace of diplomacy, that he succeeded Tomibe because two men had recently escaped. This was, of course, pleasing to Tomibe who stood alongside him. He told the ladies much about the "inconveniences" they were living under, etc., then adjourned the gathering and prepared to meet our general committee. He made appropriate remarks to the group and in the course of the conference touched upon the food shortage. One reason advanced for the scarcity of food in the Philippines was that it was because Japan was obliged to send rice to India to feed her "starving millions." He said nothing of the hardships being undergone by the Japanese at home to whom all available food from the "Co-Prosperity Sphere" was going on such ships that passed our blockade. Oura did not create a favorable impression for he appeared to be making every effort to picture to us a victorious and invincible Japan when we knew that the tide had turned and that Japan was on the defensive—fighting for her very existence. Some of us decided that he was slightly mad—an opinion confirmed in full measure during the remaining months of internment.

Joseph Icard, an American mestizo, was interned at Camp John Hay on February 19, 1942, with his wife, Frances (Bennett), an American mestiza although their three children were permitted to remain at home in Baguio. Six months later they were released on the grounds that they were Filipino citizens and as a result of the activities of their many friends on the outside for the Icards were a popular couple. He was a trained mining engineer

THE THIRD YEAR

(Colorado School of Mines) while his wife was a graduate of the University of the Philippines, Manila. Incapacitated for several months by a serious accident some years before the war, Icard decided, upon his recovery, to enter the brokerage field and, accordingly, had established himself in Baguio. In March, 1944, we heard that he was aiding an under-cover organization whose purpose was the succor of that group of brave Americans and Filipinos (the guerrillas) hiding in nearby mountains organized and ready to cooperate with our troops when they returned. Whether this was true we had no means of learning but, knowing Icard, we had our suspicions. Then we learned that he was in the military-police jail in Baguio and out of a clear sky, he was, on April 21st, 1944, brought back to Camp Holmes for reinternment. Mrs. Icard and the children remained at home. Still his smiling self, although a bit worn from 32 days in a small, dirty cell, Icard re-entered camp life and took up his duties as a pot-washer in the kitchen. He was mum on the subject of his imprisonment.

On May 22nd he was hailed to police headquarters again. Why—no one knew and after an absence of three days returned, none the worse for the experience, and wearing the Icard smile, although tired and hungry.

On July 15th Mrs. Icard was allowed to visit camp and, under the watchful eye of a civilian Japanese, she and her husband were permitted to discuss family affairs. She brought him funds which were deposited to Icard's credit at the camp store and on the following day a goodly investment was made in eatables of one kind and another—sugar, eggs, fruit and anything else that he fancied. And so back to the routine again—plenty of pots to wash, eggs to cook and eat, and forgotten was the Baguio office and its cares.

The Japs had not lost sight of him, however. On the morning of July 17th, as the camp truck was making ready for a trip to Manila with the deposed Tomibe as a passanger, word was telephoned to notify Icard to prepare to leave camp within 30 minutes. Was he again to be released, jailed once more in Baguio or trans-

ferred to Manila's Santo Tomas Camp? These were the questions we asked ourselves as he hurriedly packed his belongings. Again "Goodbyes" and good wishes. On the 21st the truck returned from Manila with Icard's luggage containing all his clothes and all the food which he had—on the advice of fellow-internees—taken with him. It was learned that Icard, allowed nothing more than the clothes on his back and a toothbrush, had been thrown into the Black Hole of Manila—Fort Santiago jail in the Walled City—a military prisoner.

A few days later more facts came to light which cleared up the mystery of his sudden and final departure. Accompanying Mrs. Icard to camp on the Friday before was a Japanese Intelligence Officer bringing with him a transcript of the questions asked Icard and his answers thereto during his 32-day stay at the jail. He was asked to read it and if it was in order to sign it. The Japanese told him that his replies to the questions would be checked or, as was the case, were in process of verification. If everything was in order he would be released immediately. If not, then to Fort Santiago. Thus Icard knew, when the Monday morning summons came, that he was on his way there, but true to American tradition he bore up smilingly and left behind him the impression that he was off to join his family and re-open his office.

The incident which brought the wrath of the Japanese upon Icard's head involved a pair of shoes. One of the American officers among the guerrillas was in need of shoes—size 11. Word was sent to Icard who dispatched a Filipino lad to a Baguio shoe shop for them. Incidentally a pair of shoes under inflation prices cost several hundred "Tokyo pesos." Then another boy was entrusted with the duty of entering the guerrilla lines and delivering the shoes to an American officer named Barnett but, sad to relate, he was picked up by an inquisitive Japanese, brought back to Baguio and when questioned said that the shoes were for a relative. If they were ordinary shoes the story might have been accepted but

THE THIRD YEAR

Filipinos do not wear size elevens—they are small-statured people. So to the shoemaker with more questions. It was Icard's answers to questions on this subject that finally broke him.

He was later transferred from Fort Santiago to New Bilibid prison from which, aided by native guards under instructions from the guerrilla forces, he escaped and made his way to Australia by an American submarine.

A low-railed fence was constructed of bamboo by the Japanese guards, late in the month, diagonally across the parade ground. The purpose of the fence was two-fold. It was to prevent all and sundry from having a view of the guard's barracks—formerly the warehouse—and to keep women and children away from the vicinity of the shops. After the fence had been completed and many conjectures were advanced on the whys and wherefores of such a bar to free access to any point in camp within the camp boundaries Yamato prepared a statement, on behalf of the Japanese administration, for the general committee. The note, after the usual salutation, read: "In this scientific age things should be indistinct but not obscure. No one is allowed beyond the fence except on business, etc." What he was driving at no one seemed to know in his reference to things scientific, indistinct and obscure but there was the fence and we must not go beyond it. But we had a good laugh over yet another example of Tokyo-English.

Men engaged in cutting wood broke axe handles from time to time. To replace them with handles whittled out of native wood was not satisfactory because no Philippine wood available on the local timber lands approached hickory or ash in strength and elasticity. Semi-hard woods are too brittle. Also, the sawyers needed a light oil with which to lubricate the sawcuts and dissolve the pitch in the local timber, a species of pine, the presence of which caused the saws to drag. As the Jap guards drew freely on our wood supplies, taking chopped firewood to an estimated amount of 20 per cent of our output for use in the guardhouse and administration kitchens, the committee thought the time propitious to

suggest that the Japs cut their own wood but in any case they should supply us with proper axe handles and oil. Accordingly a politely-worded letter was handed to the Japanese. We were not favored with a formal reply but at the foot of our letter a scrawled pencilled notation was made, presumably written by that lover of the arts, Yamato: "Letter returned to the committee—as the soldiers have no time to cut wood let them do as before. We are going to give you oil (a bottle of gasoline) and you may make axe handles by yourself."

On the 26th the Japs issued the following order: "All internee patients at Baguio General Hospital must be brought back to camp on Friday next, the 28th"—and brought back they were. Then came another order that no one might go to Baguio General for X-ray examinations and the privilege would only be accorded to those suffering from fractures. In short, there was to be no more outside medical assistance. Why? News was coming in, traced to those who went to the hospital as doctors, nurses or patients, but we were not supposed to get any. Our access to news was of little concern to the Japanese when victories were coming their way, when all was right with Nippon and when Premier Tojo and his satellites were fooling all the Japanese people at least some of the time. It was different now. Knowledge of the "social disturbance" on the outside, to quote Yamato again, was not good for us, hence the restrictions. So the lines drew tighter—less food, no news, no diversion or relaxations beyond that supplied by ourselves and above all more and more work for us to do. We asked ourselves, and with good reason, "Where is it all leading us to?"

CHAPTER XXXII

August, 1944—948th to 978th Day

Yamato as a critic of the stage—Oura speaks—We must do more work, turn in our loose change, eat less, grow more food—Yamato becomes more ambiguous—Spring onions reign supreme—The wood crew boot-legs food—We exchange shirts and sheets for peanuts and dried fish—The camp schools.

AFTER 32 months' internment it did not take much to amuse us and occasionally something cropped up that tickled our funny bones. During these months it was that clown, Yamato, who showed us the lighter side and this time it was in the self-appointed role of a dramatic critic that he brought laughter to camp. On the 6th a parody on Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was staged for the usual Saturday evening's entertainment, and our critic, as representative of the Commandant's office, was none other than Yamato. He was so impressed with what he saw that he repaired to his office immediately after the show and burned the midnight oil in unburdening his thoughts and setting them down on paper. Here is the result of his efforts without correction or embellishment:

"Seeing the Camp Hamlet at Saturday Evening"

"Many years have passed since I was interested in Shakespeare's Hamlet or Goethe's Faust. This evening I had the chance unexpectedly to see Camp Hamlet—the tragedie-comedy Hamlet.' I have not yet the acquaintance, though I must, with those persons who acted the roles or the writer of the opera or the musician. Though I had already some suspicion that it was changed Hamlet from the old drama I went to see it from curiosity and ennui. And lo! there the Hamlet was played! Within such limited dining room, with the little clothing (except those of female persons) and, to make the matter worse with no curtain nor back-scene, it must need the most skillful actors or actresses

to play the performance. And then it was played well, admirably well, with profound humour. I like best the Gost's monology, those musical melodies. And when all persons sang together in comical yet mournful chorus, tears involuntarily spread from my eyes. It is "Humour" in psychological terminology. All person's roles were performed very well, each actor or actress having individuality and charmingness. The Queen's garments were very beautiful as well as the nice gesture of Opheliever. King's comicality and Hamlet's voice. All combined, Camp Hamlet, the master piece was born. It took somewhat longer hours but all passed smoothly without a hitch except a carrying off of Ophelia and doctor's treatment and it made the play all the more interesting. To conclude, you are very artistic, musical, profound in aesthetics and serene in this living. That is what I cannot help admiring in you! Goodnight."

Most of the male players were dressed in their underclothing which, naturally, added a touch of the ridiculous to the piece. The music which called for Yamato's comment was nothing more than the old favorites from a standard college songbook ranging from "In The Gloaming" to "Three Blind Mice"—thirty-one in all, but Mr. Yamato could not be expected to be familiar with them. The show, however much as it pleased the camp audience seemed to please Yamato more and, as is so common with Japanese language students, it gave him the opportunity to display his knowledge of English.

Oura, the new Commandant, lost no time in introducing his policies and adding to our discomfort. We were spending too much at the camp store, he opined, and this must be curtailed. He was not impressed with the statement that while purchases totalled large from a monetary standpoint, value received was next to nothing. To recognize this would be to admit inflation and the uselessness of the "Japanese peso" and, of course, a loyal Jap would never do that. That prices were from fifty to a hundred times greater than those of the pre-war period meant nothing.

THE THIRD YEAR

One could spend fifty pesos for eggs, fruits, vegetables, sugar, soap, etc., and carry it off in a small market basket, yet the same amount before the war would buy in such volume that two able-bodied men would have difficulty in packing it away from the market. For instance, fifty pesos would buy half ton of sugar; a backbreaking load for five men. When this sum of money would buy less than four pounds of the crudest sort of sugar one began to appreciate that a desperate situation had developed in Philippine economics. In order, therefore, that we might not live too well and the "haves and the have nots"—to quote Oura's words—might be levelled off to a common plane it was decreed that on and after August 7th no adult might spend more than 50 pesos (and no child under 10 more than 25 pesos) a month for extra food.

Further we were not doing enough work. We must do more—but he did not talk in terms of labor; we must raise more food. To do this all must contribute time and effort in the vegetable gardens promoting the growth of sweet potatoes and spring onions and such other green crops as were necessary. At this juncture we can do no better than to cite Oura as he conferred with our committee:

1. The object of curtailing purchases at the store was:
 - a. To prolong the usefulness of money now in the hands of the internees and to this end all monies in their possession must be turned over to the Japanese authorities on August 7th and
 - b. To control extravagance. (He could not be convinced that to buy such necessities as eggs at 3.50 pesos each, bananas at 40 centavos each, sweet potatoes at 2.50 pesos a pound and sugar at 14 pesos a pound was not extravagance. If one was obliged to spend 20 pesos for items that once could be bought for 13 centavos he could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered prodigal. Here Sakashita, the aide, ventured the remark that his daily wage would not buy three bananas. At least we could deduct that a Japanese army lieutenant served his Emperor for a monthly

stipend of about \$17.50.) He then added that it might be necessary to curtail community spending, referring, of course, to the ten to twelve thousand pesos placed in our hands, monthly, by the Red Cross Society for general relief purposes.

2. There was a serious food shortage. We must raise more food. To impress this fact upon us he might reduce store stock replenishments and still further curtail food supplies to the kitchen. To insure a greater labor turnout on garden work, shop work must be reduced, kitchen crews cut and fewer doctors and nurses employed at the hospital. In order that more idle hands may turn to gardening it would be necessary to turn in all privately-owned tools such as hammers, saws and all garden tools now in the hands of internees and, further, no more private gardening would be allowed.

3. We must work twice as many hours as we were then working and this extra labor must be applied to gardening. Every able-bodied man, woman and *child* in internment must, in addition to present duties, work two hours a week in the field.

Over and over he stressed the fact that there was a food shortage, that no rice could be imported into the Philippines, that the Japanese at home were on starvation rations and that unless we produced more to eat we would probably have to go without in the very near future. He then said that there had been no maritime communication with Japan since April thus admitting the efficiency of our naval blockade and to the suggestion that the American Red Cross might be allowed to send us food he said that this was impossible because the "submarines of both Japan and America are in waiting to sink enemy shipping." The thought that neutral shipping might be employed on such an errand of mercy probably did not occur to him. Such expressions as "we must raise more food," "more men must be released for farming," "there is a food shortage," "more hands must turn to farming," "we must make more men available for farm work" and through an "increased farming crew" and children "working on the farm"

THE THIRD YEAR

we must "grow more vegetables" punctuated his talk. Finally he ordered a revision of work details, at once.

What inconsistency! We must buy less at the store to supplement our daily food dole, we might suffer a reduction in our daily ration but must do twice as much work. The promises made in January of a daily per capita allowance of 14 ounces of rice, 7 ounces of vegetables, 3.5 ounces of meat or fish and a little less than an ounce, daily, of salt, sugar, vegetable lard and tea was not being fulfilled. We were thus subsisting on less than the Japanese army ration—always less than a thousand calories a day per person and often as low as seven hundred calories. Either we were an extraordinary group of humans or the doctors and dieticians were wrong for, on Oura's orders, we did turn in more hours of labor.

All able-bodied persons in camp put in three hours of work per day. Sixty-two per cent of the camp's population (men, women and children) rendered some service in the kitchen, on the wood crew, in the gardens, at the hospital, in the vegetable room, cleaning up, etc. Every morning and afternoon groups of men and women could be seen headed towards the gardens armed with grubbing hoes, rakes, spades, forks and the like. The duty was three hours in the morning and two in the afternoon and great was the enthusiasm when rains drove them indoors.

Instructions were issued by the Japs covering the turning in of cash and procedure in the matter of spending but 50 pesos monthly written by that master of English, S. Yamato, the most obscure of the articles being the following paragraph: "The chairman must have the wished amount of money by the internees with application transferred to the deposit account of that internee at the camp store, thereby setting up the above-said limit including a balance brought forward from the last month." Our internee-accountants were puzzled by that order.

The preamble to the instructions is worthy of attention: "Time changed the circumstances. We must realize the cold fact of emer-

gency. Now the time for all of us to be up and doing is here, and we are also obliged to let all of you, the internees, work—each person according to his capability. Bear in mind, please, that we must not forever stand still in the status quo ante. Such being the case we establish the following organization as to the internees' labor plan"—then follow several paragraphs covering such subjects as private work, the gardens, the kitchen and private cooking, woodcutting, the consolidation of tools and on the subject of the store Yamato had this to say "To revise the loose manner of consumptive life you must realize the purport of the camp store of which main purpose is to sell daily necessities Buy those things with wages and money paid by the military authorities and the common property to be spent only for special food or food to one's taste. So you must observe the detailed regulations of the rules regarding the internees' personal money and try to live within the rations from the army." Well, that was something!

Yamato concluded: "These all we say, not for ourselves but for your food's sake in this present time of emergency." The call for more labor carried with it compensation of sorts, for all those who devoted five hours in any one day to manual labor were rewarded with the gift of a sweet potato weighing about a pound. It was conceded, however, that the expenditure of this labor was not compensated for by the calories to be found in a one-pound yam but it served a purpose and, while there was an abundance of adverse comment, much talk on our "constitutional rights," etc., considerable speculation as to whether civilian internees could be drafted as laborers, those who were able to do so turned out in a spirit of resignation.

On the 26th the day's menu was: Breakfast—tea and rice; Lunch—rice; Dinner—sauteed sweet potatoes and a few slices of cucumbers. Calories per person averaged 777. The usual Wednesday morning's tablespoon of sugar was omitted on the 16th and for the rest of the month none was served. Some internees paid ten dollars a pound for sugar smuggled in by the

THE THIRD YEAR

wood lot crew but many of us had no sugar in any form until early September when the Japs supplied us with one sack which was the ration for the month for nearly 500 people. The rice ration was again reduced early in the month to 7.5 ounces per person daily in the face of a promised 14 ounces. The cabbage season being over, the common vegetable of the hour was the spring onion (the Bermuda onion had long since been forgotten for not since mid-1942 had we seen, much less eaten, this delectable, though pungent member of the lily family) which while not served for breakfast was found in nearly every other dish at the other two meals.

The old maxim to the effect that "if there's a will there's a way" had its application in camp. We were not supposed to get news—in order to maintain our "serenity" of living—but we did. We were not allowed to have any contacts with the outside nor to buy anything except through the camp store and then only up to fifty pesos a month. All cash on hand was supposed to be turned in on the 7th for "safekeeping" but this was not done by everyone for scores of us retained sums ranging from a hundred to a thousand pesos. The wood crew, which daily went to the Trinidad wood lot to fell trees and cut them into logs were always accompanied by two or more guards. The woodsmen were given a rough going over ("frisked") before leaving camp (and on their return) to make sure that there was no traffic with the outside. When the store sold without limit it was unnecessary for the wood gang to do any buying either for themselves or for the stay-at-homes but fifty pesos could not buy very much, hence the need for another source of supply. It was fully recognized that not much volume could be bought and ultimately the gang purchased only such commodities as eggs, peanuts, sugar, dried fish and fruit, when these items were offered. As the guards were stern and unbending they had first to be softened through kindness. The ration for their noonday meal was small, consisting of balls of rice—so common to the Japanese soldier's daily fare. Gifts of sweet pota-

toes, bananas and the like were made to them from the wood-crew's lunch-basket. At first offers were refused but by degrees the temptation became too great and the proffered food was accepted. The soldiers like fruit but could buy little or none on their own account because of their lack of money. This deficiency was soon remedied. The Jap likes his liquor which was available at a small store near the woods in the form of fermented sugar cane juice known locally as "basi." Though this crude but palatable drink cost ten pesos a quart an occasional bottle was handed to the guards. In making the rounds of duties the Jap guards might be employed today as camp guards, tomorrow two or three of their number would accompany the wood crew, on the third day the guards of the day before might be stationed at the camp gates and charged with searching the crew for contraband. Some of the guards, however, placed duty before acceptance of favors and these goats had to be separated from the sheep, as it were, by careful observation on the part of the wood crew. Having broken through the reserve of friendly guards it became necessary to learn whether these particular soldiers would be at the gates on the trip home in late afternoon. It was observed that on some days the guards would buy food items for themselves; on others, not. As they, too, were searched at the gate this furnished a fairly accurate gauge of the situation. Thus, sufficient information was gathered to determine when the crew, through its spokesman, could approach the guards for permission to do a bit of smuggling on its own account. At first the request was denied, then a reluctant consent was given.

In the meantime crew members prepared their clothes for the reception of the articles to be smuggled. Most of them wore canvas or khaki coats. A continuous passageway was cut from one lower side-pocket to the other through the back, much as is found in hunting coats. Viewed from the front the coats looked quite innocent and even from the rear they did not look suspicious for they were roomy. No matter if a few dried fish became mixed with

THE THIRD YEAR

peanuts and eggs and bananas! It was a case of getting the goods into camp. Upon arrival at the gates arms were raised and the guards made but a superficial frontal search—enough to satisfy their consciences in the performance of duty. Often several hundred pesos of food was brought to camp on a single excursion; on other days, being forewarned, no attempt was made to transport anything. It all depended on the attending guards—whether they were friendly and if so whether it was thumbs up or down for that day. Some of the bolder members of the crew bootlegged “basi” in their water bottles by slinging them over their shoulders and fixing them behind their shoulder blades under their coats. It was a risky game that these men played. Had they been caught the first question would have been from whence came the money with which to buy and, of course, the very natural question of: Why? The guards would have suffered too, for dereliction of duty in wartime is a serious offense in any army. As money ran out, as it did because there was no source of replenishment, shirts and sheets and other articles of cotton apparel were smuggled out in the morning and the results of barter were lugged back in the evening. A shirt if American-made and white was worth from 90 to 100 pesos to the storekeeper. A sheet was good for 200 pesos or more. This would buy seven or eight pounds of peanuts, five pounds of dried fish and so on down an inflated list. It took courage, extreme caution and much patience to carry on this traffic but, as one of the crew pointed out, there was considerable satisfaction derived in outwitting the sergeant of the guard and the officers of higher rank whose duty it was to keep us isolated from outside contacts. News, too, was brought in. Without access to newspapers and with the weekly trips of the doctors to Baguio hospitals no longer permitted, members of the wood crew were our news couriers and they did the job well. No major incident of the war was long in being brought to our notice for the crew lost no time in establishing an underground source of information through the storekeeper with whom they dealt who, in turn, enlisted the

services of native runners who were very willing to help the "Americanos."

A word about the camp's schools: In June 1942—two months after we were moved to Holmes the Japs permitted the establishment of a grade and high school and, later, a kindergarten. However, it was education under difficulties. The high school functioned in an abandoned residence near the camp entrance but when this was taken over by the Commandant the students were obliged to hold classes in the open, under the trees, but moved indoors again when a flimsy structure was erected on the parade ground. The grade school assembled in the mess hall for a time and later was granted the use of a shack which served both as a classroom and community church. Great difficulty was experienced with school books and equipment. There were but one or two copies of some textbooks which had to be passed from student to student, daily, and the paper supply was so short that but eight sheets were allowed a student per *week*. In August, 1943, the first high school seniors were graduated (another group completed its studies this month) and camp-made diplomas, each with a miniature ball and chain attached—symbolic of education under internment conditions—were distributed. Most of the graduates entered colleges in the States in 1945 without the necessity of undergoing entrance examinations.

To the teachers unstinted credit is due because they were in no fit condition to carry on this self-sacrificing work and that they were able to maintain scholastic standards among a group of underfed students was nothing short of remarkable proving that, after all, one does not learn less because of a shortage of books and equipment provided a trained teacher is available who can overcome serious difficulties when put to the test. Nearly all the pedagogues were educated for the China field and many were leaders in the pre-war world of the Orient. The Japanese, of course, cooperated not at all, going so far as to prohibit the teaching of history but teachers and students connived to thwart the order.

CHAPTER XXXIII

September, 1944—979th to 1008th Day

We hear bombing on the Gulf on our thousandth day of internment—The Japs sulk—Oura talks sense—Mass meetings—The committee states our case—The planting program—We are weighed—Personal property listed—The Japs appropriate our pork—Horse corn—Prices skyrocket—Bank of Taiwan—Tomibe leaves.

AT LAST! After waiting patiently for over 33 months for some sign of activity on the part of our military, naval and air forces which would bring the end of our internment assuredly nearer, the camp was thrilled on the 22nd, the Fall equinox, and the 1000th day in "Philippine Internment Camp No. 3," to hear heavy bombing in the direction of the town of San Fernando, in La Union Province, on Lingayen Gulf. The wood crew, upon its return in late afternoon, confirmed the bombing and stated that they had seen planes over Poro (near San Fernando) approach their target in close formation, disperse, drop their bombs and reassemble for another attack. Even at noon our hopes were strengthened by the report of the Japanese buyer for the camp who said, on his return from Baguio, that Poro had been "destroyed." The target of our bombers was this shipping point to Japan for copper concentrates from the Lepanto mine and for all loot collected in the Baguio area. It was also a basing point for Japanese submarines. Manila and outlying air fields came in for a "strafting" too, for information was received a few days later that a general bombing was executed at these points south of us on the 21st, 22nd and 23rd. It is not difficult to imagine the effect of the news of the Poro bombing on the camp population and in spite of warnings to make no demonstration in the event information reached camp of American activity in the Philippines, women became almost hysterical, men rushed out to view the patch of the China Sea and the Gulf which

is visible from camp in clear weather and there was much shouting, laughter and other evidences of joy after so many weary and monotonous months of internment.

Most of the Japanese sulked in their quarters as news came of the bombing and the almost complete defeat of their air arm in the Philippines for there were destroyed on the ground or shot down in the series of three-day bombings an estimated total of a thousand planes. While it was common to see, almost daily, a few Japanese planes overhead and often as many as fifteen in a single day, weather permitting, there was a complete absence of planes from the 19th of the month onwards. It could not have been the weather which kept the enemy out of the skies. The Yanks had come!

The bombing took place on a Friday. On the following Monday the head of the camp committee was called to the Commandant's office for a conference, the nature of which indicated that functionary's state of mind. Those who had had contact with him were unanimous in the opinion that that worthy was not right mentally, and in this the more outspoken of the Japanese civilians concurred. Oura opened the discussion with the statement that in the matter of war developments we knew as much about what was going on as they, themselves, did and inferred that there was news-leakage in spite of all precautions to keep us isolated. He then said that many of us believed that, some morning, we would find our little garrison of troops and the Commandant and his staff gone but added that it wasn't as simple as that. By this he meant that while to get away would be easy enough there would be no place to escape to for a situation developing that would demand their flight would be caused by one fact only—the arrival of American troops in the Baguio area. Then followed an amazing admission, to-wit, "I cannot say yet whether Japan will be beaten" —not the possibility of a Japanese victory but of defeat which, coming from an officer in an army which continually boasted that it had never suffered such ignominy, led us into many speculations as to how

THE THIRD YEAR

seriously the local Japanese viewed the fact of American pressure being brought to bear.

He stated that the garden work, or might we not say the "farm work," for acres of land were being prepared for planting rather than a few truck garden or vegetable patches, was not progressing to his satisfaction and then came two decrees (how he delighted to issue orders) the first that those who were devoting two hours of labor weekly to the garden would now have to apply four hours to the task and the wood lot crew which for months had been working five hours a day near the village of Trinidad would be recalled to do farming.

To acquaint the camp personnel with the order requiring the doubling of camp labor on the farm, separate mass meetings were called on Tuesday, the 26th. Indignation was general at the men's meeting and several voiced the sentiment that it was decidedly unfair to require more labor on a diminishing ration. If we were losing weight and a lowering of vitality was causing the hospitalization of more and more of us how could extra hours of work be forthcoming? The upshot of the gathering was that we would obey the order but would not, actually, perform more physical labor. We would do a little "sit down" striking. Behind the order, no doubt, was the sadistic pleasure derived by the Oriental in forcing the white man to work under his direction to the greater glory of the East Asian Sphere but we knew that Japan's plans for the Sphere were going awry and we were willing to bide our time and await the day when the tables would be turned and the "little yellow fellows" sent back to Nippon. So back to the fields went men, women and children who spent 300 hours a day with hoes, spades and rakes with an inefficiency that was good to see for a dozen well-fed farm hands could easily have duplicated the work.

As a preliminary to Commandant Oura's demands a special meeting was held a few days earlier (the 20th) attended by the camp committee and Messrs. Sakashita, Oura's military aide, Suda,

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

a member of the civilian group whose forte was farming, and the ubiquitous Yamato. Countering the demand for more labor among the sweet potatoes and onions these arguments were set forth by our representatives: (1) we were not getting enough food—not half that promised us when we were advised on January 26th that we would be supplied Japanese army rations; (2) we had not the strength to give more hours to the planting of vegetables; (3) if the Japs could not feed us then let us feed ourselves; we could go into the local markets and by means of promissory notes (in good U. S. dollars instead of worthless Japanese printing-press pesos, it was inferred) buy all the food we needed; (4) it was the duty of the Japs to see that we received proper food and if they failed in their plain duty to us civilian prisoners then they should release us or let us provide our own sustenance. "But you *must* work more," said Sakashita; "You do not understand us," added Yamato, the clown. At this one committeeman asked if the Japanese authorities considered him and his fellows a "lot of nitwits." Then around the circle again and back to the starting point, again the "must" order and reference to our lack of understanding until finally Sakashita, in a rage, arose, gathered the papers before him and stalked out followed in due time by Yamato and the meek little Suda who, while he might have much to say when alone with us, was a silent witness at any gathering attended by His Imperial Majesty's representative.

A survey was made by the Japs of available farm land within the camp enclosure which was calculated to be 33 acres although so badly broken up is the country that only about half this area could be considered tillable. Following this a "program" was outlined which required the planting by the first of November of 18,700 spring onion plants, 200 green peppers, 1450 tomatoes, 10,100 sweet potatoes, 3000 plants of spinach, 2000 of lettuce, 1000 of Chinese cabbage, a half an acre of beans, 10 chayote vines and 500 strawberry plants. This last requirement drew many laughs, some of us asking who would supply cream at the harvest.

THE THIRD YEAR

But with all their calculations, mathematical deductions and specially prepared maps and charts the Nipponese labored vainly and certainly inaccurately for within a month of the posted notice and with less than a third of the proposed area under cultivation 14,000 potato slips had been set out—but there was no sign of a strawberry!

A conference on camp food and weight losses was held on the last day of the month between the Commandant and our Medical Committee consisting of the three practicing physicians in camp—Drs. Cunningham, Welles and B. Mather (Drs. Nance and Vinson having been transferred to Los Banos)—during which Oura gave way to his feelings and made many ridiculous statements which confirmed the opinion that he was suffering from a mild case of dementia praecox. His only comment to the plea for more food was, "*All American doctors are fools.*"

On the following day all internees over ten years of age were weighed under the supervision of Yamato and Sakashita and, as was expected, further weight losses were found which, if nothing more, confirmed the accuracy not only of previous weighings but justified the conclusions of the doctors in their report to Japanese headquarters. We asked for more food and they countered with the taking of our weights!

All privately-owned tools such as saws, hammers and knives were turned in for "safekeeping" late in the month and we were all required to list personal property in our hands other than clothing, jewelry and watches. The lists submitted included skillets, buckets, blankets, sheets, mattresses, saucepans, cups, plates, knives, forks, spoons, stools, coffee pots, light bulbs, etc.—about everything that one would expect to find on Joad's jalopy in Steinbeck's "*Grapes of Wrath.*" What the Japs intended to do with the lists was never learned.

We would have enjoyed more pork had not the Japanese garrison cooks helped themselves to our supply as it arrived at camp. The food truck was required to halt at the camp entrance for

inspection and seldom was it allowed to proceed until the cooks had gotten their "cut." Usually the cut was made across the body of the pig and to us was assigned the forequarters—head, the forefeet and half the trunk. One day a porker arrived, whole, and one of the children called to its mother to say that a "pig with a tail" had arrived! Once so little was left to us of a hog that but 15 pounds of pork found its way into the stewpot. Protests to the authorities were in vain. We were informed that the "Japanese Army must be fed first." It certainly was. The few hogs delivered were little more than skin and bone. One associates pork with fat, yet so lean was the meat from some of the porkers that vegetable lard was added in the cooking process. Several internees from corn States at home were mighty interested in this circumstance for who ever heard of adding fat of any description to a pork dish.

Corn became an important part of our diet, alternating with rice on a basis of one part of corn to two of rice. However, it was damp and moldy and much of it had to be thrown out as unfit for consumption. All the corn was washed, the grains which floated to the surface in the process being discarded. It was then dried and half of it ground for cooking in the form of mush, the balance being served as hominy. Let no one imagine that it was the fine quality of sweet corn that is grown at home—it was a flavorless cereal known locally as "horse corn," an inbred grain that had degenerated under tropical growing conditions to as poor a variety as could be imagined. So damp was the corn when received that the sacks had rotted and in being lifted about it was common to have most of the contents fall to the ground through rents so large as to make it impracticable to repair the containers.

Prices became so high for foods that the store had difficulty in maintaining stocks and in spite of being limited in our individual expenditures little could be offered. Here is a sample of how one could spend 40 pesos and carry his purchases away in his hat:

THE THIRD YEAR

	<i>Pesos</i>
6 packages native cigarettes	8.76
2 six-ounce bars laundry soap	6.00
2 pounds sweet potatoes	5.30
6 only bananas	2.70
2 pounds corn	18.00
	<hr/>
Total	40.76

Towards the end of the month the sweet potatoes and corn vanished from stocks and purchases had to be confined to soap, peanuts, sugar and bananas at three, eighteen, twenty pesos the bar and pound and bananas at a peso each with a limit of a banana to a person! We ate our last banana at the end of the month for when they were sold at 1.50 pesos each they became a luxury even with inflated Japanese-Philippine money.

On the eleventh 26,000 pesos was delivered to camp for the internees, from outside sources, but they never laid their hands on it. Accounts were opened at the Bank of Taiwan in Baguio, a Japanese bank which superseded the Peoples Bank, in the names of the recipients and there the money remained in Japanese custody only to be drawn upon at the rate of fifty pesos a month.

After the morning rollcall on the 15th, Tomibe, the retired Commandant, prior to his departure for Manila and another post, addressed the internees in Japanese. He made such remarks as might be expected under the circumstances, admonished us above all things to keep our health and hoped for a renewal of acquaintanceships when the war was ended. We were sorry to see him go for he was the only Japanese who treated us like humans and attempted to understand the white mans' psychology. As he left camp he was given the first and only ovation accorded any of Hirohito's representatives.

CHAPTER XXXIV

October, 1944—1009th to 1039th Day

We see American planes—Cases of "beriberi" appear—We petition the High Command—Some comparative prices—Oura relents—Huber establishes an exchange—Two-thirds of internees had been hospitalized—The trial of the chicken thief.

FOR THE first time since December, 1941, American planes were seen by the people of Camp Holmes when, on the 24th, six bombers were visible heading toward Lingayen Gulf which the Japs, having word by telephone from observation stations, pronounced definitely ours. Later, that day, another group made its appearance and this time the sentry at the garden at the west end of camp fearing hostile action ordered our garden crew to "Go home, go home!" which the men did at once not only because to do so showed discretion but to quit work never required more than a hint from the Japanese. Naturally, the event loomed high in camp circles and for a day or two little else was talked of. On the 25th word was received that we had made a landing at the northern end of the Island of Leyte. Luzon would be the next objective of our troops—but when? Only time would tell and then only by the grace of the Japanese who had tightened up on all sources of news. However, important news items had always found their way into camp and on this precedent we relied. The optimistic internees saw us released by Election Day (November 7th); others felt sure Christmas would find us on the way to our respective homes, or what was left of them, but the more cautious predicted freedom by New Year's Day. These prognostications were countered by the pessimists who had been right in the past. They saw no breaking up of the camp for another year, while a few said that by June all would be over. But, no matter when we were to

THE THIRD YEAR

see the end of confinement, our army was in the Philippines, our planes had been seen and great was the rejoicing.

We needed the buoyancy of good news for we were facing a serious food shortage, losses of weight—in some cases at alarming rates—were recorded by nearly every internee, "beriberi" had made its appearance, and the camp hospital was gaining a patient or two nearly every day until a new high of 26 inmates was reached, representing 5 per cent of the camp population; one person in twenty. The Japanese peso was almost valueless, a fact reluctantly admitted by some members of the administrative staff, one of whom said, "We cannot make the natives sell foodstuffs to us. In many cases they refuse all offers, preferring to trade among themselves by barter than to accept our money." This was the first admission by our jailers of a fact known to all of us for several months.

Oura turned a deaf ear to requests for more food, taking the stand that all orders regarding the camp food supply originated at Manila army headquarters and he, merely a good soldier, had to obey those then in effect. Proof of this was once again forthcoming on the 31st when our corn ration of 150 grams per capita, daily, was reduced to 100 grams or by nearly twenty-five pounds in the aggregate.

So desperate did the situation become that a petition signed by most of the internees and addressed to the Japanese "High Command" at Manila was handed to the Commandant with the request that it be forwarded immediately. The petition was poorly prepared and overstated the case and, further, several declined to sign it on the ground that they would request nothing from the Japs for to do so would be an act of subserviency. To them a petition was a "formal application from an inferior to a superior." The petition follows:

We, the undersigned members of Camp Holmes Civilian Internment Camp No. 3, respectfully submit this urgent appeal to you for assistance in obtaining enough food to keep us alive.

"At present we are not receiving the essential foods in quantity to sustain life; anemia and other illnesses resulting from malnutrition are increasing at such an alarming rate, our doctors state, that unless immediate steps are taken to obtain more food the damage to our health will not only be irreparable but deaths will follow.

"We submit this personal appeal to you through our Commandant, for help in order to emphasize repeated requests, reports and suggestions handed to him on this most acute problem. We appreciate the difficulties confronting the authorities but we believe IT IS NOT THE DESIRE OF THE JAPANESE PEOPLE [emphasis ours] to have such a situation continue and we turn to you gratefully for relief."

That we were uncomfortably hungry cannot be denied and it was true that losses in weight were general and continued month by month but we were not "starving" in the accepted sense nor did it appear that deaths would follow from malnutrition—at least for many months. Our death rate of 10 per thousand per annum or one per cent, was not alarming. However, there was something ludicrous in the reference to the desires of the Japanese people for anyone familiar with the wartime government in the Land of the Rising Sun realized that the "people" of that country would be completely ignorant of conditions in Japanese-controlled internment camps. In the democratic sense there was no wartime Japanese proletariat for the military clique was in the saddle and would remain there until unhorsed. The petition did not leave Madman Oura's desk for, as he phrased it, the receipt of such a request by the Supreme Command "would only make him angry."

It is difficult to appreciate how inflation had affected food prices, making it increasingly burdensome for the Japs to supply us with food. However, here is a lesson in food economics which should not require much application to absorb. Two years before, a banana or two were served every morning for breakfast. They cost slightly more than a centavo each. On the 25th, 750 bananas were handed out—a banana and a half per person—as the food

THE THIRD YEAR

line passed the serving counter. This time the fruit cost, not a centavo each, but 160 times as much. Perhaps the knowledge that a banana cost 80 cents each causes no particular mental reaction so we will state the fact somewhat differently: The 1200 pesos paid for those 750 bananas—and they were of second rate quality—served at a single meal fed us three times a day for a week in late 1942. This is actually what those six hundred dollars bought in those days—3 sacks of sugar, 2 cases of vegetable lard, 10 sacks of rice, 150 pounds of rice flour, 750 pounds of papaya, 350 pounds of string beans, 65 pounds of tomatoes, 8000 bananas, 135 pieces pomelos, 10 pineapples, 5 coconuts, 615 bundles of spinach, 5 gallons of vinegar, 700 eggs, 830 pounds of sweet potatoes, 324 pounds of squash, 200 pounds of taro, 2 pounds of ginger, 260 pounds of turnips, 1900 pieces eggplants, 5 gallons of soy bean sauce, 3 pounds of chili peppers, a sack of salt, a sack of beans, 27 pounds of coffee, 50 pounds of green peas, 54 bundles of watercress and 6 *head of cattle!*

The Commandant behaved himself rather well during October and, in addition, had some of the camp committeemen in for tea one afternoon at which he was in an apologetic mood for it had become apparent to him that he had been a bit boorish at some of his recent meetings with the camp's representatives. He delivered himself of some gems of thought, one of which is worthy of record: "There is a shortage of food in the United States because the aviators we shot down are very thin—much thinner than in the early days of the war." However, in spite of his apparent friendly attitude—something quite rare it must be admitted—he refused to allow the painting of a white cross on the roof of our hospital, employing the subterfuge that there was no paint available. Surely among the loot of the Japanese there were a couple of quarts of paint. However, when an extension to the Japanese Administration Building had been built there was no sparing of paint for the entire interior of the building was re-coated in white but there

was no point in arguing the matter. We had long since learned that inconsistencies had to be accepted in silence.

Inflation and the absence of a medium of exchange induces barter between individuals as among nations. We were limited to the spending of fifty pesos per person per month at the store. If one bought a pound of sugar or a couple of pounds of peanuts, the month's allowance would be used up, and as all cash in hand had, under Japanese orders, been turned over to them for deposit in a Baguio bank (77,000 pesos were credited to us as a community and as individuals at one time) the only means that Jones had to acquire a pound of Smith's kidney beans was to offer him a couple of pounds of peanuts or a pound of sugar and if Friend Smith needed the sugar or the peanuts and was willing to part with the beans a deal was made. It was not always easy to make an exchange because Jones seldom knew what Smith or Brown or White had stored away in that box under his bunk and only by making inquiries—often a tedious chore—could he learn of a prospective party of the second part. But necessity will find a way, and a trading exchange was established by Allen Huber, an enterprising internee, who, although he devoted much time to it and was constantly shuttling among the Joneses, the Smiths and the Browns talking up trades, asked nothing in return for his services. A blackboard was used to record the day's special offerings and on the bulletin board was posted the list of unfilled trade offers, which at one time totalled 170 items. Of course many offers were not accepted—they were too unfair or involved articles which were not in demand while some were highly amusing and others, again, indicated the trend of inflation. Here are a representative lot of trading proposals:

- A quantity of tea for an equal volume of brown sugar.
- 17 American cigarettes for a half cup of brown sugar.
- A pair of silk socks for a half pound of sugar.
- 1 pound of powdered milk for 5 pounds of sugar.
- 5 razor blades for a half pound of shelled peanuts.

THE THIRD YEAR

100 liver pills (popular brand) for a pound of peanut butter.

1 coconut for three-fourths pound of peanut butter.

A pound of sugar for a half pound of navy beans.

3 needles for a darning needle.

An electric light bulb for 3 pounds of shelled peanuts or 3 pounds of sugar. (Light bulbs could no longer be obtained in Baguio.)

A pound of shelled peanuts or 2 pounds corn flour or 3 small cans of salmon or a pound of brown sugar for a can of corned beef.

A pound of beans for a pound of coffee.

The health of the camp continued to show disintegration as losses in weight were reported by fully 98 per cent of the internees. Too much starch, inadequate vegetables—cooked or green—in our diet, a complete absence of fruit and almost no meat nor fish brought about many health breakdowns. Records showed that of 468 persons interned 318 had, since internment began, been hospitalized or more than two out of three people. The situation was not alarming but it was disturbing and much concern was expressed over what conditions would be in another six months. In general, the Japanese attitude was that what was good for the Jap soldier was good enough for us. They eat little or no fruit. To Americans, fruit in the diet is of prime importance and this item was missed from the menus more than any other—even more than meat.

It has long been an accepted fact that a hungry man will steal food. Police court records confirm this statement—as did the records of our own camp Justice-of-the-peace court. Food pilfering became quite common not only in the kitchen and dining room but in the butcher-shop (when there was beef or pork to steal) in the rice cleaning room and in the vegetable room where the vegetables were prepared for the cooks. In every case the pilferer's defense was that he was hungry. One purloiner, when

apprehended, defended his action in the theft of a sweet potato on the grounds that a raw sweet potato had the same effect upon his digestive organs as mineral oil and that by helping himself to a yam occasionally he was saving the camp money for at the dispensary he had been told that not only was the oil expensive and difficult to procure but our supply was running exceedingly low! However, when live chickens began to disappear it was felt that a halt should be called to promiscuous pilfering and the question uppermost in our minds was: "Who got the chicken?". The children's diet table did in the form of a delicious chicken gravy on the 11th. But much happened between the night of the 10th and noon of the following day and thereby hangs a tale of feathers, a stove, culprits, and ultimately judges, jail and some prodigious fibs.

The story starts with the discovery, early on the morning of the 11th, that a White Leghorn chicken, of more than average size, was missing from the chicken coop at the southwest corner of the camp's parade ground. Suspicion was directed to the pig-gery a hundred yards or so away where reports had it that chicken feasts had occasionally been enjoyed by the pig-tender over a period of eighteen months. This gentleman was an internee, whom, for obvious reasons, we shall call Piller, a man in his mid-sixties, who although a bit shy of hair on his cranium sported a full-grown beard reminiscent of "Trader Horn" as played by Harry Carey a few years ago in the M-G-M feature of that name. A dignified looking fellow he was, too, never to be associated with the coveting of domestic fowl even in an internment camp where everyone always was hungry.

To while away the time between pig feedings, sun baths, reading and other pursuits, Piller established a vegetable garden adjoining the pig pens—a first-rate lure to wandering camp fowl and the chickens of natives residing in the vicinity, not to mention those belonging to the Japanese garrison. It was said that Piller snared an undetermined number of hens which ventured into his preserves, by means of a trap which, although close to a Jap sentry

THE THIRD YEAR

box, operated efficiently and quietly. These bits of information being public property, the representatives of the camp committee showed no particular astuteness in directing their search for the missing fowl toward the hoghouse.

Here they found, not Piller, but two lads of high school age cooking a chicken on the stove usually employed to prepare pig-food. The younger of the two, Jonas Grippe, confessed to the theft. The other, Moses Tucker, admitted that he was the go-between and had arranged with Piller for the use of the stove and sundry culinary equipment in exchange for a "cut," said division to be the neck and the two wings of the appropriated fowl. This, Grippe denied. In any event, it must be admitted that the "payoff was mighty small pickings" to use the vernacular of the criminally inclined, for there isn't much of a meal on the neck or the wings of a domesticated bird.

In spite of an elaborate judicial code, we had neither judges nor jail! So law-abiding had our community been that we had completely forgotten to elect police court judges when the former justices' terms expired two months before. We had no jail because the Jap garrison occupied the building where there had been a calaboose which had been used but once—to administer a corrective influence on a wife-beater in July, 1943. Since then there had been no case requiring detention of internees for violation of camp laws. However, this anomalous situation was righted immediately. While an investigating committee was functioning as a Grand Jury and returning a true bill, a room in the men's barracks, which had been employed to store Red Cross food-kits, was emptied, heavily padlocked and converted into a bastille of sorts, and a hurried election was held for the selection of the required three justices of the peace, resulting in the naming of a retired army officer of 70, an Episcopalian, a Seventh Day Adventist minister in his early 60's, and an up and coming Presbyterian Missionary of 34. Into their hands we placed the dispensation of justice. That justice may have been subsequently miscarried we lay to inexperience and

a profound lack of the first principles of legal procedure or a knowledge of common law which has come down to us from the days of the Decalogue, the Romans and from ancient Britain.

The boys were tried on the 19th, nine days after the commission of the crime. Both pleaded guilty. No need there for legal action. Gripps was sentenced to five days confinement on camp rations while Tucker, who was merely an accessory, received a sentence of but two days. In pronouncing sentence a written decision was referred to by the presiding judge who, after admonishing them upon the sinfulness of appropriating property of any kind, further advised them to consider how useful the life of that chicken could have been to the camp in providing eggs for the sick, and tiny children. However, we must point out that farmyard biology had been patently ignored by the jurist for the deceased bird was a rooster!

Piller's case took more time and this was indeed fortunate for the jail could accommodate but two inmates. The retrieved half-cooked chicken had long since come to a more dignified end by being consigned to the diet kitchen and finally gracing the children's table at noon on the eleventh. Having locked up the two boys and fed the children we give our attention to the comedy of the Piller trial which, before its close, was to amuse all of us except the judges who at no time lost their dignity, although the Chief Justice, so named by virtue of the fact that he had polled the highest vote at the election, was heard to remark to a confrere that he was "sick and tired of the whole damned business." Your guess is correct—he was not one of the missionaries.

Piller appeared for trial on the 21st in a vacated class room in the high school building. In the center of the tiny, flimsy-walled courtroom was a table at the head of which sat the presiding justice. Two benches lined this table. On one sat the accused; at the other the recorder,—or Clerk of the Court, both of whom were within arm's reach of the representative of the judiciary. A mem-

THE THIRD YEAR

ber of the camp police force, a burly miner, sat near the accused while opposite him, to the right of the clerk, sat another.

Two spectators' benches lined the walls, one opposite the judge and the other flanking the entrance door. Ten or twelve spectators and the Chief of Police, who was to be our strong-armed man, sat on the benches. The hallway was crowded with the curious who could not gain admission to the courtroom. They could, however, view the scene through the loosely-woven bamboo walls and as to hearing the goings-on, there might as well have been no wall so excellent were the accoustics.

The Justice did triple duty—that of bailiff, prosecutor and judge. The prisoner, stroking his highly-prized, camp-grown beard which proved that hair will grow on the human frame in spite of diet and vitamin deficiencies, looking the picture of injured innocence, gazed straight ahead completely ignoring the scene about him. We wondered what were his thoughts. Everyone present was a fellow internee with whom he had lived for nearly three years, but after all our community life demanded some sort of machinery for the maintenance of law and order within our group, separate from that of the Japanese who were charged with nothing more than the prime duty of keeping us inside the fence and feeding us, however inadequately. No Japanese attended any of the trials. After the recorder had been sworn in by the judge and other minor details disposed of, the trial was begun.

"Mr. James Piller"—said the judge.

Prisoner-at-the-bar: "James B. Piller, if you please."

Judge: Mr. James B. Piller, you are accused by the People of the United States of America, er, er, I mean, the People of Camp Holmes, of the theft of community chickens, and of allowing a White Leghorn chicken to be cooked by others at the piggery on October 11th—according to this complaint. How do you plead?

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

P.: I have not seen the complaint, don't know what I am accused of in that paper but to whatever it says I plead *not* guilty.

J.: Do you know anything about the theft of ten or twelve community chickens, a duck or two, or a turkey during the past year or so? (*A privately owned turkey fattened and ready for the 1943 holiday season mysteriously disappeared from its haunts one night leaving no trace.*)

P.: No.

J.: Is it true that you have eaten community chickens from time to time?

P.: I have knocked over three or four chickens at one time or another when they got into my garden. I chased them out by throwing sticks at them or hitting them with a club. If they got in the way of the sticks or club it was just too bad. Now, you wouldn't want me to bury healthy chickens would you? No. So I ate them, but whether they were community chickens, natives' chickens or chickens belonging to the Japanese garrison I wouldn't know, nor do I care. They should not have been in my garden, for you know, Judge, I was trying to grow some vegetables so that I wouldn't always be hungry.

(*A class in chemistry was being conducted in the room behind the judge and through the wall could be heard review questions being propounded by the master on acids, alkalis and bases. The building being a few feet above the ground several clucking chickens and quacking ducks had wandered under us in search of food or to hold an indignation meeting over their departed brother and friend. The scientific discussion on the one hand and the barnyard conversation below us, proved to be highly diverting.*)
We continue—

J.: Did you consent to the use of the stove for the cooking of that chicken?

THE THIRD YEAR

P.: It wasn't any of my affair. It wasn't my place, nor my stove, nor my firewood. Anybody could use that stove at any time. (*Here the prosecution failed to follow up an excellent lead for plenty of witnesses were available to show that the piggery was, in Mr. Piller's opinion, his private domain, and two-legged trespassers—feathered and otherwise—were not welcome.*)

J.: Did you expect to be given any part of the chicken for allowing it to be cooked on the stove?

P.: No, haven't I just told you that it wasn't my stove, my firewood, nor my place?

(*Gripps denied that there had been any agreement with Piller about a split of the spoils—a neck and a couple of wings—but Tucker insisted that an understanding existed. This is the rock that should have wrecked the proceedings but there was no defense attorney to take advantage of the loophole in the testimony.*)

J.: Did you watch the cooking of the chicken?

P.: Only for a few minutes. I had other duties which required my presence away from the piggery. (*In the testimony at the trial of the two lads, Tucker said that he remained with the stew pot so long as Piller was about the place for he feared that P. might "swipe" more than his share of the loot if left to his own devices.*)

And so the trial proceeded. The witnesses were two members of the investigating committee of three. They appeared to be frightened out of their wits under the hypnotic stare of the accused and did little more than mumble something about their "report" to the camp committee.

J.: You told the investigating committee that you had "knocked over" three or four chickens in the past?

P.: No, Judge, what I said was that always three or four chickens came into my garden and when I whammed them with my club and sticks sometimes one or two of them would be hit; never three or four, Judge.

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

J.: Did you ever operate a trap with which to snare predatory birds?

P.: I did not! (*While there was talk of a trap and one had been destroyed in the process of moving the piggery sometime before, no witnesses were introduced to prove its existence.*)

After the Judge had seemingly exhausted all lines of investigation and after one witness being called for a second time for testimony, sent word that he was shaving and could not obey the summons—this causing a ten-minute delay in the proceedings—the trial ended.

The judge then read two definitions from Webster's dictionary. They were quite detailed for they were gleaned from the unabridged edition—covering the words "steal" and "accessory." There were no legal tomes at hand from which to quote precedents and other legal matters but a dictionary was probably a good substitute. Then a lecture followed on the bad example set the two boys by the mature and worldly-wise prisoner and finally pronouncement of sentence.

J.: Mr. Piller, I find you guilty as an accessory after the fact. You will be confined in the community jail for two days.

P.: I object! You have not proved that I have ever eaten a community chicken and not a Jap's or a native's chicken. You can't do this to me.

Chief of Police: Now, Mr. Piller, no funny business. I caution the two policemen present to allow no monkey-shines.

P.: I ain't talking to you. I am talking to the judge. As my own counsel I appeal the case to higher authorities.

J.: You mean that you appeal the decision to the appellate court of the three justices of the peace sitting "en banc" as provided for in the code?

THE THIRD YEAR

P.: I do.

The court then adjourned.

Two days later in the evening after dinner, the three justices met in the "courtroom" to hand down their decision. This time there was no class in inorganic chemistry nor any fowl under the floor to divert one's attention, but a Lutheran service was in progress at the opposite end of the building. As the Chief Justice began the reading of the decision on the appeal, the good Lutherans began hymn singing. This rendered the handing down of the opinion difficult and the speaker's voice almost inaudible, but Justice, hampered and beset with many uncontrollable distractions, battered but undismayed, finally triumphed in the affirmation of the decision of the police court.

Be it said to the credit of the prisoner that he held his whiskers high as he surrendered to the warden of the community jail.

CHAPTER XXXV

November, 1944—1040th to 1069th Day

*Planes pass overhead—"Camp Holmes Daily News"—Yamato the censor
—We celebrate our last Thanksgiving Day.*

HERETOFORE any information as to the identity of our planes seen from camp came from the Japanese for they were too far distant to be distinguished from enemy planes with the naked eye and we had no binoculars to aid us. On the 25th at 8:10 in the morning a plane separated itself from a flight and passed directly overhead. There, at last, was one of Uncle Sam's war-birds! We didn't have to be told it was American. At no time during our confinement was enthusiasm greater. Women clapped their hands and screamed, children ran hither and thither, yelling like Comanche Indians, and the men were not backward in giving way to their emotions; they waved their arms, they embraced, they yelled. It was a grand sight. We had not been forgotten.

Events of importance to us seemed to come at intervals of a month; the landing on the Island of Leyte in late October and now activity in this area. What would December bring? Willingly would we bear added hardships—inadequate food, no news and continued humiliating experiences at the hands of the Japanese—if only we could have some assurance that relief and release were soon to come.

Daily, with few exceptions, a typewritten sheet "Camp Holmes Daily News" was posted on the bulletin board which gave us items of news of camp doings, but, of course, nothing about affairs on the outside. The news sheet was a running diary of camp affairs—what our general committee was doing, the menus for the day, items about sports—in the days when food was adequate and latent energies needed an outlet—a word or two on coming events,

THE THIRD YEAR

entertainment, personals, etc. Nothing appeared that was not common knowledge to most of us and certainly, nothing was ever written which required censorship as we knew it on the outside during wartime for under no stretch of the imagination could our little journalistic effort give "aid and comfort to the enemy." Not so to Mr. S. Yamato. He demanded that the issues be submitted to him for censorship and the application of his "chop" of approval. For three or four months the submission of the News and the stamping of a Japanese character or two upon the single sheet was routine but as the American forces drew near to the Philippines, Yamato's eye became more critical and the issue of the 26th of the month called for the initial use of the blue pencil. In describing the appearance of a positively identified American plane the morning before, the editor said, "Well, bless our tri-chromatic bunting and stellar spangled apple dumplings if this isn't turning out to be another balmy day. Why, Sinbad's great Roc couldn't find a better day to perform one of his ovipositions." This was too much for Yamato. The sentence was blue-pencilled as were many more in later issues.

Our life was replete with "Thou shalt nots." Seldom a week went by without some restriction or other being imposed upon us after the Oura-Yamato combination took over the course of our destinies. Fearful that we might read something that might disturb our peace of mind, although neither books nor magazines had found their way into camp for nearly a year, Yamato served notice upon us that such books as we had in our possession would have to pass his inspection. On the 17th we were informed that no book not stamped "Permitted after inspection" might be retained, that personal money, farming and carpentry tools must be turned in, that "cutlery tools for wire, electrical and radio machines, telescopes, kodaks or such machines" must be given up, likewise all cutlery over 5 inches long, arms and ammunition and iron bars "over one foot," concluding with "The above-said must be managed by the 18th of this month and must be reported when

management was finished." Perhaps the Japs were beginning to fear mass violence on their precious persons by a group of potentially desperate internees.

Our Thanksgiving dinner was not up to former standards. For breakfast we had a cup of coffee in addition to the usual boiled rice; at lunch we were handed a baked sweet potato and for dinner, a small hamburger—the meat being furnished by one of the camp's cows—candied sweet potatoes and another cup of coffee, besides boiled rice and gravy. No pumpkin pie could be provided this year for there was no flour—rice, cassava or wheat—nor squash to be had. But we were thankful for even these items. For the first time we celebrated the day with what the committee in charge termed a "civic" program; an address on the meaning of the days of the Puritans and Bradford, Valley Forge and Washington and the Civil War and Lincoln, by Vincent Gowen, the camp orator; renditions by the camp's mixed chorus and the singing of "God Bless America." As the notes of the song rang out and echoed from South Hill (the program was held out of doors) we were moved to patriotic fervor as never before in our camp history. Few were the dry eyes in the group assembled in the sunken garden. For nearly three years we had been helpless victims of the war, unable to raise a finger to help our country, wondering when—and sometimes, if ever—release would come, thinking about home and families from "the prairies to the oceans" and perhaps a good cry brought relief to pent-up emotions in many whose spirit had flagged as ill-health and malnutrition made themselves manifest. No matter if a sentry paced up and down a nearby road, no matter if three members of the Japanese staff sat on a side-hill and watched us. Once again we were Americans or British and a day of reckoning and retribution was at hand. We felt, instinctively, that this marked the turn in the road for was not General MacArthur on Leyte?

CHAPTER XXXVI

December, 1944—1070th to 1100th Day

Oura predicts more food—Told to vacate our hospital—We have a brush with a typhoon—Imperial Rescript Day—Heavy bombings on the Gulf—Japs realize the end is near—Tobacco substitutes—A happy Christmas season—Carabao meat—The Jap peso almost valueless—We are moved to Manila—The journey described—Our reception at Bilibid Prison—American Prisoners of War.

"YOU WILL receive more food this month and in January, these being the harvest months but I can give you no assurances after then," said Commandant Oura at a conference with the camp committee on the first. We did not receive more food, however, and as to assurances for "after January," Mr. Oura need not have concerned himself with them, for, as we shall see, General MacArthur rescued us in February.

The wily Jap had something on his mind because early in the month a group of officers made a complete and exhaustive survey of Camp Holmes buildings—taking measurements, computing floor space, etc., and on the 9th we were told to prepare to vacate the hospital and move the patients elsewhere on the premises. Wild stories were soon in circulation as to why the move was ordered—the most plausible being that the Japanese ambassador to the puppet Philippine Republic would move from Manila to the hospital building, and safety, by the end of the month.

A severe typhoon crossed Northern Luzon on the 9th and too near us for comfort. It was the worst blow that we had during our internment, doing much damage to insecure roofs and such buildings as were not built with a view to withstanding tropical hurricanes. For five days we were without electricity and inconveniences and discomforts were many at night. The gale reached an estimated velocity of 80 miles an hour but in a few hours had

subsided to normal, although in its wake came 20 inches of rain and flooded lower floors such as were experienced in the summer of 1943. The kitchen and the cooks suffered most from the effects of the storm for with makeshift lighting, wet firewood and water-swept floors the preparation of meals was no easy task. Even under the best of conditions cooking was one of the most trying details of labor and when Nature went on the rampage the cooks were not among the fortunate ones who kept to their bunks and stirred only in answer to the meal gong. Oura's pet project—the vegetable garden—fared badly. Planted on side hills, rivers of drainage water from the level of the camp proper, tore out bean patches, uprooted young tomato plants and other vegetables planted in limited quantities. Even the sweet potatoes suffered and for several days after the storm the garden crews were kept busy replanting vines which had broken loose from their moorings.

The 8th of every month was Imperial Rescript Day for on this day the document ordering war upon America and Britain was read to the garrison. This month's ceremony marked the third, and last, anniversary of its promulgation and more than the usual formality attended its reading. Shortly after breakfast on the 8th the soldiers were lined up and grouped nearby were the Jap civilian employees of the camp. Lt. Oura faced his men in his best uniform, gloves and all, not forgetting his Samurai sword. While the Commandant was busy preparing for the formalities of the ceremony the ever-faithful Yamato, gloved and besworded, too, repaired to the office and removed the official copy of the Rescript from the safe. This he bore aloft with both hands, as does a basketball player with the ball, as he descended a seventy-stepped concrete stairway leading from the parade ground level to the Jap barracks. Fortunately, his sword did not become entangled with his feet as he made the journey and when the paper was placed in Oura's hands, he, too, held it over his head while reading it to his troops. Being an official message from the Son of Heaven it must not be looked down upon, hence the pains taken to keep it in

THE THIRD YEAR

midair. His duty done, Oura passed the Rescript back to Yamato, who climbed the stairs, Rescript aloft, and deposited it in the safe; the garrison remaining at attention meanwhile. This ceremony, performed on this day before Jap troop concentrations, everywhere, was designed to refresh the memory of every soldier in Japan's war aims. (The text of the Rescript appears in the appendix.)

On the morning of the 16th the explosions of bombs were heard as—it was later learned—our bombers blasted Jap concentrations on Lingayen Gulf. This was not a case of a plane or two on a nuisance mission but a concentrated attack and though we were fifteen miles from the coast, the reverberations were distinct. This happened as we were assembling for morning roll call which, this day, was to be taken by Kaito, a civilian Jap who hailed from Formosa. He came to the parade ground but was more interested in the bombing than he was in us for without notice he waved us away, thus dispensing with the usual counting of noses. This was the first time during our internment that a prescribed task of the Japanese was not carried out and likewise it was the first time that we saw a Jap affected by a display of enemy power.

Again Oura cautioned us not to be too hopeful over an early end of the war, said that it might last ten years or as "long as the Crusades," and advised us to prepare for 1945's spring planting. Within a month of this admonition our forces landed on Luzon. He was asked whether it would be possible to send more internees to the Sto. Tomas Camp at Manila to which he replied, characteristically but without consistency—for he had warned us sometime before that we would never see an American plane over the Islands—"This is impossible now that the American planes have come." They *had* come, indeed, for on that day, the 15th, forty planes flew over camp and almost daily thereafter, our fighters, bombers and double fuselaged interceptors were a common sight. Having retained our good spirits and morale for three years, the Japs in charge of our camp were now put to the test. The coming

of the planes, the bombing of their positions on Lingayen Gulf and news of our successes in Leyte and elsewhere of which they were advised, but we were not, was too much for these representatives of Hirohito. They were no longer conspicuous about the grounds—except, of course, the sentries on duty—kept themselves hidden away at the guardhouse and performed such duties as the taking of roll calls and the checking-up of labor in the vegetable gardens with an indifference apparent even to those of us who gave such things no special thought. This was our only clue that the “invincible Jap” had met with reverses.

Another clue persisted—the downward trend in the value of the Tokyo peso. Three hundred of these pesos in credit at the camp office—which only could be spent at the rate of fifty pesos a month at the Community Store—were offered for a single coconut without the creation of a ripple of interest. Leaf tobacco having risen in price to 180 pesos a hand, dried “papaya” and “guava” leaves were resorted to by the internees as a source of material for pipe and cigarette. Cigarette and cigar butts were highly prized and the searching of ditches and walks in the early morning for them became a major outdoor sport. These were truly trying times for the confirmed addicts of the weed.

We celebrated our third Christmas season as best we could but our facilities were scant because of the ban on outside contacts. Parents fashioned presents for the children out of whatever was at hand—hobby horses, wheelbarrows and carts, rag dolls, etc., and Santa Claus put in his appearance again at the outdoor Christmas tree which now sadly lacked ornamentation, but this mattered not, for release being in sight at last, the Yuletide spirit was more in evidence than during the two prior seasons. On Christmas Eve the usual pageant was staged outdoors at the conclusion of which the audience joined those who took part in the singing of “Joy to the World” and very early Christmas morning, before sun-up, the 30-voiced mixed choir again sang carols at vantage points about the compound. We fared better than usual

THE THIRD YEAR

this day at the hands of the cooks—a double portion of rice at breakfast, a dessert spoon of sugar, coffee and a banana—this latter costing more than two pesos each—lunch consisted of cracked corn boiled with sweet potatoes and onions, but for dinner we were served hamburgers, rice, gravy and “candied” sweet potatoes. For a week or more the water in which these tubers were boiled, was saved and evaporated to a syrupy consistency. Several gallons of this, instead of sugar syrup, were used in the candying process and, surprisingly enough, a palatable dish resulted. Perhaps it tasted good because it was just another way of serving the lowly “camote” for we doubted very much if, when back to normal living, sweet potato syrup would be attractive.

“To 169 pounds of dirty rice, add 70 pounds of musty corn, 425 pounds of sweet potatoes and 133 pounds of cassava; stir and boil until edible”—so might an internment camp cook book read—“and serve hot to, say, 500 diners.” Our cooks concocted this mess just before Christmas. It had one virtue—it was filling, for, when cooked, nearly a thousand pounds of this vegetable goulash was made available to a skeptical though hungry group of internees.

The Jap Army ration called for the delivery of 4900 pounds of meat or fish in November but barely more than 1300 pounds was received—about a half ounce, daily, for each of us. During December such beef as was delivered was “carabao” (water-buffalo) meat—coarse grained, deep red in color but quite acceptable. Vegetables were scarce. For three days none were delivered and as if all this were not enough, it was announced that only one-third of our cereal ration would be rice—the balance would be corn.

The Japs continued to have their troubles in food buying. The native vendors would accept Tokyo money only under compulsion—they knew (food vendors the world over are a wise lot) that a time would come when the Jap peso would be worth nothing and prices continued to skyrocket. In 1942 it cost the

Japs 5000 pesos a month to feed us—and the food was not only better but there was more of it—while during this month the cost was 500,000 pesos. When one has available unlimited quantities of printing press money, cost means little except that the greater the cost the lesser the supply and that is something that Messrs. Suda, Tanabe, Hayakawa and Sergeant Sugano, the camp buyers, learned to their—and our—sorrow.

On the evening of the 26th as a group of us were enjoying a game of bridge word came that Yamato had passed out the news that we were to be moved Manila-wards on the 27th—Where to? No one knew and guesses ranged from Olongapo—the former U. S. Navy Station—to Cabanatuan, the military prison camp and to Bilibid Prison, Manila. Wherever we were to go mattered not. The important thing was to get out of Baguio. MacArthur had made landings in the Philippines and would, in the normal course of events, invade Luzon Island and perhaps soon. Suppose Baguio was cut off from contact with the rest of the Island because the Japs sought refuge in the mountains? Then whence would come our food and in the battle for the possession of this Summer Capital might we not be exposed to bombing, shelling and what not? With this in mind the decision to move us was hailed with joy. At least we would be near our comrades at Sto. Tomas Camp. Subsequent events proved these conclusions to be correct. When our troops landed on January 9th at the shores of Lingayen Gulf, a spearhead was driven south-eastward, cutting Luzon in two. The Japanese north of this line moved to Balete Pass and the Cagayan Valley and to Baguio. Not until late April (1945) was Baguio in our hands, but it was an empty victory for the city had been destroyed, food was not to be had and a semi-starved populace had to be taken in hand by our troops and provided with clothing, food and medicines. What would have been our fate had we not been moved? No wonder, then, that shouts of joy rang through the Camp that night that we were getting out of a trap. Isolation in a cool mountainous country was all very well when war activi-

THE THIRD YEAR

ties are in remote places but when war reaches one's doorstep, an entirely different situation develops, complicated by the presence of women, children and the sick. (In the battle for the possession of Baguio and its environs in April Camp Holmes was blotted out. Only rubble and concrete foundations remain.)

We turned to the chores of packing and preparation for the move with a will and all that night and the next day and into its midnight hours clothes were washed and dried and articles laid out for sorting and packing. Private food stocks were disposed of in the making of muffins from rice and cassava flour, peanut butter was ground out in a hand mill and those who had tea, coffee or Red Cross food (hoarded from the Christmas boxes of late 1943) shared them with friends for orders had been issued that only a half cubic yard per person would be the baggage allowance on the trip down the mountain side.

With the assurance that twenty passenger trucks and fifteen freight trucks would be on hand early on the morning of the 28th to transport 300 of us to Manila, we were up at four o'clock, had breakfasted by six and were on hand, luggage and all, for the trucks when they came. Instead of 35, only 19 arrived and into 10 of these we squeezed ourselves, leaving nine baggage trucks to do the work of fifteen. We had had evidence of Japanese inefficiency before, of their lack of organizing ability but this topped it all. Henceforth, it was inefficiency, disorganization and semi-hysteria until they were forced to free us five weeks later. Amidst cries of good luck, a pleasant journey and the usual pleasantries from those remaining in camp to follow the next day, we left Camp Holmes at eight o'clock, expecting to be in Manila by three or four in the afternoon.

It is difficult to express our feelings as we passed through the gates of the camp. True, we were still in Japanese hands—of this we were grimly reminded by the armed guards on every truck. Yes, they were open trucks, not buses. We hailed the natives as we passed them but soon were told by the guards that

it was a case of "No can do." Down through Trinidad Valley we went at 20 miles an hour which, to us having a ride for the first time since April 23, 1943, when we were taken from Camp Hay to Holmes, was a reckless pace! We were driven through Baguio City by a circuitous route and while we were prevented from showing our enthusiasm the natives who lined the streets and crowded doorways and windows demonstrated their delight over our appearance for they had heard lurid tales of our physical condition. Next, down the Kennon Road we literally flew—the road we had taken on our journey to Baguio back in December, 1941—but when we reached the lowlands no one in authority seemed to know where to turn. We finally arrived at Rosario which is decidedly not on the Baguio-Manila road. Here was a vast concentration of Japanese troops and much activity. Their signal corps was busy stringing wires along the roads, uniformed women, army nurses, we were told, were seen on the streets of the little town but the one arresting sight was a company of Japanese soldiers without guns but with bamboo sticks going through maneuvers on a vacant school lot. This was the first evidence we had that a shortage of arms existed and the shabbiness and nondescript clothing of the Jap soldier further attested to approaching bankruptcy of the Japanese government which, having prepared for a war of a year or two found itself entering the fourth year of a struggle with a nation whose fighting power and material resources were daily increasing. A sorry looking lot they were. That they had the personal courage or fanaticism to fight a good fight there could be no denial but beyond that they were inferior in equipment and group morale. The soldiers did not have the alert and intelligent appearance which we always associate with Caucasian troops. They were merely automatons, and mad ones too, who, having looted and wrecked the Philippines, were now readying to meet an invasion if it came by way of Lingayen Gulf, which they doubted, preferring to believe that MacArthur would strike somewhere south of Manila. It was these very men whom

THE THIRD YEAR

we saw that day who first engaged our troops when they landed on the shores nearby, twelve days later.

After wasting an hour at Rosario we made an about-face and again headed south. Arriving at Binalonan, in the Province of Pangasinan, we were informed that other trucks were to carry us the rest of the way and, accordingly, we proceeded to unload. This done we hurriedly ate a cold lunch of rice and meat, which we had brought with us, in a fly-infested area on the town plaza near open latrines but the Jap guards prevented us from seeking a better spot in which to eat and rest. We expected the relief trucks to be on hand promptly; we could load them at once and be on our way. Four hours elapsed before we were again on the move. It was now 3:00 P. M. Ordinarily Binalonan is a two hours' run by truck from Baguio but we had been seven hours on the road with but a fourth of the distance covered and now we had nine trucks for passengers instead of ten. Those making up the second group of travelers the following day fared worse than we did. A transfer to other trucks was also necessary and they, too, women as well as men, were ordered to unload the trucks on which they had come from Baguio but when the chore was half completed they were told to store all baggage in a nearby theatre. Having had lunch they were advised that because of a delay in the arrival of the new trucks the hundred men, women and children would have to walk, carrying bedding and baggage, to a town in Tarlac Province, miles further south. Barely had they started when they were ordered back to load newly-arrived trucks. Finally, at 7:00 P. M., after eight hours of heat and misery, the cavalcade moved on toward Manila.

The roads to Manila were in a sad state of disrepair and so crowded were we that several of us had to stand up during most of the sixteen-hour journey. Anyone who has traveled Philippine roads remembers that during daylight hours, especially in the vicinity of towns and villages, they were crowded with carabao carts, pedestrians, myriads of children, hogs, goats, dogs and

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

chickens. Of these there were none. Not to see a chicken on a hundred and sixty miles of Luzon roads was something undreamed of. In the towns there were no signs of municipal policemen, the markets and small stores were empty, houses were vacant, schools and churches were employed as storage depots for ammunition and save for a few two-wheeled push carts there was no sign of private transportation. The few people we saw were underfed, although there were vendors in all the towns who crowded about our truck with food for sale. One item was duck eggs at 25 Tokyo pesos each.

Everywhere was desolation. The great Central Luzon Plain upon which over five hundred thousand acres of rice and sugar cane once grew was overgrown with weeds, shrubs and vines. In 1942 the Japs announced that the Philippines were to supply the Orient with cotton and steps were taken to plant "hundreds of thousands of acres" to this staple. Not a cotton plant did we see. Here was economic ruin—a parched earth that would require two or three years to restore to fertility if the means could be found to re-establish the carabao and his plow upon the land. An epidemic that wiped out man and beast and a visitation of locusts along with it could not have ravaged the countryside more. In every house along the roadside were Japanese soldiers resting or seeking escape from the noonday sun for the movement of troops northward from Manila was confined chiefly to nighttime.

We had been told that we were moved from Holmes to Manila at the request of our government which desired that all internees be brought to a center such as Manila, that Japan had declared Manila an open city, that those interned at Los Banos, in Laguna Province, would be moved to Manila, also, and that the United States had promised to do no bombing of the roads nor trucks or other vehicles upon them for three days beginning the 28th of December. None of these stories were true. We were never told why we were moved to the lowlands and the absence of our planes was due to military reasons which had

THE THIRD YEAR

nothing whatever to do with the Japanese on Luzon. Perhaps the real reason for the move was to get us out of a danger zone and lessen the responsibility of the Japanese for our safekeeping.

However, there was evidence that Japan was to or had declared Manila an open city for upon the roads that day were not less than 50,000 Japanese troops and 1500 truckloads of materials moving northward out of the city. Groups of soldiers were pulling field pieces along the highway, every type of vehicle known to Philippine transportation was in use, all camouflaged with shrubbery and light two-wheeled traps, known as "calesas," as well, drawn not by ponies, but by sweating Japs. It was probably the greatest movement of troops, guns and materials that the Philippines had witnessed prior to the landing of MacArthur a week later but it was not a mechanized hegira. Manila was not being evacuated and it had not been declared an open city as events during the two following months proved.

Everywhere were evidences of Japanese preparations for defense, centered chiefly in Tarlac Province, scene at Camp O'Donnell, of more than 15,000 deaths, it is said, among Filipino prisoners of war before they were released by the Japanese in 1943 because of the inroads of malaria and dysentery. Literally hundreds of planes were hidden under trees ready to be rolled out to nearby landing fields and at nightfall there was a great searchlight display near Bamban. Anti-aircraft guns were everywhere and here and there crashed planes were visible, no attempt having been made to clear the wreckage away. All this preparedness availed them nothing for when the "air battle" for Manila took place in January these planes were soon destroyed.

After a brief stop for supper we arrived in Manila without further incident late that night and found ourselves at the gate of the hospital building at Bilibid Prison at midnight. Sometime before the war a New Bilibid had been erected south of Manila and all prisoners had been transferred. (It was here that the notorious Yamashita was jailed in September, 1945.) Some of the

buildings at Old Bilibid were used for the storage of government goods and supplies, but upon the fall of Bataan in April, 1942, the Japanese converted the place into a war prisoners' camp, using the hospital which was erected of concrete by the Americans in 1908 for the treatment of the sick and wounded. This building, a two-storied affair without window frames or plumbing—these accessories having been taken to New Bilibid—measuring about fifty by two hundred feet was set in the center of a two hundred by six hundred feet compound which was bounded by a sixteen foot concrete wall. There was an opening in the wall leading into the prison compound and another at the rear leading out of the grounds into Manila's streets and of this we shall hear more later.

It was at the front gate that we were deposited—baggage, bedding, tired, hungry and thirsty men, women and bawling children—at midnight on December 28, 1944. It was three years to the day since our gathering at Brent School. It was hot and humid for all evening it had been drizzling at intervals. One light burned in the lobby or foyer of the hospital building for it was blackout time in Manila. What were we to do? No Japanese was on hand to receive us. In more ways than one it was a repetition of our reception at Camp John Hay. After retrieving the more important pieces of luggage (fortunate was he who had not left some of it at the roadside at Binalonan) we soon found ourselves dragging mattresses from a large pile, near that lone light in the lobby, placing them on the littered floor and seeking sleep and eased bones and muscles. However, between bedbugs and other vermin and a persistent breed of mosquitoes known only to Manilans, we got but little rest. Next morning the mattresses, seen by daylight to be filthy beyond description, were thrown out and we slept henceforth on little cots with bare boards for mattresses. The Japs had advised us to take neither nets nor mattresses from Baguio because there were "plenty at Bilibid." That was but a half-truth for while there were plenty of them they were unfit

THE THIRD YEAR

for use and it was the Japs, themselves, who ordered them discarded.

Promptly next morning the Japs checked us at roll call and announced that only two meals a day would be served—at 9:00 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. It was then that we learned that Manila was not an open city for Jap anti-aircraft fire—the first that we had heard—greeted six observation planes as they flew over the city. We had breakfast at noon consisting of rice and soy bean residue and our dinner at six was the same, with “camotes” and boiled greens in addition. There was the usual rush to buy extras and orders were placed for bananas at 7 pesos each, coconuts at 10 pesos, cigarettes from 20 to 30 pesos a package, eggs at 17 pesos each and papayas at 25 pesos a pound.

Adjoining us was the compound where 810 American prisoners of war were stationed. On the first day while some of our number were on a mission to take delivery of some fish three of the prisoners were being beaten by the Japanese. This did not help matters and from then until our release relations between us and the Japs became more strained and no effort was made to be mutually agreeable.

By the 30th all the internees had arrived from Camp Holmes although some food supplies did not put in their appearance for a week. Our first task was to clean up the place, delegate a kitchen crew, organize details to deal with the Japanese and to take delivery at the gate of whatever food they sent us, and by the time things were running smoothly the fourth New Year of internment had rolled around. A few saw the Old Year out but New Year's greetings were given with a will for all of us knew, instinctively, that rescue and release was but a matter of a few weeks.

CHAPTER XXXVII

January, 1945—1101st to 1131st Day

Sufferings of our Prisoners of War—Major Ebiko writes a letter—Our planes bomb the Japs—The Japs demolish Manila—An air tragedy—Yamato accepts the inevitable—Dollar prices of food—Daily calorie intake declines—We eat weavily corn—Living conditions deplorable—Water supply fails—The case of the Harrison baby—Camp births and deaths—Our missionary doctors and nurses.

OUR LAST month in captivity! It was a month filled with interest, excitement and horror, a month during which we learned more of mass Japanese barbarism, cruelty and hatred—fanned by a growing realization of coming defeat at the hands of the white race and by the feeling of frustration which gripped them all from the lowly sentries at Bilibid to General Tomoyuki Yamashita (known as the Tiger of Malaya and later as the Gopher of Baguio when captured in September, 1945).

The prisoners of war in the adjoining compound were men from Bataan, Corregidor and other Philippine battlefields who, after three years, were suffering from dysentery and malaria and were unfit for transfer to Japan's labor camps because of lost sight or limbs. Five weeks after our arrival the writer had occasion to see these men after General MacArthur had liberated Manila and we were free of Japanese misrule. One would expect to see some evidence of happiness among them because of again being free men but, sad to relate, there was not a smile among them. Written in pencil upon one of the cell-blocks attached to the hospital in which we were confined was this tragic commentary: "Words cannot fully express, nor can the mind conceive, the trials and hardship and tortures we have endured at the hands of the Japanese as prisoners of war. We are broken in mind, physically and spiritually at the hands of a nation of perverts." Could

THE THIRD YEAR

stronger words of condemnation be written than these? We need not go further into details—that these prisoners were underfed and mistreated was common knowledge. Here is an example: Dated February 9, 1943, O. D. Powell in a Night Report on Ward 2, Bilibid Prison Hospital, notes the transfer of 5 injured patients to the Cabanatuan Military Prison Camp: C. E. Carpenter, compound fracture of femur (thigh); D. E. Myers, compound fracture of the skull and B. J. O'Brien, R. Fletcher and F. Goldstein, compound fractures of the tibia (leg).

Let no one doubt the cruelties inflicted upon these men by their Japanese "protectors." I saw them, talked to them, heard their stories. One hundred sixty-four graves lined the east and north walls of the hospital compound—sad testimony of Japanese cruelty and indifference. After we occupied the building there were no further burials within our grounds but during January a dozen more dead war prisoners were interred outside the walls but within the prison area and every few days could be heard the hammers of relatively able-bodied prisoners as they made coffins to accommodate other comrades who had passed away. Nearly all of those who died could have been saved had they been given proper food and medical care. One of the first official acts of General MacArthur was to order these unfortunates home, and within a week they were on their way. We were allowed no contact with these prisoners—could do nothing for them so long as the Jap remained in control. We could see them from the second floor of our prison as they walked together or gathered in groups in the open air outside their quarters. They gave us signs of recognition; nothing more. Compared to the lot of these unfortunates our sufferings were insignificant. It was soul-rending to witness the plight of these prisoners of war, who had spent three years in a filthy tropical jail, and yet be unable to so much as clasp their hands and give them cheer. It is not within the province of a chronicle such as this to relate the brutalities they underwent at the hands of the Japs—their story will be told by others but one instance of mis-

treatment may be cited: One day a prisoner, developing a tropical ulcer on his left arm reported it to a Japanese doctor at morning inspection. "Cut the arm off," ordered the Jap. It was. Need more be said?

Major Ebiko, our new commandant, wrote us this "touching" letter on the 3rd: "It has suddenly occurred that we transferred you to Manila by the order of the Japanese Military Authorities. I think you were vexed much by so sudden a removal. This building you are to live in is coarse in construction, without complete equipment and probably caused you dissatisfaction and inconveniences. I am very sorry on that point. Of course, I am intent on supplying you with various conveniences but to my regret, owing to the shortage of materials in Manila, everything cannot be done as I wish to do. As to food, it is also my regret to say I cannot supply as much as I wish. At present every belligerent country is suffering from shortage of food and material, and I hear that even your native country is also among the rest. Not only you alone, but also I and my subordinates are all living in this place and are taking (almost) the same food as you. Now, I am obliged to tell you to be patient. Some day peace will come to all of us. Observe the Orders of the Japanese Army and taking good care of yourselves, wait for the coming of peace in quiet perseverance." That parenthesized "almost" can be subjected to a liberal interpretation for Ebiko did live well. Perhaps the missive was from the pen of Mr. Yamato who merely desired to put his Tokyo English to another test and Ebiko was ignorant of its purport. At least, this is a charitable assumption.

To our pleas for (1) More mosquito nets and sanitary aids—there were no toilets and flow of water in the pipes was a mere dribble; (2) Better and more food; (3) Communication with fellow inmates at Sto. Tomas Camp and with the nearby prisoners of war, and (4) For transfer of our sick to Sto. Tomas hospital where facilities were better, the answer was "No," thus belying the good intentions of Ebiko.

THE THIRD YEAR

On the 6th—two days before our troops began the bombing and shelling of the Lingayen area preparatory to landing, from the second floor of our prison we witnessed the bombing of military objectives by our planes two or three miles north of us in ten separate raids in which upwards of twenty-five bombers were engaged. It was early in the morning. The sun was up and as the planes one by one "peeled off" from formation their shiny wings scintillated with reflected light as they made ready for the dive. Then the almost vertical drop at terrific speed, the unloading of bombs over the target and the sudden pull back to normal flying position, the gradual ascent to the level of the rest of the flight and the rejoining of them. Anti-aircraft fire supplied continuity of din punctured at almost regular intervals by the explosion of our bombs. One, two, three bombs, then the anti-aircraft fire followed by the messages of death and destruction from another dive bomber. One by one the Jap's guns were silenced until only two or three remained in commission. By the time another flight of our planes was ready for an assault some Jap guns would be remanned but with every group-blast of bombs fewer and fewer anti-aircraft guns were heard from until, finally, the batteries were silenced. Huge fires followed the bombing attack. We were amazed at the utter disregard by our pilots of the enemy's gunfire. Anti-aircraft shells burst about them but they were unheeded; yet none of our planes were lost, although they dove tantalizingly close to those Jap guns. For two weeks this bombing continued, here, there and everywhere; planes on other missions passed overhead and occasionally a friendly pilot would fly low enough for us to distinguish him as he sat at his controls. There was no Japanese air opposition. Those planes we had seen a week before in Tarlac Province must have been destroyed or were busy in other sectors.

On the 7th, when MacArthur made his presence known at Lingayen, the Japs began the setting off of thousands of demolition bombs in Manila, starting fires and wrecking and destroying

property. This continued for a month. Again we were baffled by Oriental philosophy. The Japs had repeatedly said that they had a "holy mission" in coming to the Philippines—to free the Filipino from exploitation by Imperialistic America. Japan further agreed to defend the Philippines in the event of foreign aggression. When the Americans did finally come what did Mr. Jap do? Rush to the aid of his ally? No. A systematic wrecking of the Philippines began in earnest. A prostrate country, which had not recovered from the effects of the Japanese invasion in December, 1941, whose Japanese sponsored puppet government had been unable to rehabilitate the Philippines, a country without commerce, domestic or foreign, whose inter-island merchant marine lay at the bottom of the Philippine Seas, whose educational system could not function for the want of such prosaic articles as pencils and paper, whose roads were sadly in need of repair and for three years had had no benefit of "caminero," whose railroads were at a standstill for want of fuel and lubricants, whose internal commerce was wrecked by "black markets" and the inflated Tokyo-peso, was now to be completely ruined by bomb and torch, its populace decimated. Hell broke loose—hundreds of millions of dollars damage was inflicted, thousands of Filipinos were put to death—many of whom would be needed for reconstruction when the time came for it. Why? What had the Filipino done to deserve such treatment? Even the Japs cannot answer these questions. They ran amok, that's all.

On the eighth we witnessed an air tragedy which will live long in our memories, for it was our introduction to the horrors of war. A flight of twenty or more four-motored planes began bombing south of the Pasig River at an elevation too low for safety and in complete indifference to anti-aircraft gunfire. Suddenly one of our planes was hit, began to trail smoke and was soon on fire. It slowed down after having maneuvered out of range and four of the crew began bailing out. Three of them were soon clear of the plane and their parachutes began functioning. The fourth

THE THIRD YEAR

fouled his parachute on the plane and could not free himself. The plane, almost stopped in its flight, began to fall. One wing detached itself and then the flaming mass plummeted to earth. A crash—not far from us—and a burst of flame and black smoke. A few seconds later the lost wing, turning end for end and throwing off flashes of reflected sunlight, fell within a hundred yards of the plane. One may see this sort of thing happen on a moving picture screen but to actually witness it is soul-stirring. The hundreds of us gathered in the hospital compound to view the bombings and who saw that plane shot down stood for many seconds in awe-full silence.

Yamato addressed his last letter to us on the 21st, concluding with this bit of philosophy, "Difference of opinion is due to misunderstanding of appearance. Next, I stress the importance of strict salutation. (He referred, of course, to the necessity of our bowing to Lt. Oura.) It is advisable to get good fame by little effort—also with inner inclination." When it was generally known that our troops were driving southward to the relief of Manila and there was no further need to guard their movements in secrecy, Yamato, one day, appeared in a new outfit of clothes—most of which, trousers, shoes and puttees, were of American origin, former property, no doubt, of one of our boys who had died at Bilibid—and announced that soon he would "go to meet his fate" which he well knew would be death. Fatalism, fanaticism—call it what you will—has every Japanese in its grip. It is said that nearly all of the Japanese who at one time or another operated our internment camp met death in the Luzon campaign. However, most of our garrison of Formosan troops (Taiwanese) surrendered. Their forebears were Chinese. The traditions of the Samurai meant nothing to them.

The price of eggs rose to 35 pesos each and a cup of coffee with sugar but without milk cost 100 pesos. With the knowledge that the Jap money would soon be worth nothing, sixty thousand pesos were placed in the hands of Jap buyers with requests to

buy anything edible. We did not expect much for our money for coconuts were 37 pesos each, peanuts 18.50 pesos an *ounce* and a half-pound of pipe tobacco sold for 290 pesos. We were on starvation rations. A day's menu such as this, left much to be desired: Corn meal mush for breakfast; no lunch; corn meal mush, camote greens and soy-bean curd for dinner. Accordingly, fantastic prices for food were offered, in U. S. currency of which these were a few examples:

- \$25.00 for a pound of powdered milk;
- 12.50 for a three-fourth pound can of meat;
- 5.00 a pound for sugar or rice;
- 17.50 for a pound of shelled peanuts;
- 5.00 for a can of evaporated milk;
- 17.50 a pound for white or red beans.

A very limited supply of these items had been brought down from Baguio by internees who had accumulated and hoarded a small store of food from the days, almost a year before, when food packages were allowed to enter camp. It was for these supplies that offers were made.

The average calories per day per capita from the time of our arrival in Bilibid until our release was as follows for the weeks ending—January 5—1560; January 12—1160; January 19—930; January 26—730, and February 2—850. During our stay at Bilibid we were served meat and dried fish once—on the first and second days. It was corn and yet more corn—weavily corn, containing bits of field rock, pieces of the cob, bits of string and wood, caterpillars, worms and other vermin. All day long pickers toiled at cleaning the mess but they could not do a thorough job else there be no corn left! Fortunately, Americans see humour in almost every situation. A member of the corn-grinding detail, upon complaining that the corn still housed many weavils, was told by one of the pickers—"Grind 'em up along with the corn. It is our only source of protein you know"—and joking aside,

THE THIRD YEAR

musty, ground corn, when cooked suppresses all evidence—sight, odor or taste—of the presence of weavils.

Manila was under a nightly blackout and no lights save one of low wattage in the lobby were allowed in the sleeping quarters. Nearly everyone retired at 7:00 P. M. The nights were long, the beds were hard, mosquitoes were a pest and it was hot. Not before midnight could one get much sleep. There was not a table nor a chair in the compound. Our wooden cots served as tables and chairs during the day and lines strung everywhere were used to hold clothes in lieu of clothes hooks. However, discomfort mattered little. We were away from Baguio and reasonably safe in Manila which was MacArthur's goal for on the 12th we had definite confirmation of his landing on Luzon three days earlier.

As a result of the destruction of Manila's water mains our water supply failed. It became necessary to dig surface wells on the prison grounds which provided us with a dirty, stinking water which must be boiled before drinking. Two of the wells were within a few yards of the graves lining the concrete walls and under this circumstance one needed to keep his imagination in check. Lest the reader become too fanciful we say no more on the subject. When our army began supplying us with water for cooking all was well again but we continued to use well-water for brewing coffee and tea and for washing utensils. However, we noted the ability of coffee to blanket the odor and the dirty appearance of the water and was that coffee good? None ever tasted better. Many early risers groped their way to the cookhouse at five o'clock to partake of a steaming cup or two of coffee prepared by Paul Peterson—an old-time Colorado miner, lately of the Baguio mines—whose education in the art of coffee-brewing had not been neglected. We were an odd-looking group as we sat before the morning fires and exchanged opinions as to when we would be repatriated to the States or when those Japs would be driven from the Walled City which, currently, was the sole purpose of our gallant GI's.

Perhaps the reader has wondered how many children were born during internment and what number of the internees died. Sixteen babies were added to the camp roster during the three years—four girls and twelve boys. These children, together with three others born of refugee parents in the Baguio hills, were beloved by everyone out of sympathy, no doubt, for their having been born under unusual circumstances. It was interesting to watch their development, within the environment of a prison camp, in the "baby house" set aside for them. During the three years that the Japs had us on their hands these children grew up to be little men and women and attended Sunday school and kindergarten with the same enthusiasm as did pre-war youngsters on the outside.

A little chap who grew to be the idol of the camp was Charles Hughes Harrison, born in March, 1942, and about him a story can be told which is an example of the mental cruelty the Japs delighted to inflict upon the parents of children when opportunity offered. In this instance it was not Charles who suffered, for, as we have mentioned elsewhere, he was given every consideration by the Nipponese in common with all the children. The lad was taken seriously ill with a mild case of infantile paralysis when he was sixteen months old and in order to receive proper care was transferred to Notre Dame Hospital in Baguio. Such cases were "temporarily released" and usually could return at will to camp. Ten months later his parents learning that the youngster was greatly improved in health, and almost had regained full use of his limbs, made application for his return. The Japanese refused their request on the grounds that, after so long a stay in the hospital, his restoration to Holmes could only be authorized by Army Headquarters in Manila and suggested that the request be put in writing. The father did so but was informed that it was not properly worded. A second application was then prepared but this, too, did not satisfy requirements. Finally, after a third try in this exasperating atmosphere the application was declared to be in

THE THIRD YEAR

order but Manila would have to pass on the matter. The Japs turned a deaf ear to the frantic parents' plea that a child not yet two years old could not be released to go his own way while its parents were interned. It was a most trying situation for the Harrisons for Charles, their only youngster, had already been separated from them for nearly a year and they had seen him only twice during his hospitalization. It was not until July 10th, 1944, that he was finally brought back to camp, two months having been required to break through official red tape.

Of deaths there were eighteen, eleven of them in camp and seven in Baguio homes or hospitals, after release for reasons of illness, debility or old age. Causes of death ran almost the full gamut of human ills—brain tumour, cancer, tuberculosis and heart failure, most of the latter cases being aggravated by malnutrition and general health breakdown. Dozens of appendectomies, resulting from unbalanced diets, were performed but only one case failed to recover due to the lack of proper hospital facilities and the incidence of peritonitis. Perhaps the most pathetic subject on the hospital records was that of Col. L. J. Van Schaick, Ret., seventy years of age, who returned from a trip to the States late in 1941, a month before the war, only to be caught in the Japanese net. The colonel was a veteran of the Spanish-American war, the proud possessor of the Congressional Medal of Honor and one-time member of Governor-General Leonard Wood's staff, who made his home in Baguio. On July 15th, 1942, Van Schaick was stricken with cerebral hemorrhage induced by a generally run-down condition which the Japs refused to recognize when he requested to be released to his home. For thirty-one months he lingered in the hospital hoping for the return of our boys and those of us who visited him would note the light come to his eyes when told the old story that relief and release would soon come. The trip (which is mentioned later) from Bilibid Prison to the Ang Tibay factory on the night of the fifth of February was a sore trial but the fact that he could live to see the return of his country's

flag to the Philippines and greet some of his old friends from the service—among them General MacArthur—was a comfort and solace to the bed-weary soldier. Ten days later he was found dead when Mrs. Van Schaick brought his breakfast to his bedside.

At first when death made its visitations the Japanese permitted burials in Baguio but when precautions were taken to isolate us completely from sources of news the dead were buried in camp, all details such as the digging of graves and coffin-making being attended to by the internees, with the Jap commandant in attendance at the funerals, but whether this gesture was made in sympathy or out of curiosity no one knew. Today a little cemetery stands on South Hill, a grim reminder of those unhappy days when news of the passing of a comrade and fellow-internee passed by word-of-mouth through a hushed and saddened camp.

Too much praise cannot be given the little group of missionary doctors and nurses—most of them from the China Coast—who so unselfishly gave their time and energies to hospital-work. They, too, suffered from the lack of adequate food and were, themselves, often numbered among the patients but they carried on, day in and day out, through those long dark days of internment without complaint and with tools wholly inadequate to the situation. Amoebic dysentery plagued us from the first week, a total of more than five hundred cases being recorded, including relapses, yet not a single case was lost, and treatment for beri-beri, which may be defined as multiple neuritis characterized by loss of muscular power with emaciation and exhaustion, was equally successful. The staff was assisted by several of our number who helped carry on the good work in the face of the disinterest and non-cooperation of the Japanese.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

February, 1945—1132nd to 1135th Day

Our boys arrive at Camp Sto. Tomas—We are discovered—Ebiko releases us—We rejoice—We are unguarded for a day—Our army takes charge—A word about the G.I's.—Manila a hell on earth—We are moved to Ang Tibay for a night—We return to Bilibid—Looters had wrecked it—We are left with the clothes on our backs—The Tribune's swan-song—The army supplies "homeside" chow—We suffer from too much food and tobacco—The Japs attempt to bomb us—MacArthur visits Bilibid—Orders us to the States—We bid farewell to Bilibid—To Leyte and aboard the "Jean Lafitte."

THE WRECKING, demolition and firing of Manila continued. Explosions, though several city blocks distant, were so violent that the Bilibid hospital building was shaken to its foundations. Some detonations were felt at night, waking everyone and sending many internees out into the yard. The Japs were doing a thorough job of destruction so that the Americans, expected at any time, would find this ancient city, whose beginnings antedated the Plymouth Rock landing by thirty years, a shambles.

At six o'clock on the evening of the third of February (a date as momentous to us as was December 7th, 1941, to the people of Hawaii and the world) someone on the second floor saw a couple of "jeeps" arrive at the juncture of Quezon Boulevard and Calle Espana only a few hundred yards away. The boulevard was but a block from us, running north and south, while Espana was the avenue upon which the Sto. Tomas University faced, the buildings of which were plainly visible from Bilibid. Shortly afterwards they were joined by tanks and some army trucks representing a total force of 700 men comprising units of the First Cavalry (mechanized) and the 37th Ohio Division. It required a little time for us to realize that MacArthur's men had arrived, so sudden and without warning was their advent. Immediately, the Japs

began their sniping tactics and until they were silenced no attempt was made to enter the Sto. Tomas grounds. It was learned later, that our troops knew nothing of our presence at Bilibid, else we might have been relieved that night. At 8:45 the tanks knocked at the Sto. Tomas gates and admission being refused they proceeded to level them and enter the grounds. One Abiko, the Commandant, who defied our boys, was promptly shot down by a burly Texan.

Our troops knew that there was an internment camp at Baguio in addition to those at Sto. Tomas and Los Banos but they did not know that we had been transferred to Bilibid Prison. That is why a rescue force was dispatched to Manila in advance of the regular body of troops, to relieve American and Allied civilians at Sto. Tomas, only. We wondered why no attempt was made to free us that eventful Saturday night.

It appears that Sergeant Rayford Anderson and ten men from the 2nd Battalion, 148th Regiment, 37th Division, were sent on Sunday, February fourth, to reconnoitre Bilibid for a possible billet for our incoming troops. From the second story of a nearby house they observed several hundred men, women and children in a compound within the prison walls. The soldiers made an immediate entrance and were informed by Major Warren Wilson of our presence and those of the 810 prisoners of war, 127 of whom were cripples. These poor fellows, Wilson added, had been existing for months on a ration of 100 grams of corn meal, 50 grams of rice and a like quantity of dried fish. Our discovery, therefore, was accidental but once we prisoners were located everything possible was done to ameliorate conditions.

Hell broke loose in Manila that Saturday night. Sniper's bullets, Jap shells, trench mortar fire and the guns of our tanks all contributed to the bedlam and internees on the second floor of our building were hastily moved downstairs to comparative safety afforded by the sixteen foot encircling walls. A detail of Jap guards, armed with bottles of gasoline fitted with wicking, were

THE THIRD YEAR

sent to the roof with instructions to destroy our tanks although one cannot hurl a bottle two hundred yards from a height of fifty feet. Fires broke out in the wooden buildings outside our walls and, in the absence of electric current which failed early in the evening, the flames illuminated the compound to almost the brightness of day. We, too, celebrated. All this was almost too good to be true. Were we dreaming? After three years, release was a matter of hours only; that release that we had hoped and prayed for for so long. It meant the end of a rice and corn meal diet, it meant news again, the radio, an end to beri-beri and malnutrition, it meant that we would soon be going home where there would be soap, civilized clothes, the moving picture, telephone, telegraph, butter, eggs, milk, sugar, wheat flour, meat, table cloths, napkins, knives and forks (not a sole dessert spoon at table) but more than anything it meant privacy again. Living under conditions which allotted to each of us barely thirty square feet of space was soon to end. Think of it!—there would be bath tubs and a bath room door that could be locked.

On Sunday morning, the 4th, Major Ebiko sent for Carl B. Eschbach, our committee chairman, and Major Wilson. This note was handed them:

- "1. The Japanese Army is now going to release all the prisoners of war and internees here of its own accord.*
- "2. We are assigned to another duty and shall be here no more.*
- "3. You are at liberty to act and live as free persons, but you must be aware of probable dangers if you go out.*
- "4. We shall leave here food stuffs, medicines and other necessities of which you may avail yourselves for the time being.*
- "5. We have arranged to put up sign-board at the front gate, bearing the following context:*
"Lawfully released Prisoners of War and Internees are quartered here. Please do not molest them unless they make positive resistance."

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

It had been dated January 7th, the day when MacArthur began his off-shore shelling at Lingayen, but this had been crossed out and the date of February 4th substituted. Thus it is apparent that the Japs were ready to vacate almost a month before yet they kept us completely in the dark as to developments, and not until January 12th did they admit that a landing had been made on Luzon. Mounting a desk in the lobby Eschbach read the message to the assembled internees immediately after the Jap guards on the roof with their bottles of gasoline had filed down the stairway and made their sullen way out of the building. Spontaneous shouts of joy followed the announcement, an American flag, laboriously made in Baguio by the camp's womenfolk and smuggled in to Bilibid, was unfurled followed by the singing of "God Bless America." The shedding of tears may be effeminate; they come readily under emotional stress among persons who have been undernourished and are physically weak from malnutrition. Many shed unashamed tears that morning. The reprieve and pardon was, in a sense, as sudden as it was unexpected.

The Japs gone, the guarding of the camp gate was entrusted to released prisoners-of-war who were replaced, the next day, by men from the Sto. Tomas rescue party. We had been released by the Japanese before MacArthur's men knew of our presence in Manila. Oura probably wished to avoid the fate that had been meted out to his fellow criminal at Sto. Tomas—Major Abiko. It was the first opportunity we had to see the American soldier of World War II, with his streamlined helmet, his loose-fitting blouse designed for comfort and freedom of action, his neat and comparatively light gun, and, most surprising, he wore no legging. A healthy specimen he was, too. So long had we associated with anemic palefaces that it was good to see ruddy youths just out from home who had brought freedom to us.

When the GI's arrived they were plied with questions on the situation at home—Was it true that John Barrymore had died; And Deanna Durbin? Had Churchill recovered from his illness?

THE THIRD YEAR

What about Henry Ford—was he dead as the Japs had reported? Had Italy surrendered? Were we fighting on German soil?—and dozens of other queries of the sort. The Japs had finally admitted that Roosevelt had been re-elected but there was some question as to who was Vice-President. Rumour had it that Paul V. McNutt had attained that post but the Japanese were not too sure about this or they would not enlighten us. To clear up this matter we put the question to our boys. No one knew! Finally, a GI was found who told us that it was Harry Truman. "What State was he from?"—was next asked. This, no one could answer and it was not until long afterwards that we were informed that he hailed from Missouri.

Our soldiers were delighted to see American women again. Some of them had not seen a white member of the fair sex for over two years and they lost no time in making their acquaintance to the disgust of us men who held no interest for the GI except that he wanted to know how we had fared during internment. They had some fascinating stories to tell of MacArthur's drive from New Guinea to Leyte and long into the night groups of internees were gathered about a soldier listening to his tales of the campaign.

Our boys were enraptured with the children, too, who plagued them by playing with their equipment, trying on the soldier's helmets and generally interfering with their duties as sentries. More than one of the boys was heard to remark that he had a little one at home "just like that one there." Whenever a "jeep" came into the compound it was the signal for a mob-attack by the youngsters and condescending chauffeurs took them for rides around the yard. Grown-ups were equally interested in this new type of military vehicle. We had never seen anything like it and when the situation improved and the Japs had been driven from Manila many of us were taken on sight-seeing tours in these strange contraptions. When some of the women went along there wasn't much room for the men-folk—the GI's were too anxious to go on a "joy-ride" with American women. It was of no conse-

quence if the "jeep" was not a comfortable automobile of fond memory nor the rutted streets of the city an open road into the country.

Fires continued to rage throughout the downtown section of Manila. In one sector, alone, twenty were visible. MacArthur lost no time in starting his assaults on the famed Walled City a mile to the south of us across the Pasig River which the Jones, Quezon, Santa Cruz and Ayala bridges no longer spanned for they had been demolished by the Japs. Mortars were placed to the north of us and day and night for three weeks these guns hammered incessantly at the enemy within the stone walls of the original City of Manila; explosion at the mortar, the whizz of the shell as it sped through its trajectory overhead and then the exploding of the shell as it found its mark. Tens of thousands of these reports were heard and later the guns of tanks, of large caliber cannon and the crack of machine guns and rifles took up the chorus. From our vantage-point of the second floor we watched the smashing of the Walled City's defenses by cannon, mortar and plane. It was a thousand Fourth of July fireworks rolled into one with death to the hated Jap at every blast.

At dusk on the 5th it was announced that the approaching fires made it dangerous for us to remain at Bilibid, that, accordingly, we were to be moved to a "place of safety" for the night and that we should pack an overnight bag and be prepared to leave within a few minutes for our destination. That boarded-up opening in the rear wall was smashed by our guards and army trucks entered to carry away the prisoners of war. We followed on foot but had not gone more than two or three blocks before trucks and jeeps picked us up and carried us northward out of the city. Someone told the natives who lined the street that we were being taken to the coast for transfer to the United States and that bit of misinformation was to cost us dearly. It was nearly midnight before we found ourselves in the abandoned Ang Tibay shoe factory which had been converted into an airplane engine repair shop by

THE THIRD YEAR

the Japs. The owner of the building had leased it to the enemy for 20,000 pesos a month—Tokyo-printed money, of course. He remarked to one of us that February's rental had enabled him to buy one sack of rice—worth, in normal times, four or five pesos!

The Army fed us at Ang Tibay. That breakfast on the morning of the 6th will long live in our memories—a cereal, milk, sugar, coffee, wheat bread and bacon and eggs. Lined up in four queues the 1300 of us including released prisoners of war were promptly served this wholesome "home-side" food. We wandered about the place all day, listened to the radio, through the kindness of the Signal Corps, talked with the prisoners of war and towards evening—the fire near Bilibid having burned itself out—we were loaded into trucks and taken back to town. Some of us were fired upon by Jap snipers but, fortunately, their marksmanship was poor.

Back at the prison we found that the place had been looted! Between the hours of midnight and 2:00 A. M., the night before, 2000 natives, believing that we had departed permanently, surged through that opening in the rear wall and packed off everything—bed clothes, mattresses, clothes lines, partially-dried laundry, suit cases and other bags, food, kitchen utensils, hospital supplies, including a microscope, corn grinding apparatus (no tears were shed over that, however) all reading matter—just everything that could be toted. We found ourselves in possession of our overnight bag—more often than not this was only a paper-wrapped parcel—and the clothes on our backs. In the case of the men this consisted of shoes without socks, for a normal supply of socks do not last three years, under-clothing, khaki trousers and a shirt. Few of us had hats. Well, there we were, bereft of everything. For three long years men and women alike had taken pains to save a complete outfit of clothes to wear when we went ashore in the States. Regularly these clothes had been aired; when an iron was available they had been pressed; the suit cases or bags had been sunned at intervals when Baguio's weather permitted and we had all become

increasingly shabbier as the years of internment passed. However, we had one presentable outfit laid away for that trip home. Now it was gone and along with it diaries, jewelry, watches, shoes. This *was* a calamity and it remained one until our arrival in San Francisco two months later. We were fully convinced that a looter is a great social-leveller for no longer were there rich and poor among us.

Manila's Jap-controlled Tribune appeared for the last time on February 3rd, the day of the arrival of our boys. The day's editorial, from the pen of Jose P. Bautista (or Col. Jiro Saito, the master propagandist) is entitled "A Dispassionate Appraisal." We quote at random—"As everybody knows the war in Europe has completed its second round, the first being the German blitzkrieg, and the second being the Russian sweep-back climaxed by the Anglo-American invasion of France."

"In the Pacific area the war of Greater East Asia is approaching the climax of the second round, the first being the grand Nippon sweep as far south as New Guinea, and the second started a little over a year ago with the island-to-island hopping in the southwestern Pacific.

"The Philippine area is the territory on which may be fought the decisive battles but it is by no means the place where the war will terminate . . . an early end of the European war does not give the winning side much advantage in the prosecution of the war in East Asia."

Pointing out that the European war is a war "between armies on land" the "war in the Pacific will be essentially naval" and adds "the last phase must be fought somewhere in or near the Pacific Ocean and the China Sea."

"An interesting phenomenon to note is the almost total absence of the British fleet anywhere in these waters," continues the writer, "although the British Fleet is virtually free from any important naval engagement in Europe in view of the fact that that the German navy is not (except in U-boats) a force to reckon

THE THIRD YEAR

with seriously." ". . . since the Japanese Navy and the American Navy have not actually come to any major and decisive grips, the British fleet is biding its time and waiting for the two forces to weaken each other; and then Britain would have control of the Pacific, a control through which she expects to restore the dominions . . . on which the sun never set before."

"As neither of the contending naval powers seems easily inclined to be caught by Britain's calculating foxy tactics, the main forces of the two navies do not seem to be anywhere around. Which wise precaution would be a factor to consider in the prolongation of this war."

"These considerations bring home a few hard truths and possibilities. One is that the war has all the earmarks of lasting long, perhaps years, that the capture of . . . even the whole of Luzon cannot be taken to mean permanent retention." After mentioning a "third phase" which he does not discuss, he says, "Whatever happens in this section, therefore, must be regarded as a temporary and transitory event and cannot be the basis of jubilation or anguish."

"Concluding:—What is far more important is for the Filipinos to keep these few potent truths in mind while continuing unreservedly and with firm determination in the course of nation-building that they have set out to follow, neither being discouraged by temporary setbacks nor bloated by minor triumphs. The worst that the Filipinos could do is to take a very narrow view of the events and strike at fellow-Filipinos . . . so that when the war actually comes to an end there would be no Filipino nation left to rejoice jubilantly in victory or build the nation anew over the ruins of defeat."

The reader must remember that when the above was written General MacArthur was approaching Manila from the north and Admiral Halsey in the First and Second Battles of the Philippine Sea had reduced the much-vaunted Japanese Navy to the proportions of a task force.

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

We ate our last corn meal mush on the 5th. On that day the Army sent Filipinos into camp to relieve our faithful cooks and, gastronomically, we were inducted into the Army.

Our final meals under the Japs were none too appetizing—they varied too little from hundreds of others:

Breakfast—Corn meal mush with cassava; soft rice with cassava; soy beans; tea.

Lunch—Cracked rice.

Dinner—Boiled rice; talinum greens (grown at Bilibid); mizu gravy (a fermented soy bean compound).

Then our army took over our feeding, with this first day's menu:

Breakfast—Wheat cereal; stewed apples; coffee with milk and sugar.

Lunch—Creamed salmon; cold asparagus.

Dinner—Pork with gravy; Irish potatoes; mixed vegetables; tea.

At 11:00 A. M., daily, we were issued, individually, bread, butter, jam, cheese, canned fruit juice, sugar and milk.

No comparative comment is necessary.

The kitchen at Bilibid was much like that at Holmes—a series of cauldrons set in masonry under which wood was burned. During those last days we were out of firewood on several occasions and it became necessary to chop up bedsteads and other articles of wood for fuel. Manila was denuded of wood of any kind and all the Japs could muster were bundles of faggots which originated outside the city. Whenever the fire was allowed to die out under a cauldron there was a mad rush for hot coals on which one could cook some concoction in a tin-can-saucepan or a corn-bread of sorts made with breakfast leavings. When the army food arrived we all must see it: bacon, powdered eggs, cereals, beef-steaks, dried fruits—and we crowded into the cook-house and made nuisances of ourselves. They looked mighty good to us but, sad to relate, our eyes proved to be bigger than our stomachs.

THE THIRD YEAR

These important breadbaskets had shrunk to accommodate what little the Japs gave us to eat and when revived to take the measure of food that they had not dealt with for three years a rebellion set in and tummy-aches developed. Not to have butter for a long, long time and then, suddenly, to be issued nearly a pound a day by a sympathetic army meant only one thing—unless, of course, one was strong-willed enough to practice moderation. Strength of will, however, is not developed on empty stomachs. The food was rich, there was all that one could eat, the water brought in by the tankful was highly chlorinated and unpalatable and the weather was hot. From an intake of seven or eight hundred calories a day it jumped to three or four thousand and internal assimilation processes called a halt.

Tobacco from the States—not the terrible stuff that the natives grew—was to be had for the asking. Result—overindulgence with its concomitant of nausea, dizziness and heart-burn. One had to learn to smoke all over again. Finally there was that nervous let-down. No longer did one have to worry about a tomorrow nor ask ourselves—"When will release come?" It was like anchoring in a calm and peaceful harbor after a stormy passage at sea. This, doubtless, contributed to a passing phase of illness which manifested itself in disorders of the digestive system and the hospital was crowded for several days by the unwise and reckless who failed to let Nature adjust their systems to radical change. Strange to relate some of us suffered from loss of appetite and losses of weight continued in spite of strength- and tissue-building foods. There were many who were slow to recover their old-time vigor for mere food was not enough. We needed a change of scene, a better climate and, above all, we needed to associate with other people. We were tired to more than boredom with fellow-internees with whom we had lived (and fought) for too many trying months even to reckon. We were tired, too. Our physical condition was such that we could not rest properly at night and what little sleep we could get was amid the din of battle

for cannon and mortars and rifle fire made Manila a hell during those two months—first by the fiendish Japanese and their demolition squads and then by the fight for the possession of the Walled City. However, all this was the penalty we had to pay for our release and to be under the protection of our fighting men. But—we were happy; so happy that we did foolish things and had to pay for them just as we used to do in kinder days when an unrestrained night out meant a repentant morrow. Will any of us ever forget those daily visits by an army truck laden with the things to eat that we had talked about and dreamed of while trying to exist on dirty rice, filthy, weavily corn and camotes?

At 6:00 o'clock on the morning of the 15th a Japanese plane, the first to be seen over Manila for nearly two weeks, dropped a bomb on a group of our army tanks stationed on the outside of the compound near the northwest corner of the sixteen foot wall surrounding the prison. The writer was in the kitchen shed, two hundred feet distant, at the time and rushed out to see the low flying plane whose motor did not sound like that of an American engine just as the bomb exploded. The captain of the tank unit was decapitated, a number of his men were injured and a nearby house was wrecked. The concrete wall, fully two feet thick, was cracked where the explosion occurred and bulged inward about six inches. A helmet, some pieces of windshield from army trucks and two six-foot pieces of board were blown into the compound by the concussion and wires strung along the top of the wall disappeared. Forty feet from the inside of the wall was one of the two cell-block buildings occupied by nineteen internees. Had there been no wall between them and the bomb crater there is no doubt that most of these would have been killed or injured; among them six children. A galvanized gutter one hundred and ten feet long on the cell-block building was lifted from its supporting cradles and deposited, unbroken, on the ground. The detonation of the bomb was terrific, spreading terror among the sleeping internees as a shower of shrapnel and debris fell on the roof of the

THE THIRD YEAR

main building. This was the only bombing we experienced but several times during the Battle of the Walled City Japanese trench mortar shells fell within our walls but failed to explode. Our pursuit planes soon took up the chase of the death-dealing Jap and over Manila Bay he and an accompanying fighter plane were given a watery grave.

General MacArthur was so impressed by the poor physical condition of the internees at Sto. Tomas and Bilibid (he visited us on the 7th) that orders were issued that unless very good reasons could be advanced by individuals for remaining in the Islands everyone was to be sent to the United States to regain his health. This was a wise decision for no internee was physically fit to take up his old duties. A trip thru the ruins of the business and financial districts convinced one that Philippine economic rehabilitation would be slow, that it could not be attempted until the enemy was crushed and there was much uncertainty concerning the source of money for reconstruction. After Manila was burned there remained not so much as a new nail for the rebuilding. Not only had the Jap looted everything that he could lay his hands on but he was determined that no one else should have access to even the most common of building materials. The banks were gone, commercial agencies which dealt in raw materials of Philippine origin were burned out, wharves at the water front had been destroyed, there was neither light nor power nor wires to conduct electricity, there were no telephones, no postal service—in short, Manila was back to the days of Fernando Magellan. Philippine agriculture was wrecked, neither mines nor sugar mills could obtain operating supplies and no cargo space would be available to carry such materials 7000 miles across the Pacific until peace was a reality. Many of us who were undecided about going home made up our minds affirmatively after one look over Manila's ruins. Left to ourselves there would be no place to stay, nothing to eat and nothing to do.

On the 22nd forty names were drawn by lot and the fortunate ones were advised to prepare to leave by plane on a moment's notice on the 23rd, for Tacloban, Leyte, serving at that time as the headquarters for our armed forces. The writer and Mrs. Hind were fortunate enough to be among the first contingent. At 11:00 A.M. we bade goodbye to Bilibid as we hurried thru Manila's debris-strewn streets en route to an improvised airport. As we passed thru the prison yard we were treated to a sight good for our weary eyes. Upwards of twenty Japanese—some of them our former guards—were seen squatting on their haunches and staring thru a barbed wire enclosure. They were now prisoners of war while we were on our way home to freedom. The American soldiers at the gate of the pen smiled as we drove by and pointed to the confined Japs. To be "on the outside looking in" was a new experience—something we had been dreaming of and hoping for for a long, long time. From the airport giant transport planes carried us to our destination via the Island of Mindoro where MacArthur had made one of his feint landings. Shortly after five that afternoon we arrived at Tacloban and having boarded a "Victory" ship, the "Jean Lafitte," waited for the day of sailing.

Hundreds of ships lay at anchor in the roadstead between the Islands of Leyte and Samar; under the coconut palms on shore hundreds of thousands of tons of war materials and food were stored and troops and jeeps and trucks, work-crews, road building equipment and portable electric plants gave a metropolitan air to an otherwise sleepy Philippine countryside. The beaches were lined with landing craft. Sea and land planes were everywhere. Truly, the Japs had kept much from us for little did we know how extensive had been the Leyte campaign. Here was the might of America and here was begun the reconquering of the Philippines which ended, for us at least, in our release and now we were going home.

CHAPTER XXXIX

March, 1945

*We leave the Philippines—At Manus—The Red Cross fulfills its mission
—The Farallones—San Francisco at last—We go ashore—Home!*

OUR SHIP, a naval transport, lay at anchor for a week. In her holds were several thousand tons of tractors, trucks and road-building machinery transferred from New Guinea to Leyte. It was no easy task to swing this equipment over the side on to waiting barges. Our quarters were below deck and the complete absence of portholes taxed the mechanical air circulating apparatus to its limited capacity. Our bunks—pieces of canvas attached to frames of metal piping—were arranged in four-high tiers. It had never been the plan of the Navy that women and children should be among the ship's passengers so they were segregated in quarters somewhat better equipped than those of the men and had their meals in the warrant officers' mess where they enjoyed the luxury of sitting down to meals. The men ate in the troop mess, formed a queue at every meal and stood up at table. The food was good, there was plenty of it but that mess hall was an oven until we neared the cool latitudes of the Hawaiian Islands and California. Below decks the temperature ranged from 95 degrees to 105 degrees and, once, 115 degrees was reached. On the 2nd we were moved to join our convoy and sailed the following day. Eight days in sweltering Tacloban, closely confined to shipboard was more than we had bargained for.

At Manus, in the Admiralties, we took on fuel, an Australian warship and us on either side of a large tanker simultaneously replenishing oil supplies. Then off again, without convoy, past New Guinea, New Britain, Guadalcanal, the Elice Islands—names associated with the Southwest Pacific war—and on to the north of

the Samoan Group after which it was a straight course to San Francisco.

Red Cross representatives aboard fitted us out with woolen clothing against the day when cold weather would be encountered, treated us to bottled beer and other refreshments every afternoon at three and advanced us \$25.00 each with which to avoid making a penniless landing.

After the second crossing of the Equator the weather became cooler and the seas more turbulent but we preferred this to the heat and calm weather of the tropics. What a relief it was when the thermometer registered 59 degrees one morning. Daily we were handed a news-sheet giving us details of world news, one item in particular, causing many a chuckle, namely, Tokyo's assertion that Japan was "determined to retake Guadalcanal, Saipan and Iwo Jima," but we were uninformed as to when this was to be done.

On March 30th, 28 days after sailing from the Philippines, the beacon on the Farallones, outside the Golden Gate, was sighted in the early morning. Mount Tamalpais, guarding the north entrance to the Gate, was soon visible and then the towers of the Golden Gate Bridge. The familiar Cliff House, south of the San Francisco Bay entrance, the Seal Rocks, Mile Rock, Fort Mason and, within the Bay, Alcatraz Island, hove into view. The sky was cloudless, ships were following us into the harbor, others were on their way out headed for the war theater in the Western Pacific and everywhere were patrol boats guarding the Gate.

As we neared the Gate groups of internees and returning service personnel gathered about the deck. Santo Tomasites were quite presentable in their pre-war clothes, but we from Camp Holmes were a nondescript lot. Men and women in khaki—some of the latter in men's trousers—set off with varying styles of cast-off army and navy over-coats and most of those who wore head-gear had to content themselves with caps. These, too, ran the full gamut of variety from berets to jockey caps. Those looters that

THE THIRD YEAR

night at Bilibid had done a good job. (On board were 311 released internees from Santo Tomas Camp, representing the first contingent, homeward bound.)

Many were the expressions of delight as we passed under the bridge. The crowd yelled and cheered and cries of "Home at last; Well, the Japs didn't get us after all; It will be a long time before we go back to the Orient; Uncle Sam we are here; and Thank God it's over" could be heard above the din of relayed ship's orders, screaming children, many of whom were seeing California and the United States for the first time, and the usual racket common to landing preparations. Silently, here and there, stood a man or a woman returning without wife or husband—mates killed by the Japanese or who had been murdered by slow starvation and a few subdued children were about who had become orphans thru the cruelties of war or the ravages of disease.

It is difficult to describe one's emotions under these circumstances. We had, for three long years, been living in another world. Every day—altho we didn't mention it—we wondered if it was to be our last. "Who knows but what on the morrow the Japs will run amok and put an end to one or all of us?" had been a question we asked ourselves for 1135 days. In my case I had been told on February 23rd—the day we left Manila—that I was slated to be shot on the morning of the fifth along with seven others. (MacArthur's arrival prevented that.) Why? No one will ever know. Why were nearly three hundred non-interned Americans, Britons and Spaniards put to death by the Japanese during the week following the retaking of Manila? Shortly after release it was learned that orders had been issued by Tokyo for the complete liquidation of every man, woman and child in Philippine interment camps sometime in February!

Down deep in our hearts we knew that release had at last come; as we passed under the Bridge something snapped within us all. We were safe from the Japs—their bullets and bayonets,

their shells and bombs and submarines and those wicked swords which are sharp and ugly.

Here, too, would be the food we had longed for. True, we had been well cared for by the army and the navy and many of us were showing weight gains, but how wonderful it was going to be to eat what we wanted, when we wanted and as much as we wanted. And decent clothes again. But why go on—it was the getting back to God's country after hell and the shadow of death that thrilled us.

"God, it's great to be an American," said a husband to his wife to whom two awed children clung. "I thought for a long time that the folks at home had forgotten us but they haven't." No American who has never left the shores of his country and lived under a foreign flag can ever know the feeling that engulfs one as he sees, for the first time in years, Old Glory floating over the land he loves. Planes and blimps were overhead that glorious morning on San Francisco Bay, tugs and other craft circled us filled with hundreds of fellow-Americans out to bid us welcome and at the wharf two bands played stirring martial music, old tunes of the Southland, "Dixie" and, in lighter vein, "California Here I Come" but that flag—it was the sight of that, that set our spines atingle and made us swallow hard to hold back the tears—tears of emotion and tears that come so readily to the weak and the sick and to those relieved of mental strain.

Once within the bay, Custom and Public Health officials boarded us and upon docking, Immigration Authorities clambered up the gangplank. Then we lined up for the last time for questioning by these latter officials and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Had we seen brutalities practiced by the Japs; looting; burning of cities, towns or villages?—and so on. Our reception was spontaneous and sympathetic. San Francisco saw to it that everything possible was done for our comfort and welfare. At 3:00 o'clock we filed off the ship and bade farewell to confinement, regimentation, and above all, to the chore of "standing in line" for this, that

THE THIRD YEAR

and the other thing. In our hands were money and orders for new clothes and hotel accommodations provided by the Federal Government. For 39 months we had not known what it meant to be free. Here it was at last!

Appendix

IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

*(Japan's declaration of war upon the United States
and Great Britain)*

We, by the grace of heaven, Emperor of Japan, seated on the Throne of a line unbroken for ages eternal, enjoin upon ye, Our loyal and brave subjects:

We hereby declare war on the United States of America and the British Empire. The men and officers of Our Army and Navy shall do their utmost in prosecuting the war, Our public servants of various departments shall perform faithfully and diligently their appointed tasks, and all other subjects of Ours shall pursue their respective duties; the entire nation with a united will shall mobilize their total strength so that nothing will miscarry in the attainment of Our war aim.

To insure the stability of East Asia and to contribute to world peace is the far-sighted policy which was formulated by Our Great Illustrious Imperial Grandsire and Our Great Imperial Sire succeeding Him, and which We lay constantly to heart. To cultivate friendship among nations and to enjoy prosperity in common with all nations has always been the guiding principle of Our Empire's foreign policy. It has been truly unavoidable and far from Our wishes that Our Empire has now been brought to cross swords with America and Britain. More than four years have passed since China, failing to comprehend the true intentions of Our Empire, and recklessly courting trouble, disturbed the peace of East Asia and compelled Our Empire to take up arms. Although there has been re-established the National Government of China, with which Japan has effected neighborly intercourses and cooperation, the regime which has survived at Chungking, relying upon American and British protection, still continues its fratricidal opposition. Eager for the realization of their inordinate ambition to dominate the Orient, both America and Britain, giving support to the Chungking regime, have aggravated the disturbances in East Asia. Moreover, these two Powers, inducing other countries to follow suit, increased military preparations in all sides of Our Empire to challenge Us. They have obstructed by every means Our peaceful commerce, and finally resorted to a direct severance of economic relations, menacing gravely the existence of Our Empire. Patiently have We waited and long have We endured, in the hope that Our Government might retrieve the situation in peace. But Our adversaries, showing not the least spirit of conciliation, have intensified the economic and political pressure to compel, thereby, Our Empire to submission. This trend of affairs would, if left unchecked, not only nullify Our Empire's efforts of many years for the sake of the stabilization of East Asia, but also endanger the very existence of Our Nation. The situation

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

being such as it is, Our Empire for its existence and self-defense has no other recourse but to appeal to arms and to crush every obstacle in its path.

The hallowed spirits of Our Imperial Ancestors guarding Us from above, We rely upon the loyalty and courage of Our subjects in Our confident expectation that the task bequeathed by Our forefathers will be carried forward, and that the source of evil will be speedily eradicated and an enduring peace immutably established in East Asia, preserving thereby the glory of Our Empire.

HIROHITO

Tokyo, December 8, 1941.

METEOROLOGICAL DATA

Baguio, Philippines

May 1943 to May 1944 (Inclusive)

TEMPERATURES — ° F.

	6 A.M.	2 P.M.	Max.	Min.	Mean	RAINFALL Inches
January	60	67	71	60	65	5.28
February	60	68	72	58	65	0.31
March	59	69	73	58	65	0.35
April	63	72	77	62	69	4.12
May	64	72	79	64	71	10.59
June	64	71	74	62	68	23.45
July	62	67	71	62	66	92.19
August	63	70	71	61	66	11.66
September	64	70	74	62	68	39.90
October	62	69	72	60	66	4.55
November	63	69	73	61	67	11.35
December	61	68	73	59	66	2.75
Averages and Total:	62	69	73	61	67	206.50

(January, 1945, temperatures at Bilibid Prison were 74° at 6 A.M. and 84° at 2 P.M.—14° and 17°, respectively, higher than Baguio temperatures for the corresponding month in 1944.)

APPENDIX

INTERNEED IN BAGUIO

(* Indicates Mr. and Mrs.)

- | | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| Albright, J. F. | Burgess, Charles | Dirks, Anna Rae |
| Allen, Mrs. Beulah R. | Burke, Harry T. | Dirks, Carole |
| Allen, Henderson R. | Burnett, Susan | *Dirks, Marvin J. |
| Allen, Lee | *Burnett, Sidney | Dirks, Marvin J., Jr. |
| Anderson, Gladys S. | *Butz, Alva L. | *Dodson, Ted D. |
| Andrews, Claude E. | | Dosser, Angeline |
| *Angeny, Edward T. | Carlson, Doria | Dosser, Elizabeth |
| Angeny, Carole | Carson, Anna | Dosser, Lilian |
| Appleby, Blanche | *Carter, Clark R. | *Dosser, William E. |
| Ashbauer, Mrs. Ilse | Carter, Patricia L. | *Douglas, Clayton O. |
| Ashcroft, Evelyn M. | Chambers, Beatrice E. | Douglas, Dorothy |
| | Chisholm, Roderick | Douglas, Hugh |
| Bach, Paul | Claunch, Floyd E. | Douglas, Samuel J. |
| Baldwin, Rena | *Collyer, Paul A. | Droste, Leonard J. |
| Bandman, Bertrand | Collyer, Paul T. | Dudley, Mrs. Earl C. |
| *Barrett, John M. | Collyer, Peter D. | Dudley, Earl C., Jr. |
| Barrett, Irene R. | Cook, Edward H. | Dumas, Mildred R. |
| *Bartges, Woodrow A. | Corey, S. Robert | Dunne, R. Willis |
| Bartges, Woodrow A., Jr. | Crawford, Mrs. Maude | Duty, John B. |
| Barton, R. F. | Crimm, Bessie M. | Dyer, Mrs. Althea R. |
| *Bartter, George C. | Crisler, Mrs. Minnie H. | Dyer, June E. |
| *Barz, Harry R. | Crocker, John | *Dyer, Robert A. |
| Barz, Ronald R. | *Crouter, Erroll Edgerton | |
| Bell, David A. | Crouter, Frederick E. | Earle, Grace J. |
| *Bell, George A. | Crouter, June | Eilinger, Charles |
| Bell, Mary C. | *Culpepper, Hugo H. | Ekstrand, Dorothy L. |
| Bergamini, David H. | *Cunningham, E. Lloyd | Eldridge, Lawrence |
| Bergamini, Elizabeth M. | Cunningham, E. Lloyd, Jr. | Eldridge, Norma |
| *Bergamini, J. Van W. | Curtis, Alfred B. | Eldridge, Mrs. Paul H. |
| Bird, Mrs. Daphne | Curtis, Honore P. C. | *Elsley, Byron C. |
| Bird, Derek M. G. | Curtis, Jean | Eschbach, Carl B. |
| Birt, Mrs. Annie F. | | |
| Bitker, A. J. | Dale, Edgar H. | Fairchild, Mrs. Adeline |
| Black, James | Dand, Mrs. Gladys | Fears, Charles W. |
| Black, John B. | *Davis, B. Byron | Fildey, Anne L. |
| Blake, Mrs. Mary | *Delahunty, Frank E. | *Fildey, Harold W. |
| Boisterli, Hans | *Derham, Herbert C. | Fildey, Jane L. |
| *Bonnemort, R. J. | Derham, Michael H. C. | Finlay, Helen M. |
| Bradley, Ruby | Derham, Suzanne M. C. | Flory, James A. |
| Brandauer, F. W. | Derham, Vere C. | *Flory, Rolland C. |
| Briggs, Patricia | DeSilvestri, Carlo | Foley, Michael M. |
| Brown, Robert | Dickey, Carroll E. | *Foley, Rupert M. |
| Brussolo, Charles W. | Dinsbier, Eleanor E. | Foster, David |
| Brussolo, John A. | Dinsbier, Frederick W. | Fraser, Elvie |
| *Brussolo, Vito A. | *Dinsbier, Ralph H. | Frost, Samuel L. |

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

- | | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| Funkhouser, Preston L. | Harrison, Charles H. | Juhan, Elizabeth |
| Galley, Elizabeth A. | Harrison, Daphne Sylvia | Juhan, Francine |
| Garcia, Anita R. | *Harrison, Lowell De W. | *Juhan, Francis G. |
| Garwick, Mrs. Warren A. | Harrison, Mrs. Sylvia B. | *Junkin, William F., Jr. |
| Gibbons, Mrs. Phyllis | Hayes, Barbara Louise | Junkin, William F., III |
| Gilbert, Jane | Hayes, Mrs. Barbara M. | |
| Gilbertson, Ruth | Hayes, John K. M. | Kaluzhny, Oleg A. |
| Goebel, Charles H. | Haughwout, Frank G. | Kaminski, N. |
| Gowen, Ann Katherine | Heflin, Clyde E. | Kelso, Helen C. |
| Gowen, E. H. Geoffrey | Heggem, Ina Constance | *Kingcome, Ernest Astell |
| *Gowen, Vincent H. | Herklotz, Mrs. Iris | Kneebone, |
| Graham, Carolyn Sue | Herklotz, Jeremy B. | Terrence Holmes |
| Graham, Miriam Loyal | Herklotz, Peter G. | *Kneebone, Eugene J. |
| Graham, Ward | Herklotz, Stella F. | Kneebone, Kathryn M. |
| *Graham, Warren T. | *Herold, Elmer W. | *Knight, Frank B. |
| Grau, William | Herold, Clement William | Knight, William F. |
| Graves, Arthur | Herold, E. Elizabeth | Knowles, Gladys |
| *Gray, Francis C. | Hilliard, William I. | Kolodjiec, Anthony |
| Gray, F. C., Jr. | *Hind, John D. | Kosierski, John |
| *Gray, Rufus T. | *Hind, R. Renton | Kowalski, Paul |
| Gray, William G. | *Hinderlie, Carroll L. | Krider, Warren |
| Gregory, Mrs. Lolita | Hinderlie, Maren C. | |
| Green, Richard R. | *Hix, Roy M. | Ladic, Cecile Mary |
| Greenbaum, Delphine B. | Honor, Dorothy Y. | Ladic, Marie Georgia |
| *Greer, James A. | Honor, Herbert C., Jr. | Ladic, Mary Ann |
| *Griffiths, Alfred L. | Honor, Mrs. Vera Ocker | *Ladic, Sanford W. |
| Griffiths, Katherine C. | Hotchkiss, Edna R. | Landrum, Rachel G. |
| Grose, Mrs. Margaret Freda | *Huber, Allen R. | Lane, Hervey E. |
| Guthrie, Richard | Hungerford, H. Eugene, Jr. | Larson, Axel W. |
| Guthrie, Romilda | | *Larson, Herman A. |
| Guthrie, Mrs. W. E. | *Icard, Joseph K. | Lawson, Janette |
| | *Icazbalceta, Jose Antonio | *Lawson, Theodore J. |
| | Ismond, Wolfe | Leggett, Myrtice C. |
| Hale, Angeline | | Leisring, Lawrence |
| *Hale, Raymond O. | Janson, Frederick A. | Leland, Mrs. Rosamunde |
| Hale, Richard L. | Janson, Mrs. Helge A. | Leland, Shirley Mae |
| Hale, Shirley | Janson, Jan | Lenze, Augusta |
| Hale, Susan Linda | *Jantzen, Albert L. | *Lenze, Eric Adolph |
| Hale, Walter Franklin | Jantzen, Grace J. | Lenze, John Eric |
| Hale, Walter Raymond | Jantzen, Lyman A. | Leones, Magdalena |
| *Halsema, Eusebius Julius | Job, Cordelia C. | Lerberg, Charles M. |
| Halsema, James J. | Johnson, Constance | *Lerberg, Irwin M. |
| Hammill, Mrs. Dena | *Johnson, Leland E. | Leslie, Albert S. |
| Hammill, Roger | Johnson, Margaret J. | Leslie, Howard A. |
| Hand, Katherine W. | Johnson, Samuel | Li See (Chinese) |
| Handl, W. Ignatz | *Jorgensen, Emil | *Lindvall, Alfred |
| Harkness, Beth A. | *Jorgensen, Kenneth F. | *Little, W. Eric |
| Harrington, Fern | Jothen, Ruth E. | Livingston, Lewis |

APPENDIX

- Loddigs, Herbert G.
- Lofstedt, Anders W.
- Long, S. Dominica
- Longway, David
- Longway, Mrs. Inez R.
- Longway, Ralph Ernest
- Love, James M.

- Macmillan, Mrs. Viola
- Macmillan, Robert J. B.
- Mandell, Wayland S.
- Mann, Mrs. Helen Marie
- Mansell, Charles G.
- Mansell, Donald E.
- Mansell, Ernest P.
- Markert, Philip M.
- Marshall, Coleen H.
- Marshall, Donald I.
- Martin, Evelyn
- Martin, Paul
- Massey, Charlotte G.
- Mather, James H.
- Mather, William A.
- Mather, William B., Jr.
- Mather, W. Bruce
- Mather, Sarah Ann
- McAfee, Mrs. Claudia R.
- McAfee, Robert D.
- McCann, Arthur E.
- McCarten, Henry S.
- McCloskey, Robert
- McCreary, Elizabeth F.
- McCuish, John
- McDaniels,
- Mrs. Helen Margaret
- McKay, Robert M.
- McKenzie, Andrew S.
- McKenzie, Donald H. S.
- McKenzie, Mary S.
- McKim, Nellie
- Meckauer, Ferdinand H.
- Meng, Mrs. Nezzie D. W.
- Miller, Edna E.
- Miller, Patricia Ann
- Miller, H. Wayne
- Mills, Malcolm D.
- Moller, Mrs. Isobel E.
- Moore, Walter M.

- Morris, Denis K.
- Morris, Garnet Green, III
- Morris, Margaret Edith
- Morris,
- Mrs. Margaret Helen
- Morrison, Cleo
- Moses, Eleanor
- Moses, James E.
- Moule, Eileen
- Moule, Linda
- Moule, William
- Moule, William, Jr.
- Mount, Bessie
- Mount, Clarence F.
- Mount, Patricia J.
- Moyer, Mrs. Pearl
- Murphy, James J.

- Nagel, Mrs. Leora
- Nance, Dana W.
- Neal, Walter
- Needa, Mrs. Isabel E.
- Needa, I. Diana
- Neumann, Mrs. Rita M.
- Nill, John A.
- Nill, John G.
- Nobes, Clifford E. B.
- Nobes, Jane E.
- Nobes, Penelope Anne

- O'Dowd, Charles L.
- Ofner, Albert
- Ogle, Mary Serena
- Olsen, Esther
- Osborne,
- Mrs. Agnes Elizabeth
- Oss, Norman A., Jr.

- Palmer, Carole Jean
- Palmer, Harold M.
- Parfet, Henry B., Jr.
- Park, F. Wilma
- Parsons, Anne Marie
- Parsons, Albert E.
- Parsons, Geraldine Joy
- Parsons, Petrea
- Patterson, Richard B.
- Patterson, Richard J.
- Patton, Willard H.

- Patton, Robert D.
- Pearson, George
- Pearson, Willard
- Pearson, Willard J.
- Pearson, William A.
- Peterson, Paul R.
- Poirier, Wilfred
- Porter, James
- Portrude, William M.

- Raymond, Harriet M.
- Ream, Fabian
- Ream, Fabian John
- Ream, Katherine
- Ream, Nora
- Ream, Sarah Lee
- Reconding (B. E. Indian)
- Reinhart, James
- Renning, John
- Rice, Joseph
- Rice, J. Bartley
- Richardson, Arthur R.
- Roberts, Donald D.
- Roberts, Earl F.
- Roberts, Gladys J.
- Roberts, Joan R.
- Robinson, Geraldine
- Robinson, Lewis C.
- Robinson, Lewis M.
- Robinson, Patsy Lou
- Rocheft-Boyd, Mrs. E. B.
- Rodgers, Burton James
- Rodgers, William
- Rodriguez, Mrs. Emma C.
- Rowcliffe, Mrs. Hilda K.
- Rowcliffe, Brian A.
- Rudquist, John
- Rudquist, Rosita
- Rudquist, Virginia
- Ryan, Michael
- Rynd, Mrs. Charis V.
- Rynd, Ann Catherine

- Saleeby, Elizabeth G.
- Schultz, Harry
- Schwersenz, Alfred J.
- Schwersenz, Siegfried

SPIRITS UNBROKEN

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>Scott, Ann
 *Scott, Churchill
 Scott, Richard Hawkins
 Scott, Mrs. Lucy C.
 Scott, Susan
 Scotty, Joseph
 *Shaffer, Harry E.
 Shaffer, Michael R.
 Sharp, Elsie
 Sheridan, Robert E.
 Sherry, Mrs. Elizabeth
 Sherry, John C.
 Sims, Dorothy A.
 Simkins, Mrs. Ines C.
 Simmons, Roland L.
 Sister Anita Mary
 Sister Augusta Mary
 Sister Brigida (Keily)
 Sister Columba
 Sister Constance (Wenzel)
 Sister Eunice Mary
 (Cherolier)
 Sister Fidelis (Dorsh)
 Sister Helena (Chinese)
 Sister Isabel Mary
 Sister Juliana
 Sister Lucy (Le Duc)
 Sister Marcella (Haggerty)
 Sister Marie Aimee (Ryan)
 Sister Mary Oliva
 Sister Miriam (Kroeger)
 Sister Ursula Mary
 *Skerl, Augustus C.
 Skerl, Heather Gay
 Skerl, Sophia Margaret
 Skogerboe, Judith B.
 *Smeddle, John
 Smeddle, Virginia Isabel
 Smith, Charles W.
 Smith, Ernest D.
 Smith, Frederick W.
 *Smith, Joseph M.
 Smith, Walter A.
 Sorrell, Noah J.
 Spencer, Gladys Gertrude
 Sproul, Frances O.
 *Stafford, H. Eugene</p> | <p>Stewart, Claude L.
 Stewart, Mrs. Florence C.
 Stickman, Mrs. Eileen P.
 Stopford, Neville Craig
 *Strachan, G. Douglas
 Strachan, Richard D.
 Swick, Gregory Herbert

 *Tangen, Robert B.
 Tangen, Robert E.
 Taverner, Dorothea
 Taylor, Donald M.
 *Taylor, Harry M.
 Taylor, Janice A.
 Telford, William
 Thomas, Susie M.
 *Thompson, James V.
 *Timm, Floyd A.
 Tong, Annarae
 Tong, Curtis W.
 Tong, Eloise
 *Tong, Walter C.
 Trimble, Barbara
 *Trimble, Paul H.
 Trimble, Shirley Patricia
 Turner, Harry Lewis
 Turner, Mrs. Flora S.
 Turner, Mrs. Joan Clair
 Tyson, James William
 *Tyson, J. Douglas

 Urquhart, Mrs. Maude J.
 Urquhart, Stanley Parker

 *Van Schaick, Louis J.
 Vecin, Rosa
 Verhoeven, Joseph
 Vickers, Arthur Robert
 *Vickers, Jess L.
 *Vinson, John W.
 *Vinson, T. Chalmers

 Wahlberg, Bertil
 Walker, Barbara
 Walker, Carroll
 Walker, Rachel W.
 *Walker, Richard H.
 Walker, Karen
 Watson, Audrey J.</p> | <p>Watson, Christine F.
 *Watson, James J.
 Watson, Mrs. Kathleen
 Watson, Malcolm I.
 Weber, Maria
 *Weinstein, Samuel
 *Weishut, Felix
 Welborn, George C.
 *Welles, Marshall P.
 Welles, Richard P.
 Welles, Robert M.
 Wells, Ralph C.
 West, Mrs. Coila
 Wester, Arthur W.
 Whitcombe, Eliza H.
 *Whitfield, Norman C.
 Whitmarsh, Mrs. Hubert
 Whitmarsh, Derek P.
 *Whitmarsh, Philip P.
 *Widdoes, Wilson Howard
 Wilcox, Wendell
 Wildemann, Mrs. Herta
 Wilner, Robert F.
 Wilson, Ann M.
 Wilson, Douglas M.
 Wilson, Mrs. Margaret A.
 Wilson, Lawrence L.
 *Wittschiebe, Charles E.
 Wittschiebe, Helen J.
 Wittschiebe, Jeannine E.
 Woodson, Bertrand
 Woodson, Elizabeth
 *Woodson, John
 Woodson, Lilian May
 Woodson, Marian J.
 Wright, Mrs. Lilian R.
 *Wuttrich, Lester
 Wyllie, Mrs. John

 Yerger, Esther Ruth

 Zagar, Anton J.
 Zech, Jenny
 Ziegler, Alice E.
 *Zimmerman, Donald E.</p> |
|---|---|--|

Total: 651

APPENDIX

VITAL STATISTICS

B I R T H S

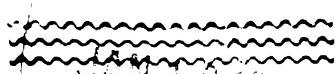
Henderson Ream Allen
Carole L. Angeny
Woodrow A. Bartges, Jr.
Ronald Richard Barz
Peter David Collyer
Anna Rae Dirks
James Arthur Flory
Michael Merrick Foley
Richard Lloyd Hale
Charles Hughes Harrison
William F. Junkin, III
Terrence Holmes Kneebone
Sara Ann Mather
Linda Moule
Patricia Jean Mount
Garnet Green Morris III
Ann Catherine Rynd
Richard H. ("John Hay") Scott
Robert Ernest Tangen
Harry Lewis Turner

D E A T H S

Woodrow A. Bartges, Jr.
James Black
B. Byron Davis
S. J. Douglas
Rufus T. Gray
William Grau
Helen C. Kelso
E. Astell Kingcome
John Kosierski
Mrs. M. H. Morris
Charles L. O'Dowd
H. M. Palmer
B. James Rodgers
Mrs. R. C. Scott
L. J. Van Schaick
Harry Schultz
William Telford
Paul Trimble
Samuel Weinstein

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DATE DUE


JUL 02 1984

Camp Holmes

